THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 13, 1915 5cts. THE COPY

The Thumb Twiddlers—By Rupert Hughes
The Last Charge of Forrest's Cavalry—By Irvin S. Cobb

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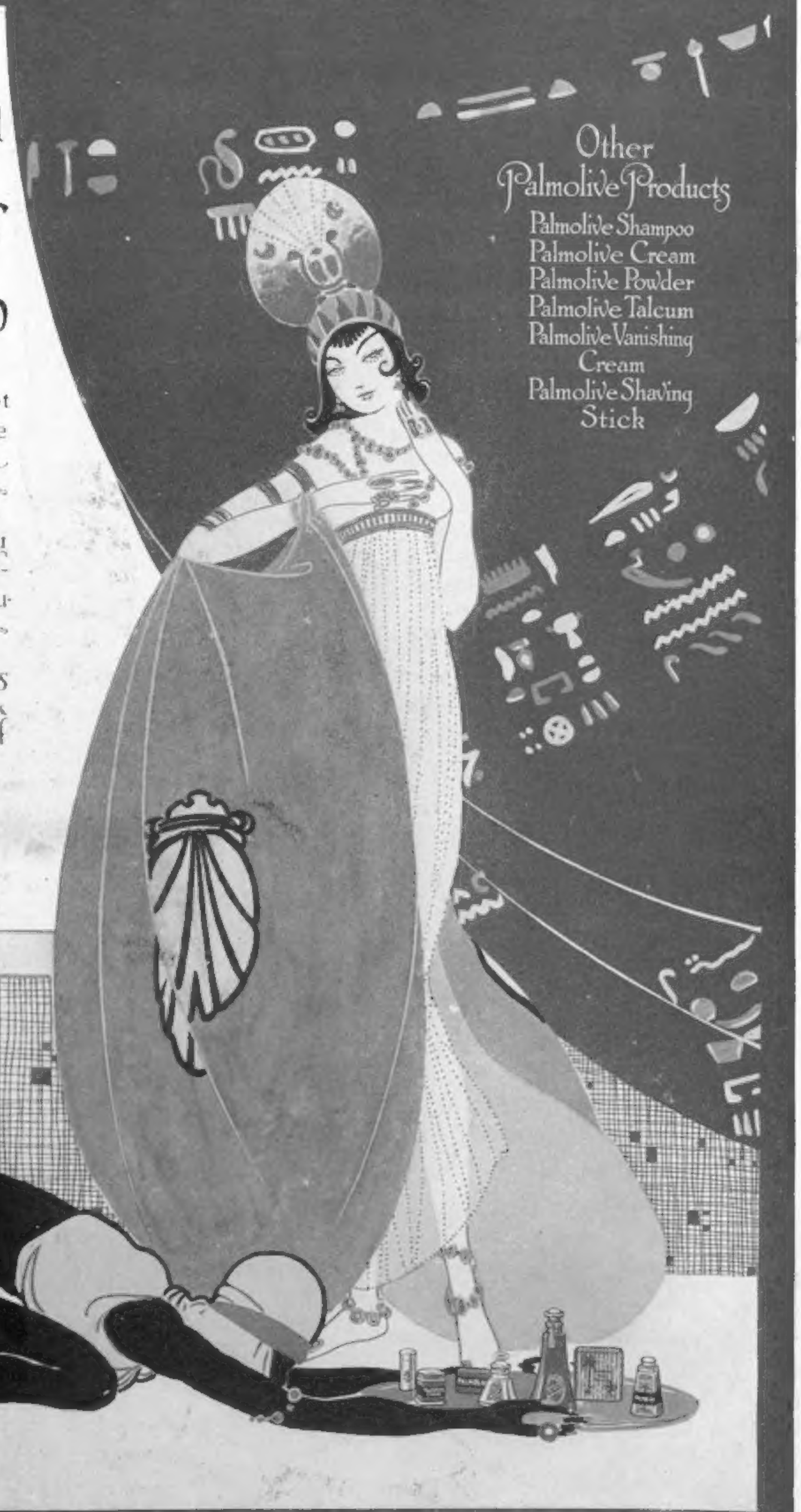

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THE THUMB-TWIDDLERS

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

THREE large ladies sat on one lady's porch and felt sorry for themselves. There was a good deal of each of them and their clothes were under evident tension; but they were expensive clothes and very glossy in the high spots. The three were the envy of all the other wives of Carthage for various reasons—their clothes, their homes, their husbands, and the fact that the Carthage papers always put them first in the record of any social gathering important enough for them to adorn. The list always said: "Among those present were Mesdames ex-Mayor Cinnamon, Herpers, Teele, Budlong, Hippisley, Shillaber ——"

Sometimes it was "Hippisley, Shillaber, Budlong"—sometimes "Shillaber, Budlong, Hippisley." Now and then some other name slid in; but the Cinnamon-Herpers-Teele combination was practically impregnable on the crest. Those women got there and dug themselves in. They belonged on the crest because they had possessed the wisdom to select for husbands the three lowly young men who were going to climb gradually to the crest of Carthage wealth and intrench themselves—Mr. Herpers as a pole and shaft manufacturer; Mr. Teele as owner of a jewelry, silverware and china emporium; and Mr. Cinnamon as a banker, sawmiller and lumberyardist.

Yet it was because of their husbands that Mesdames Cinnamon, Herpers and Teele were sad.

Where two or three married women are gathered together, there two or three married men are liable to indictment as the worst possible husbands of the best possible wives. Besides, husbands do not seem to be wearing so well nowadays as in the good old times when the undertaker had a practical monopoly of the divorce business.

A man who discusses his wife at all among men is accounted drunk, despicable or desperate. Men have so many other forms of bad luck to croak over that they can leave the rifts in their lutes to the imagination. Among women, however, wedlock still commands the horizon and the most charming and devoted of them feel privileged—compelled, indeed—to contribute their experiences to the general fund of knowledge. It would be indelicate for them to boast of their husbands' attractions, and the other qualities are all that are left to them to publish.

"I Had Myself Put at Your Table, Though the Captain Usually Insists on My Sitting With Him"

At least this was true in the case of these three. The inevitable theme was reached on this occasion by way of literature. Mrs. Cinnamon was saying:

"Oh, girls, have you read the Journal of a Disprized Wife, in this month's What-you-may-call-it?"

"Indeed I am!" said Mrs. Herpers.

"Indeed I have!" said Mrs. Teele, who had a better ear—though her eye for spelling was feeble.

The story described the woes of a poor woman whose husband had gradually ceased to bestow on her those endearments with which he began the courtship. His addiction to business was naturally blamed for this, though vast numbers of other husbands neglect their business as well as their wives. But such wretches have no literary standing.

This particular disprized wife had a husband who gave her a palace and jewels, and never protested against her extravagances—he was a purely fictional husband. But he never sat and held her hands for hours as he had done at first, and as she had supposed he always would. She was simply pining to be petted, and she confided to her diary that if he would only take her in his arms as of yore—but no; he thought only of business, business, business! It was inevitable, therefore, that she should run away with a handsome devil who had not been married to her for eighteen years, as her husband had been.

This is an excellent plot. It must be or it would not be written so often under so many titles by so many authors.

Some day some eccentric author will write about the woes of a wife whose husband hangs round the house all the time and consequently has no money to buy her things with—a husband so uxorious that he keeps her kissed to distraction. That will be a real tragedy and no one will publish it. The other story is a hardy perennial, however. And every time it had appeared thus far its fragrance of pathos had made the hearts of these women swoon.

Other women in Carthage and in other towns were grieving because they had never had husbands, or because the husbands they had had turned out to be lazy or unlucky, unfaithful or unhandsome, thriftless, shiftless, avaricious, pious, impious, bibulous, fabulous, ill or crippled or in jail, too much alive or too dead.

Messrs. Cinnamon, Herpers and Teele were none of those things. Yet their wives were dissatisfied. Ladies are hard to please.

II

THE golden trio sat on Mrs. ex-Mayor Cinnamon's front porch. It was an elaborate porch, because ex-Mayor Cinnamon had, among other things, a lumberyard and a sawmill. He had told the carpenter who designed and built the house to go as far as he liked. The carpitect had gone pretty far.

The Cinnamon home was one of the prime atrocities of that shingle-nail and scroll-saw period which used up nearly all the forests in America. Masquerading under the name of Queen Anne it crossed the continent like an eczema. The only cure for these houses of pine lace was that they caught fire at the first opportunity and burned with enthusiasm and thoroughness. Those that did not burn were soon corrupted by moths.

The Cinnamon home was a delirium in lumber. Towers were run up everywhere and topped with cones of peculiar ugliness. Balconies that could not be used were tacked on where they could not be reached. Wherever there was danger that a smooth and simple line or surface might remain, a timber trimming of some sort was hastily applied.

On all the angles and air spaces wooden curlicues were fastened, until the house looked as if it had been written in the Spencerian system of penmanship then flourishing.

Mrs. Cinnamon and her guests were dressed in the same manner, with trimmings and furbelows, rosettes and ruffles everywhere.

On the margin of each narrow lap perched a pet dog. The dogs also seemed to be the handiwork of some of those mad penmen who used to write antelopes and landscapes. The dogs were of a later fashion than the house. Mrs. Cinnamon wore a small Sealyham, Mrs. Teele a mufflike Pomeranian, and Mrs. Herpers a Maltese terrier that might have been made with a crochet hook.

The three dogs manifested an almost canine desire to get down to the floor and settle the toy championship of Carthage; but they were all tenderly throttled and withheld.

Certain man-haters, woman-haters and dog-haters are always complaining that persons who dote on dogs are hostile to children. The opposite, of course, is more apt to be true.

At any rate these three dog-adorers were post-graduate mothers. They had no lap children left; so they cherished dogs as little girls cherish dolls, for lack of better.

Mesdames Cinnamon, Herpers and Teele had, indeed, presented their husbands and the world with some fifteen children, and had raised them until they weighed now, all told, almost exactly one long ton. The mothers could not have fondled their children if they had wanted to—as they undoubtedly would have if they could—because the children had all abandoned them, had taken husbands and wives and moved to far-off cities, after the custom of American children—not that the mothers laid any blame on the poor children for moving away from Carthage.

What blames they had they laid on their husbands, who did not move away but stayed at home and attended strictly to their several businesses. With the children gone, they cherished dogs to keep their famished affections from dying of inanition.

Mrs. Teele was saying:

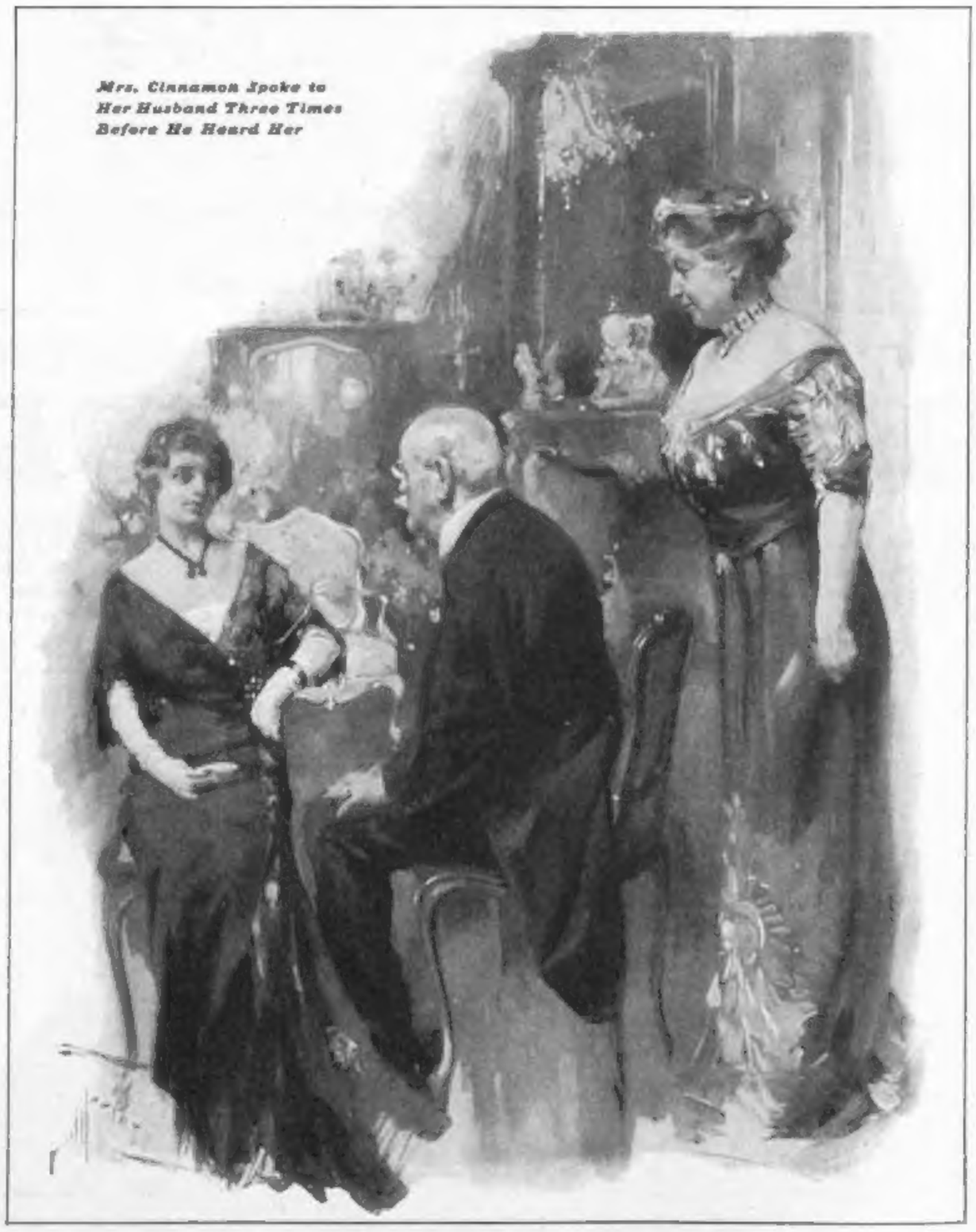
"Do you remember the scene where the disprized wife sits at home, neglected and alone, wondering whether her husband will ever return from his office?"

"Yes; and how true that is!" Mrs. Herpers sighed.

"How true that is!" sighed Mrs. Cinnamon simultaneously.

They stared at each other in amazement at the astonishing coincidence. Then, having retained their girlish superstitions, if nothing else, they solemnly linked little fingers, thought a moment, made, each, a hasty wish, noting how few things there were to wish for; then placed their thumbs together and said "Thumbs!"—piously. Then each added the name of an author, according to the ritual. Mrs. Herpers said "Byron!" Mrs. Cinnamon said "Swinburne!"

A nice pair of names for two married ladies to be thinking of first!



Mrs. Cinnamon Spoke to Her Husband Three Times Before He Heard Her

Mrs. Teele came in late with a post mortem: "How funny! I was just about to say the very same thing; for it's terribly true in my case. My husband—well, you know what my husband is."

"I know, you poor dear," said Mrs. Herpers; "he's almost as bad as mine."

"Well, neither of them is a patch on mine," said Mrs. Cinnamon, triumphing with the last shot.

It would be impossible in the present limitations of the printing art to represent the trialogue of those women, because the form of typography in vogue publishes only one word at a time—except in the case of the accident entitled pi.

But the conversation of these women was all pied and interlaced, blended into one long anagram. Yet it accomplished the desired result, to their lively satisfaction, for conversation is a method of relieving one's own emotions, not of acquiring other people's. So each of these women gave safety vent to the vapor steaming in her heart. If she did not hear the others it mattered little, for she knew exactly what they were going to say.

In an ordinary chronicle their speech would have to be feebly printed in this manner:

"Would you believe it?" says Mrs. Cinnamon; "that husband of mine leaves the house at seven-thirty every morning and never comes home, except for dinner and supper, till nine in the evening!"

At the same time Mrs. Teele is averring:

"Can you imagine my life with a husband who goes to the shop right after breakfast and stays there all day, and goes out after dinner to talk shop at the club?"

Concurrently Mrs. Herpers makes moan:

"My husband never thinks of anything but his wretched pole-and-shaft factory."

A phonograph would have more faithfully recorded their speeches, as they synchronized, somewhat after this fashion:

"Wouldeanmyyou husyouband bemaginelieve huslife bandthinks"—and so on.

It is plainly hopeless to present their communion as it ran. Fortunately it is unnecessary, too, for millions of women about the globe have been debating along the same lines for heaven knows how long.

The historical importance of the Cinnamon-Herpers-Teele conclave lies in the fact that it did not end in the usual idle querulity.

One of these determined women resolved to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them. It was Mrs. Cinnamon.

She did not tell the others of her vow. She thought it wiser to wait until she knew how it was going to work out. But she felt that it was her duty to herself, her sex and the country to make the try.

She paid no heed to what the others said, but sat pondering her strategy. At length the others noted that she was not talking along with them as usual. The trio had become a duet.

The duet gradually ran down and ended in a coda of good-bys. The dogs struggled and yelped; the women chattered and finally were gone. Mrs. Cinnamon sat on her porch rocking grimly and waiting for her husband to come back from the sawmill. In the very motion of the rockers there was a jawlike crunching and mastication that boded ill for the ex-mayor.

III

MRS. CINNAMON rocked and rocked and rocked; but he did not come. It grew on to the cool of the afternoon, the lawn-sprinkling hour, and he had not come. Her restless eye saw that her flowers were thirsty. She was all dressed up in her fluffiest silk and her big going-calling hat; but she usually was when she remembered to turn on the sprinkler.

She went down to the coiled hose, caught her skirts up in one hand, and picked up the nozzle and turned the water on with the other hand, to the great hazard of her appearance. The sputtering stream coughed at her; but she dodged it and moved from shrub to shrub and flower bed to flower bed.

Along toward dinner time the three unsatisfactory husbands chanced to meet in their homeward stroll. They discussed financial conditions, the ease or disease of money at the bank, the difficulties of collection, the difficulties of avoiding collection, the prospect for the return of the long-lost prosperity, and the various topics that interest business men as other fashions interest women. When they reached the corner where their ways parted Herpers said to Cinnamon:

"The wife and I been meaning to call on you folks; but I been so busy I haven't known my own name. Fact is, I've had to go down to the factory nearly every evening."

"Good thing you didn't call," said Cinnamon, "for I wouldn't been at home. Working like a dog. Funny how busy we keep and no business doin'!"

"Your wife's well, I hope, though?"

"Fine—never better! How's yours?"

"Splendid! Had a little cold last week, but got over it nicely. How's your wife, Teele?"

"All right, except for lumbago last week. Caught it at a ——"

But Cinnamon was not interested in Teele's wife's lumbago. He had a wife's troubles of his own. He broke in with unconscious indifference:

"By the way, you goin' to be downtown to-night?"

"Guess so. Why?" said Teele.

"I got a little matter to talk over with you. Haven't had time to leave the bank in regular hours. I can let you in on something may be of use to you."

"Sure! I'll be there."

"Might interest you too, Herpers."

"All right; I'll drop round."

They nodded and went their several ways.

As Wilber Cinnamon reached his yard his face brightened. The lawn was emerald and the grass just long enough to need a little brisk application of the mower. He liked to roll the machine himself. It was about all the exercise he had and there was comfort in the purring sound of it. It was as pleasant as a music box to his Philistine ear. And he liked the merry green snow of grass that it sprayed in front of his feet. There was an old man of all work who was supposed to do this, but he usually neglected it in Mr. Cinnamon's favor.

Mrs. Cinnamon was standing on a dry spot and poking a yard of limp hose in the direction of a clump of vulgarly handsome peonies.

Mrs. Cinnamon looked good to Mr. Cinnamon. She had added flesh so gradually and steadily that he had hardly noticed any change from the slim maiden he had engaged to love-honor-and-obey at his own expense. She did him proud socially. She carried his name like a banner at the head of her cohorts.

At sight of him she flung the hose off into the grass, where it sputtered and writhed. She left her husband to wade through the wet and turn the water off.

He obeyed the implied command, then followed her up on the porch. In the shade of the cucumber vine he reached for her and kissed her placid cheek, and murmured his regular "Hello, momma!"

She had grown so used to this home-coming salute that she had ceased to approve its regularity. She had taken it so perfunctorily that she blamed him instead of herself because it was not more ardent.

She had accumulated many grievances against her husband in all their years. His virtues she accepted as such commonplaces that she never dreamed how fine a man he was and what a noble achievement plodding fidelity is. He was like a self-winding clock that keeps almost perfect time in the same old place on the wall, and never attracts attention except when it wins an astonished rebuke for being a trifle slow or a trifle fast. Mrs. Cinnamon's hopelessly unreliable jeweled wrist watch was a darling in her eyes, and its aberrations were interesting; but who ever gave credit to a steady old owl of a wall clock for the miracle of its triumphs over the obstacles to punctuality?

Wilber Cinnamon was one of the steel girders of the town. He had risen in the sawmill from clerk to owner. He had used the principal bank until he had taken it over. A figurehead was president; but he was the bank. The bank was incessantly saving homes from crumbling, and factories and shops from flunking their pay rolls. Many a girl went to school and many a bride got her trousseau because of that bank; but nobody gave it praise because, like the clock, it merely attended to its business.

As vice president of his bank, Cinnamon had so mingled severity with mercy that he had won the respect if not the affection of all the business men. And once, in one of those brief flashes of sanity when an American town decided to run itself efficiently, he had been nominated for mayor by the Democratic party. The leaders had given him a banquet. During the meal the other guests kept hailing him and lifting their glasses, and calling "Here's luck, Your Honor!" And he had manfully responded in each case: "Here's to you, Jim!"—or Bill, or whoever it was.

It made for conviviality, but Mr. Cinnamon was not used to conviviality; and when it came time for him to speak he was wavering a trifle in the blurred vision of his retainers. It was then that he made his famous speech:

"I pledge myself to one thing: I will do whatever the Democratic party say so!"

The Republican paper called him "Say-so Cinnamon" after that, but he was elected by a comfortable majority. He found the politicians impossible, however, when he decided to keep the more solemn pledge he made in his oath of office. He grew instantly unpopular with the machine and was not renominated by unanimous consent.

He lasted out the term and went back to one of the most important and one of the best-abused tasks of the citizen—that of running an honorable business and making it pay.

He was a success in his business, but he was apparently a failure as a husband—at least he got no testimonials or diplomas from the one authority on a husband's success. He was eager to please his wife, but he did not know how. He tried all he knew and gave up, and turned his wits to fields where they gave results.

One of the chief functions of wives seems to be to keep men meek where public life would encourage pride; and to sustain their pride where the outer world drives them home beaten and forlorn.

The eternal masculine of it is to keep at the old vanity of trying to win the affections of women by bringing them evidences of success. Diamonds, candies, flowers, praise—they can use those. But what use has a woman for her lover's self-sufficiency?

What importance does that leave to her? A woman's heart is not thrilled to action by bugles and huzzas, but by the blessed privilege of binding up wounds and being needed. She wants to see her heroes come running to her knees like children. Children are her business.

Wilber Cinnamon had made the pitiful mistake of concealing from his wife his failures and anxieties. What chance had the poor woman to prove her worth? He thought he was demonstrating his love; but he was denying her hers.

She kept trying to beat down the steel cage of fortitude he built round himself. She peered through at the cashier and tried to call out the man. He smiled at her with reassurance and told her not to worry, when what she most wanted was the bliss of worrying.

Mr. Cinnamon still went through the motions of affection. He said to himself when he saw his wife: "She's one fine woman!" When he reached her he kissed her. She took it on her cheek as on a shield. He was hurt a little at the absent-heartedness with which she accepted his salute. He concealed his pain with a little plucky laugh. He ought rather to have emitted a howl of longing and protest. He ought to have crushed her in his arms and called her fierce names. She would have responded to those.

At first she had met his warmth with a chill merely assumed, hoping that he would fight ice with fire or flinch from it with pain; but because he was manly and had been trained neither to whine nor to bully, he played the Spartan. And all the thanks he had for his manliness was her sorrowful whisper to herself: "He doesn't care!"

And so their life dwindled into a process of incessant mutual frustration. When he kissed her now and was rebuffed he exclaimed:

"You're looking mighty well, it seems to me."

She sniffed:

"You're late to dinner."

He did not plead for mercy, as he should have done. He said with odious cheerfulness:

"I'm sorry. I'll be with you in a jiffy."

He washed his hands, tightened his tie, brushed his hair with the palm of his hand, and was dressed.

Seeing that Fannibelle was silent through the meal, he tried to entertain her with the only entertainment he had. He told her about his business—all except the menaces of disaster, and the gossip and family secrets he had learned. They would have had the human note. He bored her perfectly and she made no secret of it.

After dinner, seeing that she was not inclined to pleasant chatter, he murmured:

"Well, I guess I'll go out and mow the lawn a little."

"The lawn can wait," she said coldly. "I want to have a talk with you."

He wondered what he was in for now! He felt as he had felt when he was a little boy and his father had said to him: "Meet me at the woodshed."

He could not be sure which one of his activities had attracted the lightning.

IV

HE TOOK out a cigar for something to cling to and followed his wife into the sitting room. He was very much the ex-mayor. She motioned him to a chair and nailed him to it with a magazine, saying:

"First, I want you to read this story."

"I don't read stories," he protested.

"You're going to read this one," she said. "It's time you were taking some interest in literatoor."

She watched him begin; then sat down and picked up her sewing. She was working on a centerpiece for her table—an enormous amount of white thread sewed into a white fabric.

Once or twice she heard her prisoner sniff and groan. He was not sure what a "disprized wife" was, and he could not understand what she was so unhappy about. He was silent at last and Fannibelle thought he had been caught by the plot; but when she glanced his way she saw that he was sneaking a glimpse at that same old article on the impossibility of war.

"Wilber!" she gasped.

Mr. Cinnamon turned back to his task and read with dogged diligence, and got the whole story down like a tablespoonful of castor oil. When he finished it at last he asked for information:

"Well?"

"Well?" she retorted.

"I read it. What of it? What's it got to do with the price of mutton?"

She put down her sewing with a sigh and became a very school-teacher of the infant class:

"It's just this, Wilber: I'm in the position of that poor wife."

"You! Good Lord, Fannibelle, you're not going to elope with a handsome devil, are you? I didn't know there was one in town."

"Don't be indecent!" she snapped.

"Well, then, what's all the fuss about?"

She gave him her decision laconically:

"I want you to quit work."

"Oh!"

"You've worked long enough."

"Oh, I see! Well, I been thinkin' of quittin', myself."

"You have?" she cried, incredulous of so divine a coincidence.

"Yep. Man was in the office to-day who says the pickerel are bitin' fine up at Lake Okoboji. I was thinkin' it was about time I was gettin' out my old clo'es and takin' a good loaf. Get out in a rowboat and watch the bobber go down—that's more fun than settin' in my office watchin' business slump. You come along and set on the piazza in your best duds while I fish out in the rain. Do you a lot of good too! This social life in Carthage is getting as swift as Quincy. Glad you mentioned it. A week of that would just about set us up in business."

"A week?" she cried. "A week! He says a week!"

"Well, ten days then."

"Ten days? It's time for you to retire!"

"What do you mean—retire? It's only eight o'clock."

"Retire from business! Close up the shop; quit work; be a gentleman of leisure."

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed.

If she had asked him to be a Grand Duke of Russia it would have seemed no more fantastic. He gaped at her; she saw that he was as far as ever from conversion. She began:

"The trouble with you, Wilber, is, you've got caught in this terrible American rush you read so much about."

"Yes; you read about it, but when do you see it? American rush—fiddlesticks! Main trouble with America is that most of the folks are so doggone lazy they can't keep off their own feet. Rush! Why, if you want to walk fast in this town you got to walk in the gutter! People on the sidewalk haven't got energy enough to get out the way."

"Oh, that's just this sleepy village!"

"Well, I've been in the big cities too. Lots of noise and crowdin'; but that's because they're all tryin' to get through a narrow street at once. The more glug-glug there is in the neck of a bottle, the slower it's pourin'. American rush! American bluff! It's because three-quarters of the men don't do four hours' honest work a day that the rest of us got to work all the time."

Mrs. Cinnamon had intended to start an oration of her own; instead, she had stampeded one of his hobbies. She checked it:

"Here, here! Hold your horses! I mean Americans live in an awful rush compared with the Europeans."

"Oh, I guess the Europeans work just about's hard's we do."

"How do you know how hard they work? You've never been there."

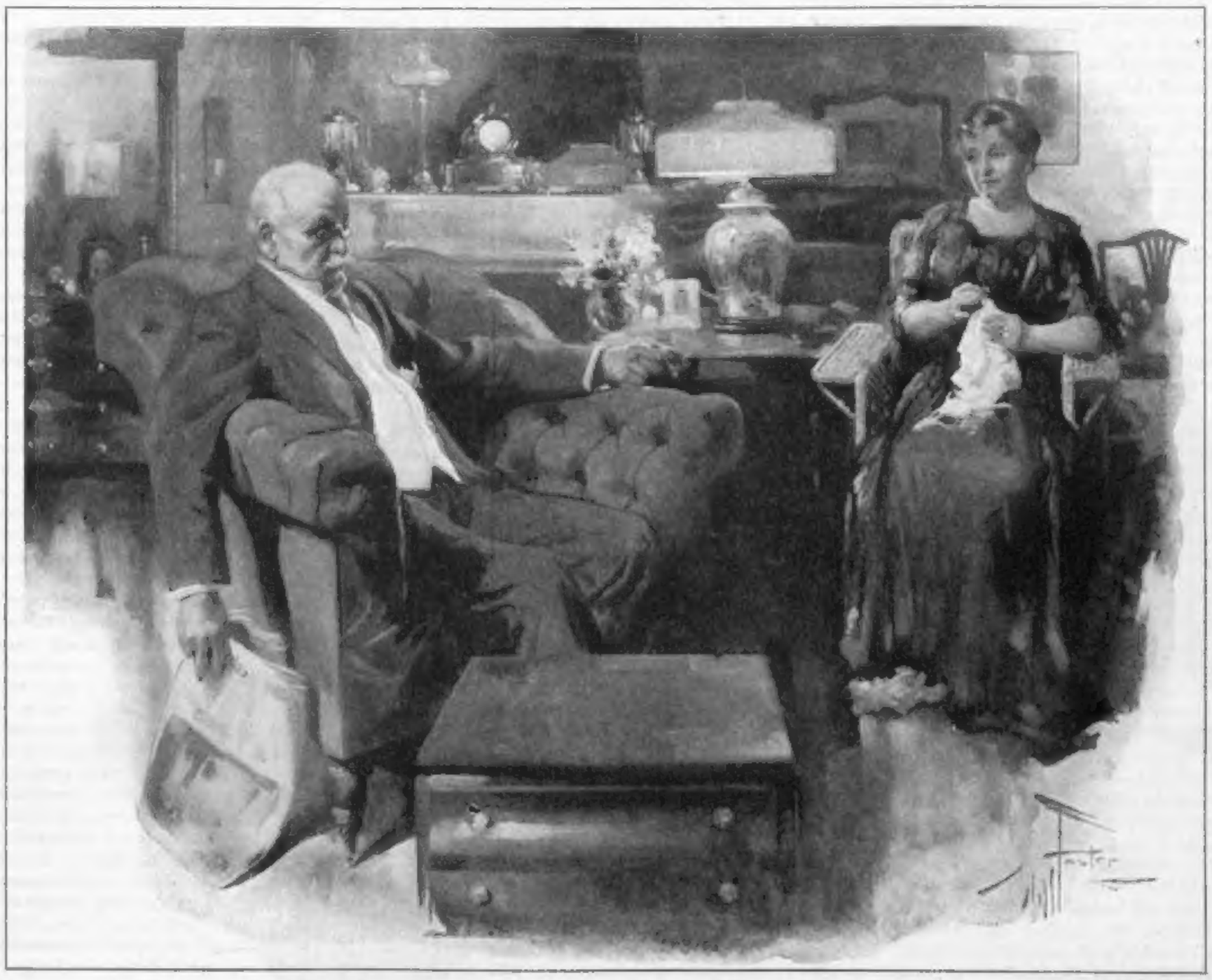
"No; but I can read, can't I?"

"If you can, why don't you?"

"I do."

"Oh, I don't call it reading—just to keep your nose in newspapers and market reports. I mean literatoor—novels, magazines and things. And why don't you travel? It's a

(Continued on Page 65)



"It's a Disgrace—Us at Our Time of Life and Never Saw Europe!"

The Last Charge of Forrest's Cavalry

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

TOWARD morning, after a spell of unusually even-tempered and moderate weather, it blew up cold, snowed hard for two or three hours, and turned off to be clear and freezing. The sun, coming up at seven-thirty-five, according to his curtailed December schedule, peeped out on a universe that was clothed all in white, whereas when he retired the night before in his west bedroom he left it wearing a motley of faded yellows and seasoned greens. Swinging in the east as a pale coppery disk, he blinked his astonishment through a ragged gray veil of the last of the storm clouds.

Others besides the sun were taken by surprise. It was the first snowfall of the year and a good, hard, heavy one. Down our way, some winters, we had hardly any snows at all; then, again, some winters we had a plenty; but scarcely ever did we have them before Christmas. This one came as a profound and an annoying visitation, taking the community at large unawares and unprepared, and making a great nuisance of itself from the start. Practically without exception, doorstep hydrants had tight colds in the head that morning. On being treated with lavings of hot water they dripped catarrhally from their cast-iron noses for a little while and then developed the added symptom of icicles.

Cooks were hours late coming to cook breakfast, and when they did come uttered despairing moans to find range boilers frozen up and kitchen taps utterly unresponsive to first-aid measures. At some houses it was nearly eight o'clock before the milkman got round, with wooden runners under his milk wagon in place of wheels and rosaries of rusted sleigh bells on the necks of his smoking team. Last year's rubber boots came out of the closet and any old year's toy sled was brought down out of the attic.

The old negro man who did whitewashing in the spring, picked blackberries for his summer-time living, and in the fall peddled corn-shuck doormats and scaly-bark hickory nuts, made the circuit of his regular patrons, equipped with a shovel over his shoulder and his venerable feet done up in burlaps, to shovel footpaths for a price. Where the wind piled the snow in little drifts he left a wake behind him as though a baby elephant had floundered through there.

In the back yard Sir Rooster squawked his loud disgust as his naked legs sank shank-deep into the feathery mass. His harem, a row of still and huddled shapes on the roosts, clamped their chilled toes all the tighter to their perch and stared out through the chicken-house door at a transformed and unfamiliar world. With them—except for their eyes—*rigor mortis* seemed far advanced. Small boys, rabbit dogs, plumbers and the few persons in town who owned sleighs rejoiced. Housewives, house cats and thin-blooded old ladies and gentlemen were acutely miserable—and showed it.

There were tramps about in numbers. It took a sudden cold snap, with snow accompaniments such as this one, to fetch the tramps forth from their sleeping places near the tracks, and make the citizen realize how many of these southbound soldiers of misfortune the town harbored on any given date between Thanksgiving Day and New Year's. Judge Priest did not know it—and probably would not have much cared if he had known it—but on the right-hand-side post of his front gate, just below the wooden letter box, was scratched the talismanic sign which, to an initiated nation-wide brotherhood, signified that here, at this place, was to be had free and abundant provender, with no stove wood to chop afterward and no heavy buckets of coal to pack in.

Wherefore and hence, throughout the rising hour and well on into the forenoon, a succession of ragged and shivering travelers tracked a straggling path up his walk and round to the back door, coming, with noses a frostbitten red and hands a frostbitten blue, to beg for sustenance. It was part and parcel of the Judge's creed of hospitality to turn no stranger away from his door unfed.

"Jedge!" Aunt Dilsey Turner, the dusky chieftainess who presided over his culinary arrangements, boiled into the old sitting room, where her master sat with his feet close to the grate toasting his shoesoles. "Jedge, they's 'nother one of 'em miz'ble wuthless w'ite trash out yere axin' fur vittles. Tha's de fo'th one inside er hour. Whut you reckin I best do wid 'im?"

"Well, Aunt Dilsey," the old man answered, "ef vittles is what he asts fur, I believe, under the circumstances, I'd give him some."

"Whar we goin' to git vittles fur 'im?" she demanded.

"Wasn't there anything left over frum breakfast?" He risked the inquiry mildly—almost timidly.

"Breakfus'!" She sniffed her contempt for masculine ignorance. "Breakfus'? How long does you think one li'l' batch of breakfus' is goin' last round yere? I ain't never tek much fur myse'f—jes' swallers a mossil of hot coffee to stay my stomach, but you's suttinly a mighty stiddy feeder; and ez fur 'at nigger Jeff of yourn—huh!—he acks lak he wuz holler cl'ar down to his insteps. Ef dat nigger had de right name, de name would be Famine! 'Sides, ain't I done tole you they's been three of dem trafflin', no-'count vagroms here already dis mawnin', a-eatin' us plum' out of house and home? Naw, suh; dey ain't nary grain of breakfus' lef'—de platters is done lick' clean!"

"Well, Aunt Dilsey, ez a special favor to me, I'd be mighty much obliged to you ef you'd cook up a little somethin' fur the pore feller."

"Po' feller! Po', you sez? Jedge, dat ole tramp out yonder at my kitchen do' is mighty nigh ez fat ez whut you is. Still, you's de cap'n. Ef you sez feed 'im, feed 'im I does. Only don't you come round blamin' me w'en we-all lands in de po'house—tha's all I asts you."

And out the black tyrant flounced, leaving the judge grinning to himself. Aunt Dilsey's bark was worse than her bite and there was no record of her having bitten anybody. Nevertheless, in order to make sure that no breakfast applicant departed hungry, he lingered on past his usual time for starting the day's work. It was cozily warm in his sitting room. Court was not in session either, having adjourned over for the holidays. It was getting well on toward ten o'clock when, with Jeff Poindexter's aid, he struggled into his ancient overcoat and buckled his huge galoshes on over his shoes, and started downtown.

Midway of the next block a snowball sailed out and over from behind a hedge fence and knocked his old black slouch hat half off his head. Showing surprising agility for one of his years and bulk, he ran down the fleeing sharpshooter who had fired on him; and, while with one hand he held the struggling youngster fast, with the other he vigorously washed his captive's face in loose snow until the captive bawled for mercy. Then the Judge gave him a dime to console him for his punishment and went on his way with a pleasant tingling in his blood and a ruby tip on his already well-ruddied nose.

His way took him to Soule's Drug Store, the gathering place of his set in fair weather and in foul. He was almost there before he heard of the trouble. It was Dave Baum who brought the first word of it. Seeing him pass, Dave came running, bareheaded, out of his notions store.

"Judge Priest, did you know what's just happened?" Dave was highly excited. "Why, Beaver Yancy's been cut all to pieces with a dirk knife by one of those Dagos that was brought on here to work on the new extension—that's what just happened! It happened just a little bit ago, down there where they've got those Dagos a-keepin' 'em. Beave, he must've said somethin' out of the way to him, and he just up with his dirk knife and cut Beave to ribbons."

Really it required much less time for little Mr. Baum to make this statement than it has taken for me to transcribe it or for you to read it. In his haste he ran the syllables together. Dan Settle came up behind them in time to catch the last words and he pieced out the narrative:

"They toted poor old Beaver into Doctor Lake's office—I just came from there—there's a big crowd waitin' to hear how he comes out. They don't think he's goin' to live but a little while. They ain't got the one that did the cuttin'—yet. There's quite a lot of feelin' already."

"That's what the railroad gets for bringin' all those foreigners down here." Mr. Baum, who was born in Bavaria, spoke with bitterness. "Judge, what do you think ought to be done about this business?"

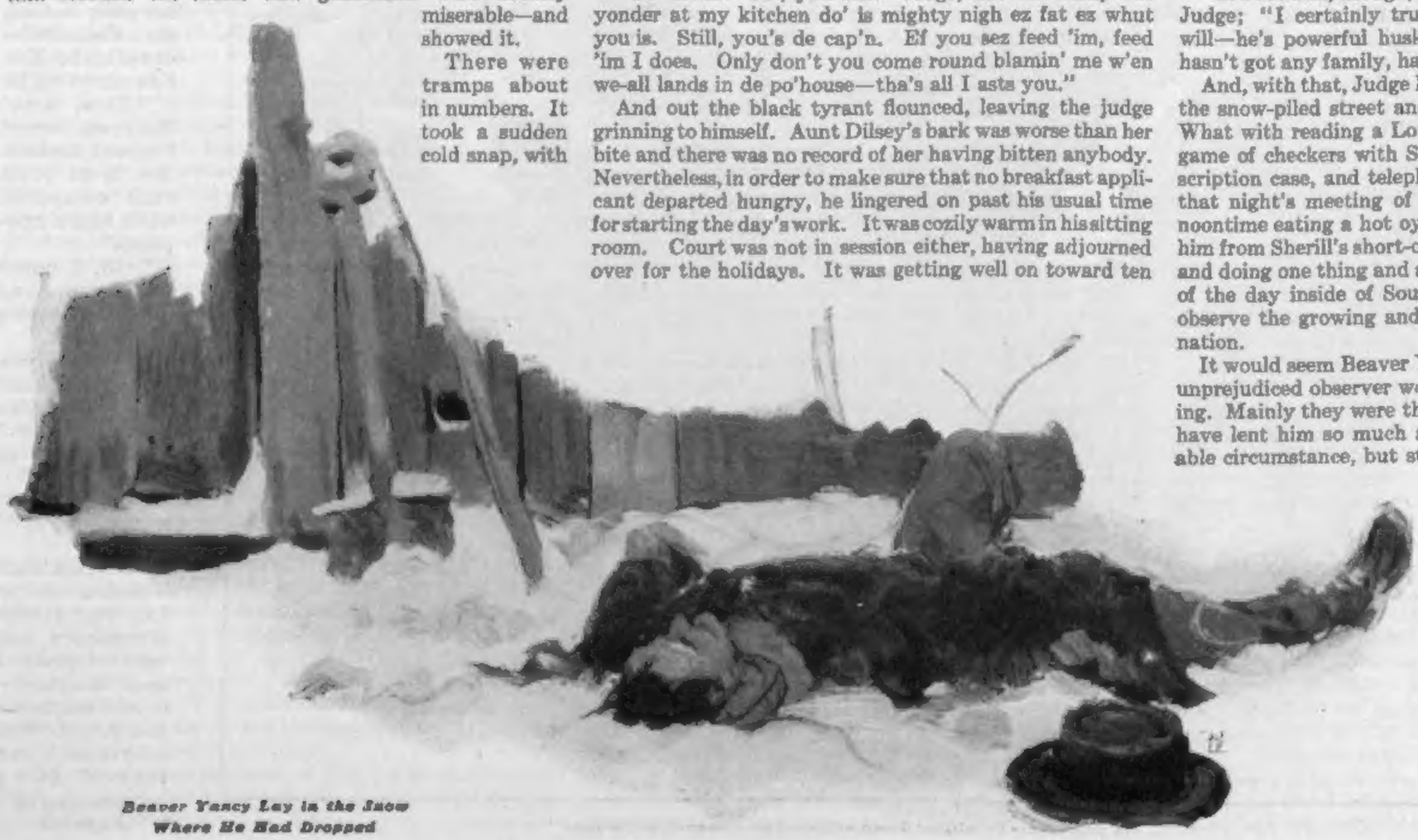
"Well, son," said Judge Priest, "to begin with, ef I was you I'd run back inside of my store and put my hat on before I ketched a bad cold. And ef I was the chief of police of this city I'd find the accused party and lock him up good and tight. And ef I was everybody else I'd remain ez ca'm ez I could till I'd heared both sides of the case. There's nearly always two sides to every case, and sometimes there's likely to be three or four sides. I expect to impanel a new grand jury along in January and I wouldn't be surprised ef they looked into the matter purty thoroughly. They ginerally do.

"It's too bad, though, about Beaver Yancy!" added the Judge; "I certainly trust he pulls through. Maybe he will—he's powerful husky. There's one consolation—he hasn't got any family, has he?"

And, with that, Judge Priest left them and went on down the snow-piled street and turned in at Mr. Soule's door. What with reading a Louisville paper and playing a long game of checkers with Squire Roundtree behind the prescription case, and telephoning to the adjutant regarding that night's meeting of Gideon K. Irons Camp, and at noontime eating a hot oyster stew which a darky brought him from Sherill's short-order restaurant, two doors below, and doing one thing and another, he spent the biggest part of the day inside of Soule's and so missed his chance to observe the growing and the mounting of popular indignation.

It would seem Beaver Yancy had more friends than any unprejudiced observer would have credited him with having. Mainly they were the type of friends who would not have lent him so much as fifty cents under any conceivable circumstance, but stood ready to shed human blood on his account. Likewise, as the day wore on, and the snow, under the melting influence of the sun, began to run off the eaves and turn to slush in the streets, a strong prejudice against the presence of alien day laborers began to develop with marvelous and sinister rapidity.

Yet, had those who caviled but stopped long enough to take stock of things, they might have read this importation as merely one of the manifestations of the change that was coming over our neck of the woods—the



Beaver Yancy Lay in the Snow Where He Had Dropped

With Heads Held High and Chests Puffed Out Forrest's Cavalry Went Forward

same change that had been coming for years, and the same that inevitably would continue coming through years to follow.

Take, for example, Legal Row—that short street of stubby little brick buildings where all the lawyers and some of the doctors had their offices. Summer after summer, through the long afternoons, the tenants had sat there in cane-bottomed chairs tilted back against the housefronts, swapping gossip and waiting for a dog fight or a watermelon cutting to break the monotony. But Legal Row was gone now and lawyers did not sit out on the sidewalks any more; it was not dignified. They were housed, most of them, on the upper floor levels of the sky-scraping Planters' Bank Building. Perhaps Easterners would not have rated it as a skyscraper; but in our country the skies are low and friendly skies, and a structure of eight stories, piled one on the other, with a fancy cornice to top off with, rears mightily high and imposing when about it, for contrast, are only two and three and four story buildings.

Kettler's wagon yard, where the farmers used to bring their tobacco for overnight storage, and where they slept on hay beds in the back stalls, with homemade bedquilts wrapped round them, had been turned into a garage and smelled now of gasoline, oils and money transactions. A new brick market house stood on the site of the old wooden one. A Great White Way that was seven blocks long made the business district almost as bright as day after dark—almost, but not quite. There was talk of establishing a civic center, with a regular plaza, and a fountain in the middle of the plaza. There was talk of trying the commission form of government. There was talk of adopting a town slogan; talk of an automobile club and of a country club. And now white labor, in place of black, worked on a construction job.

When, after many false alarms, the P. A. & O. V. got its Boaz Ridge Extension under way the contractors started with negro hands; but the gang bosses came from up North, whence the capital had likewise come, and they did not understand the negroes and the negroes did not understand them, and there was trouble from the go-off. If the bosses fraternized with the darkies the darkies loafed; if, taking the opposite tack, the bosses tried to drive the gangs under them with hard words the gangs grew sullen and insolent.

There was a middle ground, but the perplexed whites could not find it. A Southern-born overseer or a Southern-born steamboat mate could have harried the crews with loud profanity, with dire threats of mutilation and violent death, and they would have grinned back at him cheerfully and kept right on at their digging and their shoveling. But when a grading expert named Flaherty, from Chicago, Illinois, shook a freckled fist under the nose of one Dink Bailey, colored, for whom, just the night before, he had bought drinks in a groggery, the aforesaid Dink Bailey tried to disarticulate him with a razor and made very fair headway toward the completion of the undertaking, considering he was so soon interrupted.

Having a time limit ever before their pestered eyes, it sorely irked the contractors that, whereas five hundred black, brown and yellow men might drop their tools Saturday night at six o'clock, a scant two hundred or so answered when the seven-o'clock whistle blew on Monday morning.

The others came straggling back on Tuesday or Wednesday, or even on Thursday, depending on how long their wages held out.

"Whut I wants to go to work fur, Mister W'ite Man? I got 'most two dollars lef'. Come round to see me w'en all dat's done spent and mebbe we kin talk bus'ness 'en."

The above statement, made by a truant grading hand to an inquiring grading boss, was typical of a fairly common point of view on the side of Labor. And this one, below, which sprang from the exasperated soul of a visiting contractor, was just as typical, for it was the cry of outraged Capital:

"It takes two white men, standing over every black man, to make the black man work—and then he won't! I never was a Southern sympathizer before, but I am now—you bet!"

The camel's back broke entirely at the end of the third week. It was a green paymaster from the Chicago offices who furnished the last straw. He tried to pay off with paper money. Since those early postbellum days, when the colored brother, being newly freed from servitude and innocently devoid of the commercial instinct, thought the white man's money, whether stamped on metal disks or printed on parchment rectangulars, was always good money, and so accepted much Confederate currency, to his sorrow at the time and to his subsequent enlightenment, he has nourished a deep suspicion of all cash except the kind that jingles; in fact, it is rarely that he will accept any other sort.

Give him the hard round silver and he is well content. That is good money—money fit to buy things with. He knows it is, because it rattles in the pocket and it rings on the bar; but for him no greenbacks, if you please. So when this poor ignorant paymaster opened up his satchel and spread out his ones and his twos, his fives and his tens, his treasury certificates and his national bank notes, there was a riot.

Then the contractors just fired the whole outfit bodily; and they suspended operations, leaving the fills half-filled and the cuts half-dug until they could fetch new shifts of laborers from the North. They fetched them—a trainload of overalled Latins, and some of these were tall and swarthy men, and more were short, fair, stumpy men; but all were capable of doing a full day's work.

Speedily enough the town lost its first curious interest in the newcomers. Indeed, there was about them nothing calculated to hold the public interest long. They played no guitars, wore no handkerchief headdresses, offered to kidnap no small children, and were in no respect a picturesque race of beings. They talked their own outlandish language, dined on their own mysterious messes, slept in their bunks in the long barracks the company knocked together for them in the hollow down by the Old Fort, hived their savings, dealt with their employers through a paid translator, and beautifully minded their own business, which was the putting through of the Boaz Ridge Extension. Sundays a few came clunking in their brogans to early mass in Father Minor's church; the rest of the time they spent at the doing of their daily stint or in camp at their own peculiar devices.

Tony Palassi, who ran the biggest fruit stand in town, paid them one brief visit—and one only—and came away, spitting his disgust on the earth. It appeared that they were not his kind of people at all, these being but despised Sicilians and he by birth a haughty Roman, and by virtue of naturalization processes a stalwart American; but everybody knew already, without being told, that there was a difference, and a big difference. A blind man could see it.

Tony, now, was a good fellow—one with sporting blood in his veins. Tony was a member of the Elks and of the Knights of Columbus. He owned and he drove one of the smartest trotting horses in the county. He played a brisk game of poker. Once a month he sent a barrel of apples or a bunch of bananas or a box of oranges, as a freewill offering, to the children out at the Home of the Friendless—in short, Tony belonged. Nobody ever thought of calling Tony a Dago, and nobody ever had—more than once; but these other fellows, plainly, were Dagos and to be regarded as such. For upward of a month now their presence in the community had meant little or nothing to the community,

Despite the Snow Knots of Men Began to Gather Discussing One Topic—and One Only

one way or the other, until one of them so far forgot himself as to carve up Beaver Yancy.

The railroad made a big mistake when it hired Northern bosses to handle black natives; it made another when it continued to retain Beaver Yancy, of our town, in its employ after the Sicilians came, he being a person long of the arm and short of the temper. Even so, things might have gone forward to a conclusion without misadventure had it not been that on the day before the snow fell the official padrone of the force, who was likewise the official interpreter, went North on some private business of his own, leaving his countrymen without an intermediary during his absence. It came to pass, therefore, that on the December morning when this story properly begins, Beaver Yancy found himself in sole command of a battalion whose tongue he did not speak and whose ways he did not know.

At starting time he plowed his way through the drifts to the long plank shanty in the bottoms and threw open a door. Instead of being up and stirring, his charges lay in their bunks against the walls, all of them stretched out comfortably there, except a half dozen or so who brewed garlicky mixtures on the big stoves that stood at intervals in a row down the middle of the barracks. Employing the only language he knew, which was a profanely emphatic language, he ordered them to get up, get out and get to work. By shakes of the head, by words of smiling dissent and by gestures they made it plain to his understanding that for this one day at least they meant to do no labor.

One more tolerant than Beaver Yancy, or perhaps one more skilled at translating signs, would have divined their reasons readily enough. They had come South expecting temperate weather. They did not like snow. They were not clad for exposure to snow. Their garments were thin and their shoes leaked. Therefore would they abide where they were until the snow had melted and the cold had moderated. Then they would work twice as hard to make up for this holiday.

The burly, big, overbearing man in the doorway was of a different frame of mind. In the absence of his superior officers and the padrone, his duty was to see that they pushed that job to a conclusion. He'd show 'em! He would make an example of one and the others would heed the lesson. He laid violent grasp on a little man who appeared to be a leader of opinion among his fellows and, with a big, mittened hand in the neckband of the other's shirt, dragged him, sputtering and expostulating, across the threshold and, with hard kicks of a heavy foot, heavily booted, propelled him out into the open.

The little man fell face forward into the snow. He bounced up like a chunk of new rubber. He had been wounded most grievously in his honor, bruised most painfully and ignominiously elsewhere. He jumped for the man who had mishandled him, his knife blade licking out like a snake's tongue. He jabbed three times, hard and quick—then fled back indoors; and for a while, until help came in the guise of two children of a shanty-boater's family on their way to the railroad yards to pick up bits of coal, Beaver Yancy lay in the snow where he had dropped, bleeding like a stuck pig. He was not exactly cut to ribbons. First accounts had been exaggerated as first accounts so frequently are. But he had two holes in his right lung and one in the right side of his neck, and it was strongly presumptive that he would never again kick a Sicilian day laborer—or, for that matter, anybody else.

Judge Priest, speaking dispassionately from the aloof heights of the judicial temperament, had said it would be carrying out an excellent and timely idea if the chief of police found the knife-using individual and confined him in a place that was safe and sound; which, on being apprised of the occurrence, was exactly what the chief of police undertook to do. Accompanied by two dependable members of his day shift, he very promptly set out to make an arrest and an investigation; but serious obstacles confronted him.

To begin with, he had not the faintest notion of the criminal's identity or the criminal's appearance. The man he wanted was one among two hundred; but which one was he? Beaver Yancy, having been treated in Doctor Lake's office, was now at the city hospital in no condition to tell the name of his assailant even had he known it, or to describe him either, seeing that loss of blood, pain, shock and drugs had put him beyond the power of coherent speech. Nevertheless, the chief felt it a duty incumbent on him to lose no time in visiting what the Daily Evening News, with a touch of originality, called "the scene of the crime." This he did.

Everything was quiet on the flatlands below the Old Fort when he got there, an hour after the stabbing. Midway between the bluff that marked the rim of the hollow and the fringe of willows along the river stood the long plank barracks of the imported hands. Smoke rose from the stovepipes that broke the expanse of its snow-covered roof; about one door was a maze of tracks and crosstracks; at a certain place, which was, say, seventy-five feet from the door, the snow was wallowed and flurried as though a heavy oxhide had been dragged across its surface; and right there a dark spot showed reddish brown against the white background.

However, no figures moved and no faces showed at the small windows as the chief and his men, having floundered down the hill, cautiously approached the silent building; and when he knocked on the door with the end of his hickory walking stick, and knocked and knocked again, meantime demanding admittance in the name of the law, no one answered his knock or his hail. Losing patience, he put his shoulder to the door and, with a heave, broke it away from its hinges and its hasp, so that it fell inward.

Through the opening he took a look, then felt in his overcoat pocket for his gun, making ready to check a rush with revolver shots if needs be; but there was no rush. Within the place two hundred frightened, desperate men silently confronted him. Some who had pistols were wearing them now in plain sight. Others had knives and had produced them. All had picks and shovels—dangerous enough weapons at close quarters in the hands of men skilled in the use of them.

Had the big-hatted chief been wise in the ways of these men, he might peacefully have attained his object by opening his topcoat and showing his blue uniform, his brass buttons and his gold star; but naturally he did not think of that, and as he stood there before them, demanding of them, in a language they did not know, to surrender the guilty one, he was ulstered, like any civilian, from his throat to the tops of his rubber boots.

In him the foreigners, bewildered by the sudden turn in events, saw only a menacing enemy coming, with no outward show of authority about him, to threaten them. They went right on at their task of barricading the windows with strips of planking torn from their bunks. They had food and they had fuel, and they had arms. They would stand a siege, and if they were attacked they would fight back. In all they did, in all their movements, in their steadfast stare, he read their intent plainly enough.

Gabriel Henley was no coward, else he would not have been serving his second term as our chief of police; but likewise and furthermore he was no fool. He remembered just then that the town line ended at the bluff behind him. Technically, at least, the assault on Beaver Yancy had been committed outside his jurisdiction; constructively this job was not a job for the city, but for the county officials. He backed away, and as he retired sundry strong brown hands replaced the broken door and began making it fast with props and improvised bars. The chief left his two men behind to keep watch—an entirely unnecessary precaution, since none of the beleaguered two hundred, as it turned out, had the slightest intention of quitting their present shelter; and he hurried back uptown, pondering the situation as he went.

On his way to the sheriff's office he stopped by Palassi's fruit store. As the only man in town who could deal with Sicilians in their own tongue, Tony might help out tremendously; but Tony wasn't in. Mrs. Palassi, née Callahan, regretted to inform him that Tony had departed for Memphis on the early train to see about certain delayed Christmas shipments of oranges and bananas. To the youth of our town oranges and bananas were almost as necessary as firecrackers in the proper celebration of the Christmas. And when he got to the courthouse the chief found the sheriff was not in town either. He had started at daylight for Hopkinsburg to deliver an insane woman at the state asylum there; one of his deputies had gone with him. There was a second deputy, to be sure; but he was an elderly man and a chronic rheumatic, who mainly handled the clerical affairs of the office—he never had tried to arrest anyone in his whole life, and he expressed doubt that the present opportunity was auspicious for an opening experiment in that direction.

Under the circumstances, with the padrone away, with Tony Palassi away, with the sheriff away, and with the refuge of the culprit under close watch, Chief of Police Henley decided just to sit down and wait—wait for developments; wait for guidance; perhaps wait for popular sentiment to crystallize and, in process of its crystallization, give him a hint as to the steps proper to be taken next. So he sat him down at his roll-top desk in the old City Hall, with his feet on the stove, and he waited.

Had our efficient chief divined the trend of opinion as it was to be expressed during the day by divers persons in divers parts of the town, it is possible he might have done something, though just what that something might have been, I for one confess I do not know—and I do not think the chief knew either. There was a passion of anger abroad. This anger was to rise and spread when word circulated—as it very shortly did—that those other Dagos were harboring and protecting the particular Dago who had done the cutting.

Such being the case, did not that make them outlaws too—accessories after the fact, co-malefactors? The question was asked a good many times in a good many places and generally the answer was the same. And how about letting these murderous, dirk-toting pauper laborers come pouring down from the slums of the great cities to take the bread right out of the mouths of poor, hard-working darkies? With the sudden hostility to the white stranger rose an equally sudden sympathy for the lot of the black neighbor whose place he had usurped. Besides, who ever saw one of the blamed Dagos spending a cent at a grocery, or a notions store, or a saloon—or anywhere? Money earned in the community ought to be spent in the community. What did the railroad mean by it anyway?

Toward the middle of the afternoon somebody told somebody else—who, in turn, told everybody he met—that poor old Beaver was sinking fast; the surgeons agreed that he could not live the night out. Despite the rutted snow underfoot and the chill temperature, now rapidly dropping again to the freezing point and below it, knots of men began to gather on the streets discussing one topic—and one only.

Standing at the Richland House corner and addressing an entirely congenial gathering of fifteen or so who had just emerged from the Richland House bar, wiping their mouths and their mustaches, a self-appointed spokesman ventured the suggestion that it had been a long time between lynchings. Maybe if people just turned in and mobbed a few of these bloodthirsty Dagos it would

Judge Priest Played a Long Game of Checkers With Squire Roundtree

give the rest of them a little respect for law and order? What if they didn't get the one that did the cutting? They could get a few of his friends, couldn't they—and chase all the others out of the country, and out of the state? Well, then, what more could a fair-minded citizen ask? And if the police force could not or would not do its duty in the premises, was it not up to the people themselves to act?—or words to that effect. In the act of going back inside for another round of drinks the audience agreed with the orator unanimously, and invited him to join them; which he did.

Serenely unaware of these things, Judge Priest spent his day at Soule's Drug Store, beat Squire Roundtree at checkers, went trudging home at dusk for supper and, when supper was eaten, came trudging back downtown again, still happily ignorant of the feeling that was in the icy air. Eight o'clock found him in the seat of honor on the platform at Kamleiter's Hall, presiding over the regular semimonthly meeting of Gideon K. Irons Camp.

Considering weather conditions, the Judge, as commandant, felt a throb of pride at the size of the attendance. Twenty-two elderly gentlemen answered to their names when the adjutant, old Professor Reese, of the graded school, called the roll. Two or three more straggled in, bundled up out of all their proper proportions, in time to take part in the subsequent discussion of new business. Under that elastic heading the Camp agreed to coöperate with the Daughters in a campaign to raise funds for a monument to the memory of General Meriwether Grider, dead these many years; voted fifty dollars out of the Camp treasury for the relief of a dead comrade's widow; and listened to a reminiscence of the retreat from Atlanta by Sergeant Jimmy Bagby.

One overhearing might have gathered from the tenor of the sergeant's remarks that, if King's Hellhounds had been given but the proper support in that campaign, the story of Sherman's March to the Sea would have a vastly different ending from the one set forth in the schoolbooks and the histories. In conclusion, and by way of a diversion from the main topic, Sergeant Bagby was launching on a circumstantial recital of a certain never-to-be-forgotten passage of words between General Buckner and General Breckenridge on a certain momentous and historic occasion, when an interruption occurred, causing him to break off in the middle of his opening sentence.

Old Pressley Harper, from three miles out in the county, was sitting well back toward the rear of the little hall. It is possible that his attention wandered from the subject in hand. He chanced to glance over his shoulder and, through the frosted panes of a back window, he caught a suffused reflection. Instantly he was on his feet.

"Hey, boys!" called out Mr. Harper. "Somethin's on fire—looky yander!"

He ran to the window. With his sleeve he rubbed a patch clear on the sweated pane and peered out. Others followed him. Sashes were hoist, and through each of the three window openings in the back wall protruded a cluster of heads—heads that were pinky-bald, gray-grizzled or cottony-white, as the case might be.

"You bet there's a fire, and a good hot one! See them blazes shootin' up."

"Must be down by the Old Fort. D'ye reckin it could be the old plow factory burnin' up?"

"Couldn't be that far away, could it, Bony? Looks closer'n that to me."

"Fires always seem closer than what they really are."

(Continued on Page 57)

THE BOOBY PRIZER

By Leavitt Ashley Knight

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

NOW, *orang muda*, what's your job for the day?" I asked my Moro boy, Mississippi. "Say it over slowly, so that I'll be sure you've got it straight."

We were hurrying through the still, white-blue streets of Zamboanga toward the steamer dock. It was a dawn of violet and liquid gold, sweetened with a slapping breeze off the tumbling blue wildernesses of the lazy Pacific. It was the dawn of my busiest day, the day of the *fiesta* of the Thousand Holy Martyrs. Of all the ninety holidays our Filipinos celebrate every year, the Thousand Holy Martyrs is the most strenuous for me. You see, I'm Uncle Sam's confidential agent on the rim of this devil's caldron known as Sulu Sea, where, for fourteen stewing years, I've been potting Jolo pirates, squelching topaz-tinted *insurrectos*, and generally discouraging opium peddlers, slavers, and white undesirables such as drift over from the China Coast with the monsoons. Being in the uplift business I sleep with open eyes and go about by day with my ear to the ground, listening for the soft, cooing sound of the grafter, the con artist, and the looter in the land. Uncle Sam deems this an important job, and I agree with him.

Our cute little Moros are natural-born Suckers—capital S right there, Mr. Linotyper! They love a good time, and a good time always goes to their heads worse than a quart of king's peg before breakfast, such as I once saw a German drink in Shanghai. Yes, sir! You can excite him as easily as you can sweat in Sulu sunshine; and, once excited, he'll do anything for more excitement. The steadiest brownie in Mindanao—bar only my Mississippi—will sell wife and children into slavery without a whimper if only he can buy with the proceeds the scrappiest gamecock on the island. With never a quiver of eyelash he'll gamble away his house, his proas and his year's stock of copra. And in ten minutes any eloquent salesman can unload on him a dozen fur overcoats, or a pair of skates, cash with order.

Now, why should Uncle Sam butt in on these interesting transactions? Well, first of all, as a matter of public health. Mr. Moro has a habit of getting peeviah over the deal about five hours after the cards have run against him. Then, if the air's a bit heavy, he's apt to grab up his kris and, still as a snake, run amuck down the street, dissecting all passers-by within reach. Secondly, as a matter of religious freedom, Mr. Moro, creditor, has the bad habit of saying to Mr. Moro, debtor: "I can't collect from you in fifty years, so I'll give you a receipt in full if you'll get a gang together and wipe out the accursed Americans; may Allah burn the infidels forever!" Whereupon Mr. Moro, debtor, turns *juramentado* and keeps our constabulary awake nights for a month or more. Thirdly, as a matter of civilization, Uncle Sam and I are doing our darnedest to bring civilization to these plump little brownies; but what is civilization, if it isn't protecting the Sucker against his own succulence? What is it, if it isn't keeping the slick few from getting everything away from the other billion?

I'm no W. J. Bryan, but that's how the lay-out looks to me. And that's why I was trotting Mississippi down to the steamer dock at sun-up. For the *fiesta* of the Thousand Holy Martyrs, down Zamboanga way, is the great gathering of the clams. All the dumb ones within a day's sail turn out to celebrate, with parades in the morning, *carabao* ragout and Chinese champagne at noon, band concerts all afternoon, cock fights after sundown, and fan-tan all the time on the side. On the trail of the dumb ones come hustling the slick ones—shifty-eyed ones in swift proas from as far as Lutanga, bearing cratefuls of bloodthirsty Aseel cocks, while in the secret folds of their gay *sarongs* they bring dice, dirks, and dope, the three dark D's of Malaysia.

"I'm the Biggest Fiesta on Earth. I'm a Natural-Born Simp. I'm ——"

"Now go ahead, Mississippi, and tell me what you are to do this morning!" I repeated as we two swung round the last corner of our journey and saw ahead of us the long new dock and at the end of it a graceful white transport sleepily edging alongside to the tune of her steam winch, whose gr-r-r-r, as it took up slack in the after hawser, roared like a giant municipal alarm clock across the flat silences of Zamboanga.

"I stand on left side of dock, while you on right," recited Mississippi cheerfully to the tempo of his pattering bare feet. "I watch all proas and launches who there arrive. I listen what men and women from them speak. So quick I see one who is bad man or peddler of *chandu* or *madat*, so quick I whistle Yankee Doodle at you, master, and then run for policing-man."

"And how about the big transport there?"

"Him's your job, Master Higgins."

"And what," I went on, "if you spy a Sucker?"

"I say him," answered Mississippi solemnly, "that to-day is the *fiesta*, and he better run home fast and lock the door behind him."

"All right, get on the job! And if some blithering tourist off that transport chucks a quarter into the water and asks you to dive after it, what'll you do?"

"I say him," Mississippi screwed up his face into a malicious grin, "that that quarter is a sinking fund, and I don't touch it till some other day."

"For that," I howled, "you draw the five best cigars in town to-night." And I left him at his post, while I marched on up the long dock and encountered a new proposition in the shape of Mr. James Berriton, late of Allandale, Ohio.

He loped down the gangplank, first man ashore. He kicked out his mile-long, loose-jointed legs like a colt turned into pasture, and piped a shrill "Whoo—oo—oo!" Then slowly he wheeled on his rubber heels, his angular arms propped on his projecting hips, and took in a panoramic view of our radiant metropolis of Mindanao.

"Glorious! Look at those colors, folks!" he whooped, with a jumping-jack gesture toward the violet and golden lights that spattered and slanted across the town under the sun of daybreak. "It's a big place too! Fine dock! Fine big buildings up there. See! Over there! An auto, or I'm dopey! Say! But this Zamboanga is all that the company cracked it up to be, eh?"

He was talking to three persons who came down the gangplank some distance behind him: A withered little old man with a ragged mop of yellowish-white hair, sagging shoulders and uncertain knees; a doll of a little old lady in stifling black silk, who brisked along like a spider on a hot griddle and took in the entire landscape at one darting flash of her beady black eyes; and, last in the party, a girl in white. Now, I read all the ladies' magazines, as every

Up and Down the Streets There Struggled Yellow, Brown, White: Old and Young, Rich and Poor, Tinseled and Ragged

higher official of U. S. A. does; and I'm familiar with all varieties of feminine wit, beauty and togs—in a literary way, you understand. So I'm prepared to say that this young lady was the 1915 model of that well-known runabout, Business Efficiency. She was streamline body—she moved across the dock in one smooth, sweeping curve of perfect motion. She had high-tension ignition; you could almost see life sparking out of her steady brown eyes, and the speed of her strides and glances was the speed of superabundant life. Also, she was equipped with nonskids; how I knew it, I can't quite tell, but it was as certain as the sun in the sky. There was something firm and sure in the way she carried her head, I guess, and something shrewd in her lightninglike smiles at the two old folks, which told me—who have seen many men and many women under the microscope—that she was a girl who could tread the slippery places of the world at high speed without ever skidding from her course.

"Little girl," said I to myself, "you're the kind that's managing department stores back in God's country. You're the sort that's running for Congress. You're the supergirl, the pink-and-white hope of humanity ——"

Right there I stopped. The pink-and-white hope flitted across the dock to the side of the young man, clapped her firm sea-tanned hands against her smooth, sun-tanned cheeks, and cried:

"Oh, Jimmie! It's too beautiful—too beautiful to be real! All the way over I've been half afraid that I'd be disappointed, but now I know I can't. You've hit it right, Jimmie! How'll we ever repay you for bringing us here?"

The young man fumbled a cigar from out of a pocket, clumsily hacked the end off, and answered in a familiar drawl: "I'll send in my bill, Louise, as soon as you're settled down. And here's hoping you won't kick at it ——"

He flushed, stammered, and stopped. The girl, Louise, laughed softly, mischievously, almost tauntingly; then waved toward Zamboanga and the instreaming multitude of proas.

"Look at the flags and bunting and lanterns! I wonder what they're celebrating. There's a white man ——" she pointed diplomatically at me and dropped her voice, but not enough to escape the ears of a man whose business is trailing murderers through Mindanao jungles—"go ask him what it's all about! Ask him where we can find an expressman to take our trunks out to Far Hills. Trot fast, that's a good boy!"

The young man trotted, but not so fast as my mind did. Before he had taken a step I had started a lively little guessing contest—Who's Who and Why on Zamboanga Dock; open to all comers. That's a bad habit an old Secret Service man like me gets into. Always sizing strangers up! Sticking everybody into his pigeonhole! It's an awful time-killer, but it's fun—and often useful to Uncle Sam.

"Jimmie," mused I as he drew near, "you're not army and you're not navy. For army walks and navy rolls; but you lope like an Oregon lumberjack. You're not missionary. Witness that cigar before breakfast! There's one chance in a hundred that you're a round-the-worlder, but I bet against it at prevailing odds."

You see, tourists don't drift down here from Manila on a transport; and tourists don't come ashore at our little jumping-off place, with the mountain of trunks that I saw the old folks and the girl checking over, as the deck hands rolled them ashore.

"And, son," I mused on as he strode closer, "you're no school teacher from the States, coming to uplift my Moros. You haven't that hopeless, fagged face that grows on persons who spend their lives persuading the rising generations that one plus one does equal two and c-a-t spells death to mice. But then what are you?"

He ended the guessing contest for me.

"What's all the bunting on the houses for?" he asked, sauntering up.

"To-day," I explained, "is the most popular *fiesta* in Mindanao. The faithful call it the *fiesta* of the Thousand Holy Martyrs. All the ginks, boobs, easy marks, nuts, booze fighters and pipe-dreamers—brown, yellow, white and in between—drift into town and offer themselves up to the gods of graft on the altar of fan-tan. If there's anything left of 'em by night, they lose it at cock fights. By midnight the slick have got the goods, and the public has had a good time, and then the show's over for another year."

A queer look came into the young man's face.

"Ha!" he blurted awkwardly; "very funny that I should get here to-day!" He checked himself sharply. "Say! Where can I find an expressman to take our trunks out to Far Hills?"

"Far Hills? Far Hills?" I closed an eye in calculation. "No expressman in Zamboanga can take you there."

"Eh? Why?" He stared.

"Because," said I soothingly, "there isn't any such place in Mindanao. Fourteen years I've been knocking round the island, and if there were a Far Hills I'd know it inside and out. You've got off at the wrong station, son."

For one minute the young man's jaw sagged, and his cheeks went greenish-gray, like dead flesh. Then he roared in sudden relief.

"Ho! But this is a joke!" he wiggled his hulking head. "Here I am, a stranger in town, and I could walk to Far Hills blindfold. And here you are, a native, and don't know the suburb ——"

"Oh, it's a suburb, eh?" I opened my eyes wide.

"And I'll bet I know what's got you guessing," he laughed. "Probably you folks out here have got some Spanish name for it. You see, Far Hills is the name the directors gave it ——"

"The directors?" I asked weakly.

"Yes. The directors of the Far Hills Coöperative Development Company," he explained amiably. "Gosh! For a minute you had me scared stiff, but then I remembered that the directors canvassed the stockholders about the name of the suburb -they sent round a list of ten names ——"

"One minute!" I lifted a finger. "If it's all the same to you, please tell me about that company. That'll put me straight, maybe."

"Why, don't you know the big corporation that's bought up a big tract fourteen miles from Zamboanga?" he demanded almost angrily. "You're a slow bunch, all of you! Nobody on the transport knew about it either. And here's the biggest real-estate proposition that ever hit the Philippines going on under your noses —— Pooh! I guess the tropics stew all the wits out of a white man!"

"Maybe"—I grew humble—"but go ahead with the facts, please."

"Well," said he, "the Far Hills Coöperative Development Company is a five-million-dollar concern that's bought five thousand of the richest acres on earth and has divided it among its stockholders. Each stockholder has five acres and a big bungalow, and the land is all worked by the company. You know, large-scale production, extensive farming, and all that sort of business. Mr. Norton has a whopping bungalow ——"

"Is that the old gentleman over there?" I nodded toward the withered little fellow with uncertain knees, who was nervously counting over the trunks and boxes with the girl.

"Yes; and that's his daughter Louise, beside him," said the young man devoutly. "The doctors told him he must spend the rest of his days in a warm, even climate. That's one reason I talked him into coming out here ——"

"Oh, you coaxed him here, then?" I was warming up by this time.

"Yes; and he's tickled to death over it. He's feeling better than he has for ten years, ever since we left the wet country up round Luzon. Gee! If the people back in the States knew Zamboanga they'd quit going to Southern California ——"

"Maybe," said I dryly. "We've got a lovely layout of landscape and waterscape and scapegoats round here. But—to get back to our text, son—you say this Far Hills is fourteen miles out of town? Which way?"

"Northwest," said he. Then he fished through his pockets and hauled forth a bunch of gay papers. "See here! This'll put you straight. It's the latest prospectus of the company. Got it just before we sailed from San Francisco. Now, what do you call the place?"

He handed me a beautiful pamphlet, with a green-and-gold cover showing an embossed mountain and a palm surrounded with a round frame of bananas and pineapples in natural colors. As I opened it a funny feeling scuttled up and down my back; and for some obscure reason the thought ran through my head that the day was the *fiesta* of the Thousand Holy Martyrs. My eye fell on the frontispiece, a pretty map of Zamboanga and environs. It was an up-to-date map, for it showed in bright red ink the new automobile road that runs northwest as far as San Ramon. When I saw that red I gulped; for at the end of it was a big black circle marked Far Hills.

In a hurry I turned to page one. At the top I saw a half-tone of a long, low, palatial building—concrete with fancy tile roof—and all round it dreamy lawns and thick shrubbery. On page two another half-tone; this time of a vegetable garden big enough to feed the German Army through the war, and a string of stables with horses going in at one end and cows at the other, and, at the top of page three, an enormous coconut grove full of men working away for dear life. Under this picture I read: "Grove No. 5. Far Hills C. D. Co. This is now paying eighteen per cent dividends." On page four, half a dozen lovely bungalows, and beneath them the words: "Residential District, Washington Avenue and Tenth Street."

Now I, James Higgins, am tough of hide and tough of nerves; but when I saw all these pretty scenes I sagged against the nearest post on Zamboanga dock and stopped breathing for a spell. I rolled my eyes feebly toward the

dock's end, where I saw the three Nortons gleefully tossing dimes into deep water while a naked Moro baby dived after them like a sergeant fish. It was plain to be seen that the old folks were having the time of their lives, and that the young lady, Louise, was running a close third in the joy race. Then I looked in dumb wonder at the young man; and I marked, for the first time, the tremendous difference between his face and Louise Norton's. He was everything that she was not. He was contemplating me with a puzzled frown, slow, unsure and distinctly helpless. He was wavering between a laugh and a flash of mild anger at my behavior. In short, he was skidding badly on a slow turn. He didn't know which way he was going.

"Young man—er, Mr.——"

"Berriton—James Berriton," he supplied.

"Mr. Berriton," I went on quietly, "are you in good health?"

"What are you driving at?" he paled.

"Can you stand a stiff punch on this lovely morning of the *fiesta?*"

"I—I ——" His lips faltered. "What is it? I'm used to hard knocks. Quick!"

"That's good!" I sighed. "For here comes a solar plexus. Mr. Berriton, I know the lovely suburb of Far Hills. You were right about it—we don't call it by that name hereabout. We call it San Ramon. It's one of the garden spots of Mindanao ——"

"Bully!" he cried. "If that's your solar plexus, hit me again, please!"

"This palatial building on page one," I pointed to the half-tone, "is well known to me. Many's the time I've been in it; and many's the man I've encouraged to move out there."

"Are you connected with the company?" Berriton opened his innocent orbs like a Christmas doll.

"I am. I'm one of the chief promoters of San Ramon," I avowed. "I've been personally instrumental in persuading more than a hundred of our most energetic citizens to join the colony. And I'm pleased to say they're all prospering there."

"Hit me again!" grinned James Berriton hilariously.

"This coconut grove on page three," I continued, "contains more than fifteen thousand trees and is highly profitable. I doubt whether it pays eighteen per cent dividends though, as the pamphlet says. I'm going to ask the governor about that ——"

"The governor? Who's he? And how'll he know?" James Berriton broke in curiously.

"The Governor of Moro Province," I explained. "He'll know. You see, this lovely place you and the Nortons have bought bungalows in is the Government Prison and Penal Farm. And I suggest that you sneak back aboard that transport and lock yourself in your stateroom. If you run loose in Zamboanga some Japanese tout with one eye and a lisp will sell you the fillings of your back teeth for a gold mine."

"The—the—government prison?" James Berriton babbled; "the—the ——"

"I take off my hat to the directors of the Far Hills Company," I bowed. "They make me homesick. I've been imagining that we've got some smooth ones down here in Moro country. But those fellows who sold you the prison bring me up with a jolt. Yellow and brown are lost at the first quarter when white's running. I'm sorry for you, son. It's a long, long way back to God's country ——"

"Are you telling me the truth?" Berriton suddenly locked his thick, clumsy fingers round my forearm. "No! Of course you aren't. Who are you? Some dock loafer ——"

"James Higgins, Secret Service," I shot back. "And I'm a dock loafer to-day. Down here to pot crooks—and pack 'em off to San Ramon, alias Far Hills "

As he heard that, James Berriton's unlighted cigar dropped from his quivering mouth and rolled along the dock at his feet.

"Hard luck, my boy!" I clapped his shoulder briskly. "Here's hoping that you and the Nortons can stand the loss ——"

"I've dropped twenty-five hundred dollars—a quarter of all I've got," the youngster babbled, and he wildly passed a hand across his brow. "I—I don't mind that. But—poor Mr. Norton has spent eight thousand dollars on that bungalow and farm of his! And he had only twelve thousand to his name ——"

"Are you sure?" I gasped; for it was a bit unbelievable, wasn't it?

"Too sure!" The poor chap groaned. "When I persuaded the old gentleman to try his luck at Far Hills I was a little frightened at the venture. So I asked Louise point-blank ——"

"Louise?" I queried. "Why didn't you ask her father?"

"Oh, Louise runs all his business—has for five years. She's a wonder, Louise is—business and hustle! Sharp as a razor"—he glowed for an instant—"and she said he had just under twelve thousand. I've ruined him! I've ruined her! What'll I do, Mr. Higgins? Ha! I know! There's only one decent course. See here! Will you give me a little lift over a rough place?"

"What's your idea?" I demanded.

"I'm going to look into this story you've told me," he hurried, with a nervous side-glance up the dock toward the Nortons, who were still tossing dimes for the Moro baby. "If it's as you've told me I'll cable back home to Allandale—to my bank—and tell them to sell eight thousand dollars of my bonds and deposit the money to Mr. Norton's account, see?"

"Hm," I grunted, "and how'll you make them take the wad? They look to me like old-style Americans—the kind that won't whimper when they're swatted, and won't take charity like you're flinging at them."

"It's not charity," Berriton snapped. "It's a debt. I got them into this mess. They'd never have come if I hadn't played the press agent for Far Hills. I was the sucker—as usual. But I get your idea. They might refuse the money. Hm"—he scratched his ear hard for a minute—"how'd this do then? I'll—I'll ——"

That was as far as he could think, poor devil! And as he groped for a bright idea the three Nortons started down the dock toward us. Then James Higgins jumped into the ring.

"Youth!" I snapped my fingers at him. "You want to keep your friends in the dark—until you've got your scheme polished off—so see here! I invite the bunch to the Empire Club for a day or two. I'm interested in Far Hills—a promoter, let us say. I'll say this is a big holiday and nobody'll drive you out to the suburb. They'll knock round town and see the fakers and the side shows and the parades—and meanwhile you and I will manufacture a low, rakish, eight-cylinder lie ——"

"Thanks!" James Berriton, prize sucker, squeezed most of the blood out of my right paw. "I don't deserve it, sir! I'm the biggest booby prizer on earth—not fit for any ——"

Then the Nortons arrived. And soon I was steering the four poor little sheared lambs over to the guest rooms of the Empire Club.

Half an hour later, and the Chinese porters were lugging four steamer trunks into the rooms of our guests. I was at Berriton's elbow, thinking hard and fast, when they slid his trunk in to him. And he was working his mind to the limit as he blindly unlocked the receptacle and lifted the cover.

"Tss! The fool has brought the wrong one!" he blurted as he stared in at the contents. "This is the booby prize trunk ——"

"That sounds interesting," I observed, for lack of something better to say.

The young fellow flushed, made a move as if to slam the trunk shut, then let out a thin, bitter laugh. "Oh, step right up, sir, and have a look at the remains—and please don't finger the casket!"

"What's the idea?" I asked as I peered in at a higgledy-piggledy mass of stuff.

"These," he chuckled harshly, "are the remains of James Berriton, champion booby prizer of the world!" He jerked out a small rubber doll with a whistle in its back: "Booby Prize Number 134 M. Won at bridge whist three years ago." Then out he lashed a ridiculous made-up bow-tie disfigured with round green and yellow dots: "Booby Prize Number 88 G. I won this at a masquerade ball last winter." He lifted out a dollar alarm clock next and declaimed: "Booby Prize Number 5672. This one I pulled down at the

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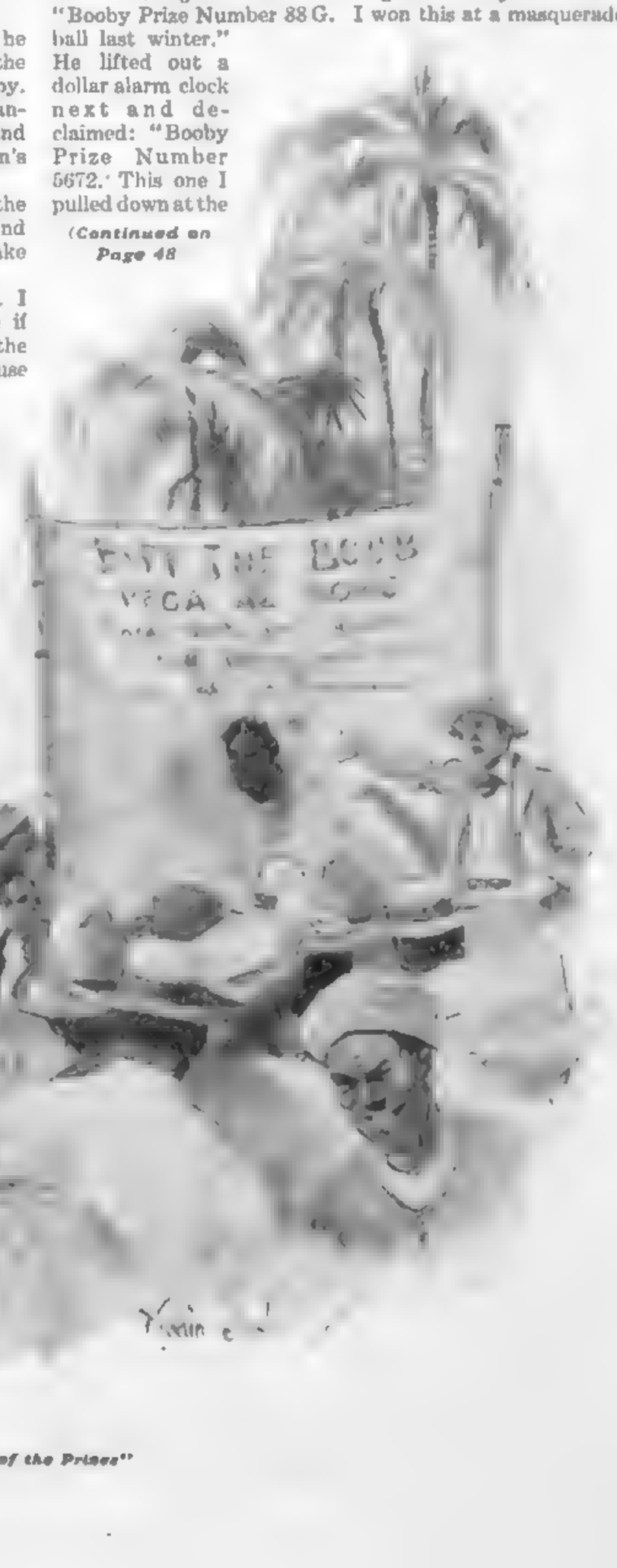


"Watch Me Swat Him, Miss Norton! And You be Taking Your Pick of the Prizes"

Turning Wages Into Salary

THE RETAIL SALESMAN AND HIS RECORD

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"'I'll be Worth Twenty Dollars a Week to You if I Maintain the Record I Have Made During the Last Year'"

IN A TRUNK-AND-BAG store in the city of New York there is a salesman who draws a salary of fifty dollars a week and sells more than forty thousand dollars' worth of goods a year. Nine years ago he started in a smaller trunk store at eight dollars a week. This latter store kept no individual record of sales, clerk by clerk. All salaries were paid by guess. This young man worked a year at eight dollars a week and then gradually got up to fifteen dollars. Here he stuck for two years, and then, unable to get his salary raised, he took a chance and quit.

Not having any record of his sales he found it difficult to get another position; but after a month of effort he landed in the larger store at twenty dollars a week. The manager told him he would be expected to sell at least seventeen thousand dollars' worth of goods in the year in order to make good. He sold twenty thousand dollars' worth.

This store kept a detailed record of each salesman's work and based its salaries accordingly. Each succeeding year this young salesman increased his sales and his earnings. Notch by notch he climbed into his fifty-dollar job. His limit has not been reached.

Retail salesmanship at fifty dollars a week is no uncommon thing, and there are plenty of salesmen who make far more than that. Sometimes in the funny papers you see slighting references to store clerks, who are stigmatized as counter-jumpers and hall-bedroom boys; but do not let these allusions deceive you. Skillful retail selling can be made to return a good income; in fact, it is one of the biggest fields open to young men. Its possibilities are commonly overlooked. For women it is a field especially fertile.

I am going to give some everyday instances of men and women who are earning high incomes in retail salesmanship; but, first, let me set down the three things that ordinarily prevent competent persons from earning decent living wages in the retail field:

FIRST. No definite records of individual sales are kept.

SECOND. You are working in the wrong store.

THIRD. You do not understand the principles that ought to govern salaries.

Many a clerk will work twenty years at twelve dollars a week and never be worth more than that; but many another clerk will work twenty years at twelve dollars a week when he is worth fifty dollars—and might get it if only he knew how and had a spirit of aggressive conquering. There are many stores that will never pay a clerk more than twelve dollars a week, no matter how much he returns in services. There are also stores that pay men justly, in accordance with what they really produce.

The main question hangs on what a clerk really produces for the store and if he knows he has the whip hand. If he does not know he is likely to be piling up tragedy for himself. It is a real tragedy for a man to keep on year after year producing good returns for others and feeling the pinch of poverty himself; but no man should jump at conclusions concerning his own worth.

What it Costs to Sell Goods

A LARGE company having clothing and haberdashery stores in different cities tells me that its clerks are paid fixed salaries in accordance with the volume of their sales; and that on top of the salaries they get commissions. The fixed salaries run about like this:

Furnishings, from fifteen to thirty-five dollars a week; boys' clothing, eighteen to twenty-six; men's clothing, eighteen to forty-eight; hats, thirteen to twenty-six; shoes, seventeen to thirty-six; automobile and livery goods, twenty-five to fifty-five.

At the close of each quarter year the clerks get their prorated bonuses on the business they have done in excess of the schedules set for them, and many of them earn from five to six hundred dollars in this way during the year. Here and there is a man who walks away from all the others in his earnings and gives an inkling of what the possibilities really are. But it is evident that a good many considerations must enter into the problem of fixing the salaries and commissions just cited, and unless a clerk himself understands what those considerations are he cannot know whether he is being fairly paid.

In the first place, he must have some general knowledge of the cost of doing business. He should understand the general principles of expense percentages, of turnover and of departmentized cost-finding. He ought to know a good deal about gross and net profits. Thus, if he knows approximately what the goods cost and what they sell for, and what it costs to do business, he can figure out his own part in producing the profits.

The average clerk does not do any calculating of this sort; but if he did he might be surprised to discover how little he is worth to the store. He has worked hard, he thinks, and ought to get more money; but, reckoned in cold-blooded arithmetic, the chances are that the store has gone the limit on wages in his case. The aggregate profits in the store have come, most likely, from a multitude of little profits rolled up by the work of many clerks, or else largely from the efforts of a comparatively small number of higher-salaried and more able clerks. From a sociological standpoint it is desirable to have a so-called minimum wage, but to fix such a wage regardless of the real value of clerks would bankrupt a store quickly.

The clerk who wants to get ahead, I say, should have a rather comprehensive knowledge of the financial side of merchandising, so far as it applies to wages. With this knowledge he is prepared to go ahead and harmonize his own selling efforts with realities. He will know when to strike for higher wages; he will know how much of a raise to ask for; and, above all, he will know whether he is working in a store or department that gives him a real opportunity.

A large department store has given me some interesting salary facts that, in a general way, may be taken as guides. Every store, however, has its own figures to work out, because salaries must be gauged by the cost of doing business and by the margin of gross profit on the goods. Localities differ in these respects. It is usually estimated that the total salary roll, including the salaries of executives, bookkeepers and all kinds of help, should be somewhere round ten per cent of the total retail sales. It follows, therefore, that the total wages of the clerks who do the actual selling must aggregate very much less than ten per cent of the sales.

To illustrate how this department store calculates the value of a salesperson, take one of the clerks in the perfumery department. She is placed, in the beginning, on a six per cent basis, which means that she is worth six dollars a week if she sells a hundred dollars' worth of goods in six days.

It is calculated that in other departments in this store the clerk hire should not exceed the following average percentages of sales:

Shoes, five and one-half per cent; men's clothing, five; hats, six; men's furnishings, five; women's waists, four; candy, eight; pianos, ten; house furnishings, six; chemicals, six; lamps, six; upholstery, six; furniture, four; rugs, three; carpets, four; dry goods, six; art merchandise, seven; solid gold jewelry and diamonds, seven; plated jewelry, five; gloves, neckwear, handkerchiefs and veils, five; books, six.

In actual practice this store, which has a very large volume of business, runs about twenty-five per cent under these figures. In some of the departments it averages still lower. In dull periods the percentages rise and sometimes double.

All clerk hire in this store is based on the dual wage-and-commission plan. Commissions vary in the different departments; but, for example, take a clerk whose salary is six dollars a week and assume that her commission is two per cent on all goods she sells in excess of one hundred dollars. If her week's sales are two hundred dollars she gets a commission of two dollars, so that her income for the week is eight dollars. Thus the cost of the clerk hire is four per cent of the sales.

In arriving at the proper cost of the clerk hire in any department the store must be guided by its experience. There are many items of operating expense that must be distributed—such as rent, general expenses, advertising, heat and light, bad accounts, delivery, supplies, depreciation, shrinkage, interest on the equipment, and so on. Salaries are usually the largest single item. In an average store the total cost of doing business runs from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the sales. All the items ought to harmonize, and it is manifest that clerk hire must be kept within known bounds. Unless a clerk has executive duties or other work in addition to the actual selling of goods, his wages should bear a fairly definite relation to his sales—or, more accurately, to the net profit the house derives from his sales.

"Once I was out of a job," said a buyer in a large store. "I applied for work at a small hardware store and the owner said to me:

"'I'll take you in here, but I can't afford to pay you more than ten dollars a week.'

"I took from my pocket the record of my sales at the last place I had worked—a place I had quit because it was too far from my home.

"'I'll be worth twenty dollars a week to you,' I replied, 'if I maintain the record I have made during the last year.'"

The Salary-and-Bonus Plan

"NOW that hardware merchant hadn't been keeping any individual sales records, but I sold myself to him right then and there. I showed him in a polite way that I was not to be bunkoed into believing myself to be worth only ten dollars a week. I knew about what I had to do to earn a given salary; and after he had figured it out he knew it too."

A large retail hardware store gave me its clerk-hire percentage as three and one-half, and said that in several of the stores owned by the company there were salesmen who earned from twenty-five to forty dollars a week. This company pays a bonus on top of a fixed salary.

"It's all up to the men themselves," said the manager. "A good hardware salesman has all sorts of opportunities to increase his sales by calling attention to tools, utensils and goods of many kinds; he can make hardware a very attractive proposition to customers. But most men—the kind we try out and let go—attempt to get by without doing any more than they have to. I know of one hardware salesman in a retail store who makes more than a hundred dollars a week."

In piano stores I heard of bigger figures than these. There is a salesman in a large New York store who cleaned up seventeen thousand dollars in one year by selling pianos. This statement came not from the salesman himself but from an executive of the house. Another salesman in the piano department earned seventy dollars a week.

In another store is a salesman in the house-decorating department who recently refused an offer of six thousand dollars a year to go to another store. Modern up-to-date stores are looking for clerks of this sort. Ability to sell is considered rather than the salary.

A chain of cigar stores has clerks drawing fifty dollars a week and more. The company operating this chain has worked out the salary problem thoroughly. It starts its clerks on salaries of twelve to fourteen dollars a week and

they go at once into a "school store" either in New York or in Chicago. This school store is not a play store, but a real one, located in a quiet district where there is never a rush. Here a teacher instructs them in the first principles of selling, and during part of their time for two weeks they attend classes on an upper floor of the building. Here they are taught the different grades of tobacco, the methods of manufacture, and whatever else may be necessary. They are also introduced to the chief executives of the company and get a passing acquaintance with the general offices.

At the close of the two weeks they are assigned to other stores, going first to easy ones, and then, as they grow in selling ability, to busier stores, where the opportunities are better to earn higher salaries and commissions. In these stores salesmanship is a fine art. Instructions to the salesmen are definite and detailed. For example:

"Always—if there is no rush of trade—greet the customer when he comes in with a 'Good morning!' or 'Good evening!' or 'What can I do for you?'—or use any other polite phrase to welcome him.

"Call the customer by name if you know it. A stranger should be asked to call again. 'I hope to see you again, sir,' and 'Don't forget us another time,' are good phrases to use. If you say the right thing the customer will surely think of you the next time he is in your neighborhood.

"After handing the customer his purchase and his change, say: 'Thank you, sir'; or, 'Much obliged'; or, 'Many thanks, Mr. So-and-So.' Two or three words of this kind must be said to let him know you appreciate the value of his patronage. Under our rules the customer who doesn't get thanked is cheated. Our customers go out saying: 'Nice chap, that!'"

Making Experts of Cigar Salesmen

"GET to know your customers by name. There is no need to ask a man what his name is, as though you were a police justice. You can say, after he makes his purchase: 'I'm glad to see you like that cigar, Mr. —— Pardon me; but I know your face well and I'd like to know your name.' Then the next time he calls your 'Good morning, Mr. So-and-So!' will be a real welcome.

"Show everything you have in stock and suit your words to your actions. Give the critical customer a fair chance to make a choice without making him think you know better than he does.

"No matter what happens, unless forcibly attacked never dispute with a customer. Let him talk as loud and as nastily as he likes. Keep your temper. Discuss the matter quietly. Swallow your anger. Cut out the rough stuff.

"Our Customers Go Out Saying: 'Nice Chap, That!'"

"When you are called to the telephone don't shout out: 'Who is this?' or, 'What do you want?'"

Thus the instructions run, page after page. And at frequent intervals the salesmen get letters from headquarters, drilling them further in the art of selling.

A large furniture store tells me that it pays its salesmen no fixed salary, but a commission of four per cent on their sales. Thus, if a salesman sold thirty thousand dollars' worth of goods in a year he would earn a hundred dollars a month; but this would not be satisfactory to the house. With the exception of the beginners, salesmen must do much better than that to retain their places. Several of them make from fifty to sixty dollars a week. Some of the younger salesmen earn from twenty to thirty dollars a week.

An exclusive rug store, handling nothing but rugs, also pays its clerks on a basis of about four per cent on sales. It has expert salesmen who earn from sixty to seventy-five dollars a week.

In a New York store, handling women's cloaks and suits that sell at prices ranging between fifteen and thirty dollars, the saleswomen average in earnings round eighteen dollars a week; but among them are expert saleswomen who easily earn forty dollars on a basis of four per cent.

Wherever you look, you always find skillful salesmen or saleswomen who loom high above mediocrity. They are the ones who have studied salesmanship and applied their knowledge. Of course, to some extent, natural adaptability helps; yet many of these high-salaried sellers do not seem very different outwardly from the others. It is the little points that are cumulative and make them adept. They know their goods thoroughly and have all the little talking points on the end of their tongues. They know how to answer objections and forestall criticisms. They have studied human nature and they handle customers with consummate skill.

In another suit-and-cloak house of the same class, saleswomen are paid a minimum salary of ten dollars a week, and a commission on sales that run over two hundred and fifty dollars. Here, too, are one or two forty-dollar saleswomen. The work is systematized as far as possible, so that when a number of clerks are idle they do not all rush at an incoming customer, but take their turns. Each saleswoman keeps an individual record of her sales, the house retaining one copy and she the other. How valuable such a record might be to a salesman seeking new employment in any line can be imagined!

A cloak-and-suit store of a higher class pays its saleswomen a fixed salary of twenty-five dollars a week and a commission of one per cent. To make good, a clerk is expected to sell at least three hundred dollars' worth of goods in a week; and the commission does not begin until that figure is attained.

In the department stores and often in the specialty shops the most successful saleswomen graduate into buyers or other executives. I know of one woman buyer who began ten years ago as a cash girl at three dollars and a half a week; then she became a wrapper at four dollars; and then a clerk in the misses' suits. In a couple of years she was selling round four hundred dollars a week and earning fifteen dollars—which included a commission of three dollars. Next she was put in as head of stock at twenty-two dollars a week and a year later became assistant buyer of the same department. Her salary was now thirty-five dollars, and in addition she drew, at the end of the first year, a percentage on the increased sales, so that her income was just about fifty dollars a week. A few years later she became buyer at five thousand dollars a year; and her percentage check last year was close to two thousand dollars.

In the leather-goods department another girl started as a cash girl and became a buyer at three thousand dollars.

In these very large stores, however, it is especially difficult to get clerks who appreciate their opportunities to increase their earnings. The store must continually recruit a large number of clerks from very indifferent human material, taking the best it can find, but always falling far short of its ideals. It is true, of course, that some department stores, like many smaller stores, do not hold out the right kind of incentive; and, therefore, discerning clerks with higher aims will not work for them.

Take shoe stores. Probably you have heard jokes about the humble shoe clerk. In a certain large shoe store in the city of New York there is a salesman who sells from three hundred to four hundred dollars' worth of shoes a day in the busy season. In this store the wages of the clerks are fixed on a five per cent basis, as a general rule. If this particular clerk averages two hundred dollars a day in sales—and usually he does better than that—he gets a salary of sixty dollars a week. Eight years ago he was a stock boy, scarcely able to speak English.

Other salesmen in this same store earn between forty and fifty dollars a week. In the various stores owned by this company there are plenty of salesmen who sell thirty thousand dollars' worth of shoes a year and draw salaries of fifteen hundred dollars. Of course many other clerks average only fifteen or twenty dollars a week.

Every Monday morning in this store a meeting of salesmen is held to discuss matters of salesmanship. Once a week, too, the manager of the store examines the individual sales records and compares them with the salary roll. Salaries are raised or reduced in accordance with the general average of individual sales.

The company also has a sales school for all its clerks, taught by one or another of the star salesmen and not by the executives. It is the theory that the successful salesmen themselves get closer to the junior clerks than the officials do and afford more inspiration. In this school salesmen are taught the necessary points about leather and the manufacture of shoes; how to approach the customer; how to put on a shoe and fit it; how to lace or button it; and how to handle the customer in general.

Formerly this company gave prize money for the best sales records, distributing thirty-five thousand dollars a year in this way. It abandoned this policy because it seemed to make the store buyers reckless. "If I buy this and it doesn't sell readily," they said, "we can get rid of it by offering a bonus to the clerks to move it." The result was that salesmen were always being tempted to sell the public undesirable merchandise.

Sliding-Scale Commissions

MANY salesmen in this house have customers who trade with them regularly. Customers wait in line to be served by some particular salesman. These clerks get their following by the skill with which they handle customers and their knowledge of shoes. There are clerks in the stores of this company who seldom have an idle minute all day, no matter how much spare time some of the less competent clerks may have.

Moreover, some of the clerks are sent out periodically to other cities with trunks full of the best shoes in stock. Quarters are taken in leading hotels and exhibitions are given to the high-class retail trade, which has first been circularized. Sometimes advertisements are placed in the local newspapers. For this work the salesmen are paid just as they would be on the floor of their home store, with their expenses defrayed in addition; but this kind of salesmanship is highly skilled and is not acquired without a lot of conscious effort.

A large merchant-tailoring store has salesmen who earn on a straight salary sixty dollars a week. This house does not pay any commission, because it found that salesmen working for a commission were apt to drop one customer in order to serve another who was likely to spend more money. I found smaller merchant tailors who paid their clerks twenty dollars a week, straight salary, and a percentage above that. These clerks frequently earn from thirty to fifty dollars a week.

In one instance I struck a policy of a devious sort, not to be recommended as good merchandising. This was in the case of a merchant tailor who had several prices on every piece of goods. The minimum price on a suiting, say, was twenty dollars. If the salesman sold it for twenty-five dollars he received a commission of two dollars and a half. If he got thirty dollars he pocketed five. During the rush seasons one of the clerks in this store makes as much as ninety dollars a week. But as this sort of selling is at variance with modern ideas the prospect of ninety dollars a week should not tempt any clerk who expects to win in the long run. In one large tailoring store I met a salesman

(Concluded on Page 31)

The Blue-Sky Company

In Fine Feathers—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS after dinner at the Hotel Los Idolos. The big lobby was thronged with men and women in evening dress. There was dancing in the art gallery at the right, as one gathered from the music and the couples that came out with flushed faces, delicately plying fans and handkerchiefs after their exercise on the floor. There were coffee and cordials and bridge in the spacious lounge to the left.

High-necked blouses and sack coats were discoverable among the bare shoulders and expansive shirt fronts—the blouses mostly with an abashed consciousness of inferiority. Down in front, opposite the desk, half a dozen sack-coated men had preëmpted a huge leather settee. One among them kept his hat on, smoked a pipe, and regarded the dandified throng with a fixed frown, as though to give due notice that plain everyday American clothes were good enough for him and he didn't care a rap who knew it.

Over on the left of the lobby Albert Lamb sat in the corner of a green-velvet davenport. His dinner coat, with almost imperceptible little stripes in it, his limp silk-shirt bosom, his soft standing collar with a broad black band round it, after the manner of an old-fashioned stock, had been solemnly warranted by one of the smartest tailors and one of the smartest haberdashers in San Francisco as the very things. Sitting lazily at ease with long legs crossed, he regarded the dressed-up throng with a gently radiant amiability.

"We mustn't be sordid, Billy," he observed with mild reproach, by way of half-absent reply to a petulant remark by his companion. "What better do you want than this? The bay is beautiful. I never saw lovelier grounds. That drive we had this afternoon was corking. The food is first-rate. This little show here is interesting. And all this has been handed over to us, as you might say, for nothing. What more do you want?"

Young William Wiggins, to whom this mild reproof was addressed, took it rather sulkily. His own dinner suit, though quite presentable, had been procured at the marked-down sale of the Popular One-Price Clothing House. His aggressive hair wouldn't, so to speak, subdue itself to the clothes. It wouldn't stay parted in front, and a war lock of it stood out in spiky defiance from the crown of his head. His broad and snub-nosed face was set in a frown. When in harness and straining against the collar until his eyes popped out, young Mr. Wiggins behaved splendidly. With nothing to do, like a mettlesome colt he was always backing and filling and champing his bit and trying to kick over the traces.

"At the clip you're going we'll be broke in no time," he retorted gloomily.

"Tut! Tut! We mustn't be greedy, Billy," Lamb reproved again. "Why, we've both got lots of cash in our clothes, and we've got ten thousand dollars in the Gold National Bank at San Francisco. It ain't as though we earned the money, you know," he urged mildly. "We just want to play round a while and see the world and the people. As long's that's all we ask, there'll be no trouble at all about getting the money we need. But we mustn't be sordid. Go find Molly now," he coaxed. "That's a good fellow! See she has a good time. She likes to dance. Go dance with her!"

Stubbornly ignoring this benevolent advice, Billy only frowned the harder.

"What did you buy that mining stock for anyway?" he persisted.

"Why, it didn't cost anything, did it?" Lamb replied in gentle self-defense. "Five hundred dollars for the whole bunch! I liked the pretty blue certificates, for one thing. Then the name sort of struck me—San Sebastian Gold Mining Company." He chuckled softly. "And I thought that idea of putting a vignette of St. Sebastian on bogus mining stock was immense. Didn't you?" But as Billy refused to be amused, he added soothingly: "You needn't bother about it, Billy. We can sell it any time we like. Oh, there's Molly now!" he beamed with benevolent affection. "Good little scout! She's been with that bunch ever since five o'clock."

He was looking with a brilliant smile at a group that had just strolled into the lobby from the west corridor. There was first a small young person, with the pretty plumpness of a pigeon, who wore a delicate blue dinner gown of rather severe pattern. Her dark hair was abundant and kinkley and, except when she applied powder carefully, a few faint freckles were discernible on her small nose and round cheeks. She showed a fine set of teeth as she laughed in animated conversation with a fat young woman and a fat elderly woman, whom one at once recognized as mother and daughter.

Behind the three women, with the hangdog air of being dragged at the tail of a conqueror's chariot, came a lank, round-shouldered male with smooth-shaven, sallow cheeks and stubby, grizzled chin whisker. He wore a clawhammer coat and waistcoat of the same black material, with a massy gold watch chain looped across its front, and a turndown collar and little bow tie. Trailing into the lobby in the wake of the ladies he furtively felt of his tie; as furtively pushed up his gleaming white shirt cuffs and pulled down the too-short sleeves of his clawhammer coat. Misery and resentment were written on his bewrinkled face. The group drifted over to the broad door of the art gallery, where a little parley occurred. Looking across the lobby, Lamb detected an instant of rebellion and attempted flight on the part of the male. But the elderly female slipped a resolute hand under his arm and dragged him inside.

Molly turned aside, and even at that distance Lamb could detect a suppressed simmering and bubbling in her as she moved away with demurely downcast eyes. A moment later she saw him and Wiggins and crossed over, gently biting a corner of her lip to keep her face straight and looking modestly at the floor. Dropping into the space between them, however, she let go in a kind of smothered explosion, cramming her handkerchief to her mouth and rocking her small body from side to side. When she looked up, speechless, tears were running down her cheeks.

"Oh, mamma and daughter have got papa all nailed to the stake and the fire crackling under his feet," she gasped at length. "Mamma's name is Dolly and daughter's name is Celestia! Did you see them?" she agonized. "Dolly and Celestia! They tip the scales at a ton, net! Papa's name is mud—just plain mud!" She crammed the handkerchief to her mouth and rocked again, then leaned back exhausted, with belated little spasms of mirth.

"I picked 'em up on the veranda," she explained presently. "They're from Wocomoc, Michigan. Celestia let me know the first ten minutes that papa's a banker there, and I rather guess he owns most of the county. You see, Celestia's back from boarding school. That was papa's fatal mistake. I guess he had the family eating out of his hand until Celestia went to boarding school—and only very plain, substantial food, believe me! Of course I didn't get the whole story, but Celestia inherited money of her own. Probably papa's been using it in his business. Anyway Celestia must have organized a rebellion, and if ever two females had an old man buffaloed they've got him. I don't know just how they got the hook in his gills, but they've dragged him out here and are throwing his good twelve-per-cent money to the birds, right and left.

"Why, that man is going to die if he don't get away from here!" she declared with round eyes. "About two more weekly bills like the last one and he'll just give one howl of anguish and shrivel to nothing. There won't be even a grease spot left. His heart is wrung now until it's only an old piece of dishrag. He told me confidentially there ought to be a law preventing any hotel from charging more than two dollars a day, and that Celestia was throwing away pretty near that much a day in tips. I could see he would have cried if he hadn't been beyond tears."

"What's his name?" Lamb inquired.

"Abram Potter," Molly replied, "of Wocomoc, Michigan."

Lamb then lapsed into meditation, which seemed to take a depressing turn. At length, with a little sigh, he looked dolefully over at Billy Wiggins and murmured half absently:

"Well, I suppose we mustn't fly in the face of Providence—pleasant as it is here."

The next forenoon Billy found Lamb in the spacious grounds, seated on a bench under a noble live oak, poking the grass with his stick and lost in thought.

Billy Saw Mr. Potter in the Writing Room Immersed in a Time-Table

"Well, Billy, I'm afraid we're in for it," he said regretfully. "I called up the Gold National Bank of San Francisco, told 'em it was Mr. Spears, vice-president of the Consolidated National Bank of St. Louis, who was talking. They said Abram Potter, of Wocomoc, Michigan, was rated anywhere from seven hundred and fifty thousand to a million. I suppose I'll have to go up to San Francisco and send Molly down to Los Angeles. It's a shame too; the kid is having the time of her life here."

It was not, however, until two hours later that he encountered Molly, in a becoming flannel suit and straw hat, promenading through the rose garden with two quite likely-looking young men. Lamb merely raised his hat in passing, but there was a significant little gleam in his urbane smile, and barely five minutes later Molly came back alone.

"Awfully sorry," he apologized, "for I know you're having a good time here; but I want you to go down to Los Angeles a while."

She looked at the rose in her hand and plucked a leaf from it, and after a silent moment asked:

"When?"

"To-morrow evening," he replied.

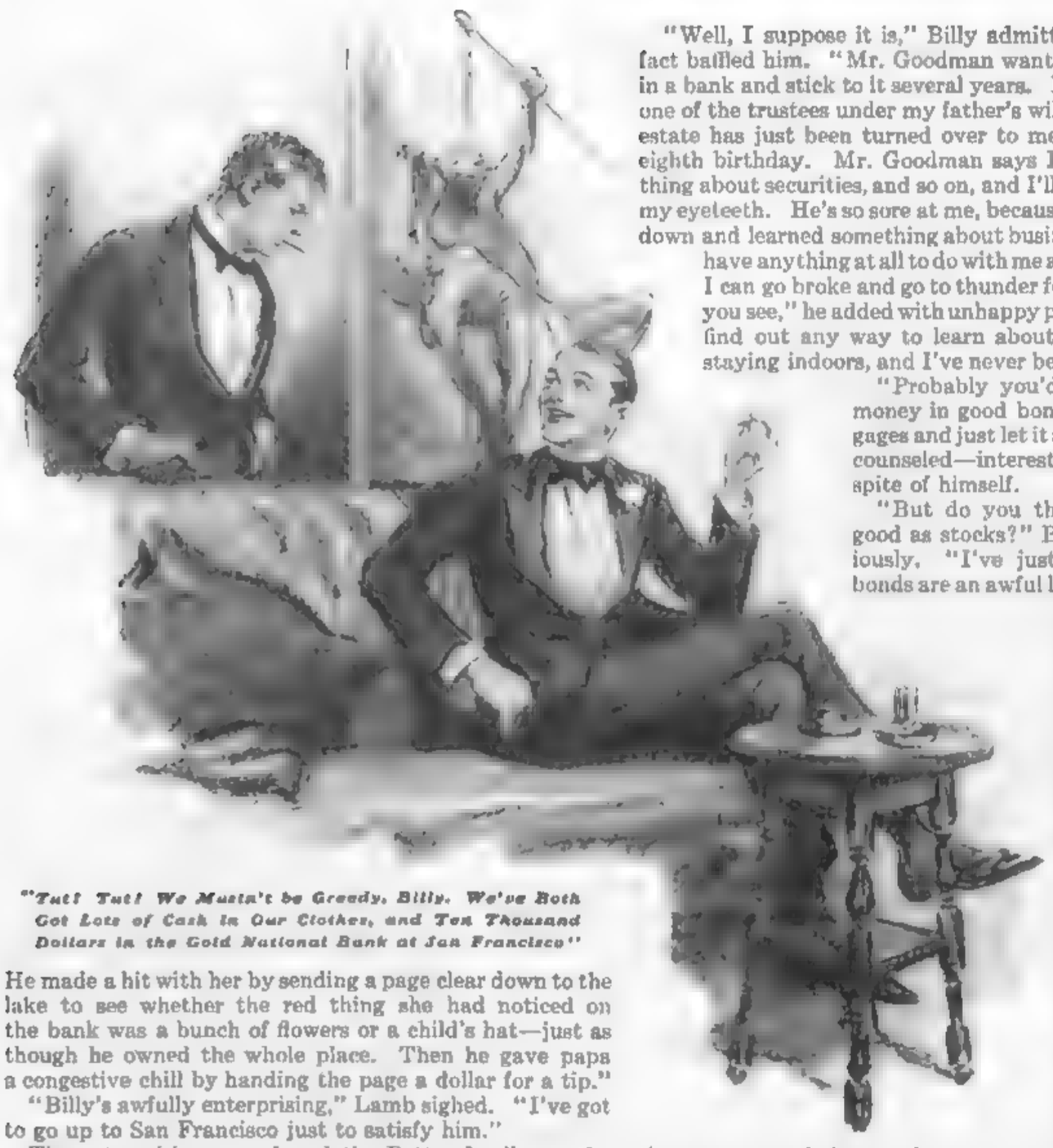
She pulled out another leaf from the rose and looked up at him. "I'm sort of uncertain," she confessed thoughtfully; "sort of undecided. I don't exactly know whether I like it or not."

"Rather pleasant here, it strikes me," he observed mildly, glancing over the spacious grounds. "Plenty more big hotels, you know, with rose gardens and nice young men. I should think you'd better trot along," he advised impersonally.

"Oh, this part of it is fine enough!" she assented heartily, with an appreciative glance about the spacious grounds. "But—well, of course, I don't know what you're up to, but I have a powerful suspicion it's nothing to brag of."

"Why, it's just a game like a hundred others," he explained mildly. "Of course it's not popular with a majority of people. You remember the game you were playing when I ran across you—sitting on a hard bench twelve hours a day making change, at twelve dollars a week, and not at all sure how long you'd have a job? That game is very popular with everybody except the people who play it. Any of these cozy people here who are spending a hundred dollars a week and up would tell you quick as a wink that's the right game for you."

"Oh, I'll trot, all right!" she said with a belligerent little nod. "You know I introduced Billy to Celestia this morning.



"Tut! Tut! We Mustn't be Greedy, Billy. We've Both Got Lots of Cash in Our Clothes, and Ten Thousand Dollars in the Gold National Bank at San Francisco"

He made a hit with her by sending a page clear down to the lake to see whether the red thing she had noticed on the bank was a bunch of flowers or a child's hat—just as though he owned the whole place. Then he gave papa a congestive chill by handing the page a dollar for a tip."

"Billy's awfully enterprising," Lamb sighed. "I've got to go up to San Francisco just to satisfy him."

The enterprising man found the Potter family on the hotel veranda directly after breakfast next morning. The family was in a heated and unhappy frame of mind over the sore old question of automobiles—that being one of several points at which the worm had turned. Mr. Potter had just reaffirmed with ill-suppressed passion that, although they were tearing out his vitals with a monstrous expenditure of more than twenty dollars a day for board, lodging and other crimes, he positively would not—positively would not—submit to the infamy of hiring an automobile at four or five dollars an hour. Having redelivered that ultimatum he glared sullenly at the floor, while Mrs. Potter glared icily at him and Celestia looked stiffly off at the grounds with as much scorn as her fat face would express.

Into this unhappy group young William Wiggins burst in his usual volcanic fashion. Having boomed a cheerful "Good morning," yanked up a chair and dropped down in it, he addressed them collectively with resonant good humor:

"Mighty glad I found you here. A chap has just been telling me about the old mission over at San Pedro—one of the oldest missions in the state, you know. He says it's sort of on the bum now; but a fine drive over there and everybody ought to see it. I thought we could start in half an hour, and we can take lunch in the town if we want to. What do you say?"

While Mr. Potter glowered at the floor Celestia and her mother exchanged nervous glances.

"Stupid to go alone, you know," Billy added cheerfully. "I was just hoping I could find somebody to go with me."

"Why, that would be very pleasant," said Celestia.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Potter graciously.

"Fine!" said Billy. "Suppose you meet me at the door in half an hour. I've got to run over to one of the cottages and give a fellow a message from his brother. In half an hour then." He sprang up and started vigorously down the veranda, but turned and called back: "Oh, I say, Mr. Potter, would you mind stepping over to that fellow at the door, the chap with a yellow cap, and telling him to have us a good seven-passenger car in half an hour?" Without waiting for an answer he strode off.

The party reassembled in half an hour, and they had scarcely driven out of the hotel grounds when Celestia casually mentioned papa's bank. Whereupon Billy turned to him with keen interest.

"So you have a bank! Well, now!" he exclaimed as though the fact quite fascinated him. "I'd like to take a job in a bank myself, but they want me to stay indoors all the time. I've never been used to staying indoors, you see," he explained, frowning perplexedly and striking a stubby hand through his recalcitrant hair. "I don't see how I could stand it!"

"Banking," Mr. Potter replied dryly, "is an indoor occupation."

"Well, I suppose it is," Billy admitted as though the fact baffled him. "Mr. Goodman wants me to take a job in a bank and stick to it several years. Mr. Goodman was one of the trustees under my father's will, you know. The estate has just been turned over to me—on my twenty-eighth birthday. Mr. Goodman says I don't know anything about securities, and so on, and I'll get skinned out of my eyeteeth. He's so sore at me, because I haven't settled down and learned something about business, that he won't have anything at all to do with me any more. He says I can go broke and go to thunder for all of him. But, you see," he added with unhappy perplexity, "I can't find out any way to learn about business without staying indoors, and I've never been used to it."

"Probably you'd better put your money in good bonds and first mortgages and just let it alone," Mr. Potter counseled—interested, so to speak, in spite of himself.

"But do you think bonds are as good as stocks?" Billy inquired anxiously. "I've just found out that bonds are an awful lot of bother. Now you take Southern Pacific preferred stock, for example. Every once in a while, you know, they just mail you a check for the dividend, and you stick the check in your bank, and that's all there is to it. But with bonds—why, Great Scott, you've got to remember when the interest comes due, and then go to the safe-deposit vault and cut off the coupons, and then you've got to make out a thingumbob about the income tax, you see, and take them all up to the bank, and then you've made out the thingumbob wrong and have to do it all over again, and it's no end of bother. Seems to me stocks are a lot better."

Whereupon Mr. Potter, as a sort of conscientious duty, twisting his chin whisker in a sinewy hand, gave a long explanation of the difference between a bond and a stock, carefully pointing out the superiority of the former for an investor like Billy who was ignorant of business.

"I see," Billy murmured with a blank expression, from which Mr. Potter surmised he did not see at all. "Did you ever deal in mining stocks?" he inquired with a fresh burst of interest.

"Never," the banker replied very firmly.

"I guess they're no good," Billy commented sagely. "A big banker up in Portland—his son is quite a chum of mine—told me mining stocks were no good at all and a fellow'd better leave 'em strictly alone. Lot of slippery fish in that game, I guess. A fellow in San Francisco is trying to get me to buy mining stock. He says I agreed to buy it somehow or other—or Mr. Goodman said I should buy it, or some hocus-pocus of that sort. He won't get me, though," Billy concluded, decisively shaking his head. "I made up my mind I wouldn't have anything to do with mining stock."

"I consider them very hazardous," said Mr. Potter.

"Sure!" Billy rejoined. "A lot of slippery fish—most all bogus, you know. They won't get me into that game—not in a hundred years." Again he shook his sagacious head firmly and then turned his attention to Celestia.

He presently had her admission that she did not play tennis or golf. "I suppose I really ought to exercise more," she added with a modest nervousness. "I'm getting too stout."

"You are for a fact," he replied cheerfully, to her deep mortification. Looking her over with a professional eye, he pronounced brazenly: "You're a good twenty pounds too heavy." She colored between modesty and pleasure—the true figure being a hundred and twenty. "You can take it off in no time," he assured her. "Horseback riding and swimming are the best things in the world. Three or four weeks would put you in fine condition."

Now Mr. Potter, with all the anxious agony of a shipwrecked mariner watching for a sail, had been calculating upon getting his family away from the extortionate Hotel Los Idolos in another week at farthest. Like a man compelled to witness his own evisceration he was obliged to sit still and listen, with no recourse save to twist his chin whisker off at the roots, while Billy cheerfully laid out a program for Celestia to engage a saddle horse and a riding-instructor and a swimming-instructor and to put in four weeks at getting herself in condition. As he spoke with authority of riding, swimming and athletics in general Celestia listened with fascinated hopefulness. During this expensive talk Mr. Potter conceived a sentiment toward the young man that would have made tying a stone to his neck and dropping him into the sea one of the rare felicities of life.

The road was rather lumpy and the old mission a mere heap of rubbish, but Billy lingered round it an hour, keeping the ladies amused with lively conversation. The luncheon in town was indifferent, but there Billy loitered an hour and a half, telling anecdotes of Yale. Thus they were gone nearly six hours. At the Hotel Los Idolos, Billy helped the ladies out and walked directly into the lobby with them, chatting gayly. He was aware, however, that Mr. Potter lingered uneasily near the car and then followed into the hotel with a sort of reluctance.

Catching Billy alone a few minutes later—an opportunity for which he had been waiting—and nervously twisting his chin whisker, the banker asked: "Did you—er—how about settling for the car?"

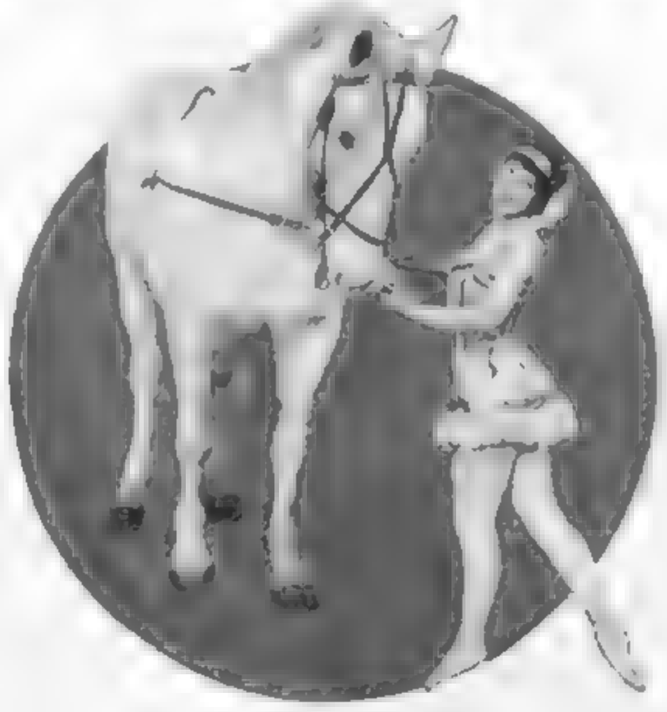
"Oh, that's all right," Billy assured him with the greatest good nature. "Don't bother about that. They'll just charge it to you, you know. It will be on

(Continued on Page 45)

Trailing in the Wake of the Ladies, Misery and Resentment Were Written on His Bewrinkled Face

Swan Songs of the Show Shops

By L. B. YATES



BOY," said I, "hike on over to the livery stable and see if my cut trunk is on the way. Hustle and I'll give you a ticket to the circus."

"'Druther hev a dime," responded the youthful Mercury with an emphasis of intonation that savored not of argument.

"What's the matter with the circus?" protested I, somewhat reluctantly producing the coin. "Don't you want to go and see the clowns and watch the beautiful ladies riding milk-white steeds? Don't you yearn to feed the elephants peanuts, and tickle the hippopotamus until he howls with joy and gladness?" I confess I was grieved and pained, not to say mortified, at this manifestation of heresy in one of such tender years.

"Every circus is th' same," volunteered Mercury; "when you see one of 'em you see 'em all."

"Well, how about the parade?" I persisted. "Has the call of the calliope lost its witchery? Has the ——"

"Parades is punk!" interrupted the juvenile oracle as he eyed me critically. Then, as an afterthought: "Ain't you got over th' sawdust bug yet?"

"Son," I exclaimed, intoning my words with all the solemnity the occasion demanded, "lemme tell you something! I represent the most magnificent independent tented attraction on the face of the globe. We have forty clowns, little brother, that we parade round the hippodrome track in single file so you can count 'em—forty. We have the greatest aggregation of trained elephants in or out of captivity. The whole ensemble is a dream of Oriental magnificence. A satisfying, ennobling, enchanting exposition of the world's wonders, gathered together from the uttermost ends of the earth, and passed out to an appreciative public at prices within the reach of all. Don't you want to see it?"

The Halcyon Days of the Circus

"QUIT chewin' th' rag an' gimme that dime!" he retorted curtly. "Casey's driver gets drunk regular every afternoon; so you'd better get a move on. If you don't your trunk'll be two days behind you."

"*O tempora! O mores!*"

I sat down on the steps of that little country depot and tried to figure it out. Was the lure of the circus languishing? And what was going to become of the youth of our beloved country? But, through it all, one thing was certain: A great deal of the charm of the White Tops for the juvenile mind had manifestly gone glimmering. There was no doubt about that. And to substantiate this came the thought of a full-page story I had seen recently in one of the great metropolitan dailies.

This purported to be a narrative of the very intimate life of a famous circus rider. It was profusely illustrated with photographs and went into exhaustive detail regarding this young girl's manner of living. Among other things it related how, though she was the highest-priced artist in the profession, she did her own laundry work back in the dressing tent, and hung her fleshings out to dry on convenient guyropes.

I suppose this was regarded as an achievement from the press agent's standpoint, but I thought of the little boy who would rather have a dime than a circus ticket, and I could not conceal from myself the acknowledgment that the circus had lost much of its illusion. Most of us can go back to the day on which we saw our first circus and remember the beauteous creature who pirouetted on the back of a bounding palfrey. She was not an earthly being at all—just a spirit from another world, clad in silks and furbelows and satin slippers. We should have resented any imputation that she was an ordinary mortal, and we could very well understand how any little boy reading the article above referred to would never again hear the whir of wings when the gentleman in motley bowed gallantly and queried: "What will the little lady have—the hoops or the banners?"

Perhaps undue and ill-advised publicity has been responsible in some measure for the almost universal decline of public interest in the show world and its doings. The most successful female star we have to-day is an unknown quantity, so far as her private life is concerned. She thrives consistently on mystery, while others depend more on the amount of publicity they can acquire at any sacrifice rather than the genuine merit of their offering. Personally I am of the opinion that very many of these so-called human-interest stories have, in the long run, detracted from the drawing capacity of the particular star to which they were attributed. Still, it would be unwise to attribute poor business to any particular source. Managers on all sides are complaining. They forget, however, the years that have passed and the cheap companies that toured the country exploiting Broadway successes; and, moreover, the prices charged a long-suffering public and the loyal support they have given through so many seasons' disappointments.

What's the use of talking about sorrows of the show shops? If you want to know the alpha and omega of them, ask old Col. Ephraim Waldron Parker, now happily retired to the sheltering shadows of a mint bed and other material comforts. Ask Old Bill, as I did last summer, and then listen and learn.

"Shucks!" said the colonel. "Perhaps I date away back too far; but it certainly riles me up to hear show folks nowadays everlastingly squawkin' about conditions. Why, they wouldn't know tough luck if they saw it perambulatin' down th' middle of the road, with a red lantern in its hand, hollerin' danger.

"Take th' fall of '89, when I had a repertoire show out in th' jungles. We played every tank town in Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Utah, and we likewise played everythin' on th' calendar, from Twelfth Night to Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"Nearly every manager in them days was a faro-bank fiend, an' I was no exception. My advance man had positive instructions never to pass up a town where they was dealin'. When we got to Boisé somebody tells me as how a new gamblin' place is opened, where th' bridle is off an' th' green grass an' th' blue sky is th' limit."

Twenty-Two-Carat Collateral

"OF COURSE I had to try my luck th' night I landed; but I couldn't have won a boat race. Every bet I put down went as straight to th' rack as if it had been shot out of a cannon; an' when my money was gone I played in my diamond front and ring—not to mention my watch. I was as flat as a flounder; so I leans over and asks th' proprietor for a hundred dollars' worth of credit till th' show opened the next day. That's when th' ice wagon drove up.

"'Well,' sez I, 'I suppose a fellow could soak his right arm or his left leg, or, for instance, his false teeth, for twenty-five or so?'

"'Do you wear false teeth?' sez he.

"'Uh-huh!' sez I.

"'Gold or composition?' he inquired.

"'Solid twenty-two carat,' sez I. 'Crown plate an' bridge work.'

"'Lemme lamp 'em,' sez he.

"I took out me grinders an' his nibs looked over 'em. Then he shoved 'em into th' drawer that already contained what was once my bank roll."

"'Let th' gentleman have a stack of reds, Bill,' sez he to th' dealer, 'an' keep them teeth for a week. If he don't redeem 'em in that time melt 'em down an' turn in th' currency.'

"Say, brother—believe me!—I played that stake some careful; but away she went like a snowball in July. It was two o'clock in th' mornin' when I got through, an' I was hungry. I had two bits left; so I sez to myself, sez I: 'I'll go over to th' all-night drum an' eat a ham-an'-egg sandwich.' But all at once I remember I ain't got no teeth.

"'Lemme take them teeth,' sez I to th' Pirate King. 'Lemme just take 'em for a few minutes till I go eat a sandwich. I'll bring 'em back.'

"He looked me over like as if I was a mangy Injun fice dog that had strayed in.

"'If I was you,' sez he, 'I'd beat it while th' bettin' was in your favor. This is a dead tough town for anythin' that looks like a panhandler,' sez he."

"And then what happened, colonel?" I interrogated as the old showman paused.

"Oh," he replied, "I et soup all th' next day an' 'most starved to death. Besides which, I got th' scare of my life when a big thunderstorm came up in th' afternoon an' things didn't look good for th' night show; but it cleared up along toward evening an' we played to capacity.

"After we had counted th' house I went over an' redeemed my molars. Yep; I guess that boss gambler was th' meanest marauder I ever met up with! Still, th' true Christian spirit an' th' strictly moral surroundings in which I was raised forced me to overlook th' shortcomings."

"Forgave him, eh?"

"Yep," attested the colonel reminiscently; "yep. I called off any feelin's of animosity or resentment I might have harbored, puttin' all rancor out of my heart before I left. It's a mighty bad thing, son, to leave a community feelin' that you ain't balanced your accounts both spiritual an' material—mighty bad dope, son."

The colonel paused and looked away down through the orchard, where the luxuriant foliage was commencing to cast the long shadows of evening.

"Of course you will want to know what the real blow-off was, son," he resumed after several moments were consumed in deep reverie. "Well, it hinged mostly on th' good old text that every man wants to be somethin' but what he really is; an', as we played Boisé a week, I got fairly well acquainted with Billy Hoppas, head dealer in th' gamblin' house I have mentioned. Billy was as slick a short-card artist as ever looked th' queen of diamonds in th' face. He could hypnotize a deck of cards, pull two out of th' box, and slip th' right one back again without makin' motions in th' air; so I cultivated him some an' found that he had a horrible yen on to be a actor.

"His idea was that Providence intended him to play th' part of Marks, th' lawyer, an' I confess I did humor him, goin' so far as to promise him an engagement.

"Well, to make a long story short, th' night we closed I went over to th' gamblin' house with a pretty fair roll. Billy was dealin', an' just as I sat down a boy came in with a hurry-up message for th' proprietor. He was wanted uptown somewheres. When he came back I had th' rack full of reds an' yallers, an' blue chips in front of me, not countin' about five thousand dollars in bills that I had already cashed in."

Trying Out a Bucker

Circus Finance Between Covers

"THE main guy 'most hit th' ceilin', but if he mistrusted anythin' he didn't say so. After a few more deals I cashed the balance of my chips an' kissed myself out.

"Yep, son; I left him with th' most Christianlike feelin's an' no malice, nor none of what you might call bitter malevolence in my heart."

"And Billy Hoppas?"

"Oh, Bill joined us th' next week at Logan, Utah," concluded the colonel. "I will state, too, he was a fair-to-middlin' Marks, but nothin' like th' artist he showed hisself to be when you give him a faro box to play round with."

There is a little leather-bound book lying on my desk that probably contains between its covers as much practical information regarding the show business as any volume of its kind in existence, because it is an authentic record of the ups and downs of a circus of consequence for eight consecutive seasons.

By referring to this little book you can learn the possibilities and drawing power of almost every city and town on the American Continent which is large enough to find a place on the itinerary of any of the leading tented attractions.

It will tell the dates on which our circus played any given town and whether the crops were good or not in that locality. It also records what opposition attractions were in the neighborhood and the dates on which they played or were to play. The condition of the weather—whether it was hot, cold, rainy or agreeable. It tells the hour the circus reached town and whether the parade was made on time as advertised, with a footnote stating how the citizens turned out to view that spectacle. I can tell you how far the circus lot was from the railroad and how long it took for transportation from point to point; also, the condition of the roads and whether culverts had to be rebuilt.

In one column you will find the amount spent in advertising on the billboards, with the number of sheets posted; also, the banners and their locations. You can learn how much money was spent with the newspapers; and in a special section in the back part of the book the name of the editor of each newspaper, and also that of the business manager, with some private personal notes concerning each. The number of heralds distributed by hand in the residence district is also noted and the cost of distributing same. It tells what the license fee was and whether it was increased or liable to be in the near future. I could tell you whether we had to put up a bond to insure that we would not injure the streets; how far the lot was from the main arteries of the town, and whether or not the street-car service was adequate.

This, together with a series of miscellaneous information—such as the population of the town played and the probable drawing capacity from the surrounding country; the price of hay, beef, bread, coal, water and straw, and the number of complimentary tickets given out. In short, this little book is like many another possessed by circus men, and would seem to be the very last word in efficiency data when we come to consider the past, present or future of the circus end of the show business.

With a record of this kind on hand, the layman would naturally suppose that the circus could travel up and down the country with a reasonable amount of assurance regarding the possible intake in the various localities, no matter what conditions might prevail. But notwithstanding all this, every circus director who wants to give you a candid expression of opinion will admit, without reservation of any kind, that under existing conditions no man is wise enough to size up the future of the show business. In substantiating this statement I could refer to the record and prove almost anything.

Take, for instance, the sister cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. In the latter city our circus always did a satisfactory business, the performances being well spoken of by public and press alike. We usually played Minneapolis for two days at a profit and then went over to St. Paul, where there should be just as many circus-going people, and, with all conditions favorable, played a single day's engagement to a loss. Then there was the city of San José, which we played for many years without "getting off the nut"—which, being interpreted, signifies that we did not take in enough to pay expenses.

When the Prophets are Wrong

IN THE adjacent cities for many years we have been accorded the most liberal patronage, and the citizens of San José turned out in immense crowds to view the parade; but for some reason or other they would not come to the show. Finally we decided to pass San José up and did not book an engagement there for two seasons. At the end of that time we returned and played one of the best days in the history of the show.

In writing concerning the stagnation of the show business I have taken the circus for a primary example, because in a general way it is regarded as the best barometer when one comes to consider the amusement world from the profit-and-loss side.

Of course whenever business is bad showmen in all branches of the profession can usually furnish you with some logical reason therefor. You may be told, for instance, that weather conditions keep patrons away from the front door. As against that, and on the hottest day of the present fall season, I saw a theater at Buffalo sell out at a matinée performance. I could also show days with the circus when the parade was late, the weather threatening and in some instances raining; still, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, we were forced to put straw on the ground to accommodate patrons who could not otherwise have been seated. Then, on the other hand, I can show you the record of where we played that selfsame town, with the sun shining overhead and the air balmy with the drowsy dew of spring. "Packed 'em in?" you say. Huh! We didn't take enough money at the front door to feed the elephants.

I remember one season, owing to an epidemic that was raging through Kansas, we were forced into a territory which had been passed up by other showmen as being unworthy of exploitation. One bad crop had followed another and pessimistic reports had been spread broadcast regarding local financial conditions. In one town we could not get our dates from the printing house in time and played absolutely without any billing, merely announcing our coming through the medium of the local newspapers. We had visited this town previously, but had never done anything worth mentioning. Still, on the occasions I have

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A Disappearing Bridegroom

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

IT IS—I freely admit—difficult to imagine a hero who forsakes his bride, so to speak, at the altar and leaves her there—in the old-fashioned phrase—lamenting. Yet I cannot deny I was guilty of doing that very thing, to say nothing of swinging my fist on Mr. Moon's features under cover of the beans. Indeed, it is with reluctance that I have decided to tell my story; but inasmuch as part of it has leaked out, and part of it—the worst part too—is very well known indeed, I think it due to Margaret and myself that I should tell the whole story, even to the strange glow that lit the sky and the sad, mysterious voices that seemed to come from the heavens.

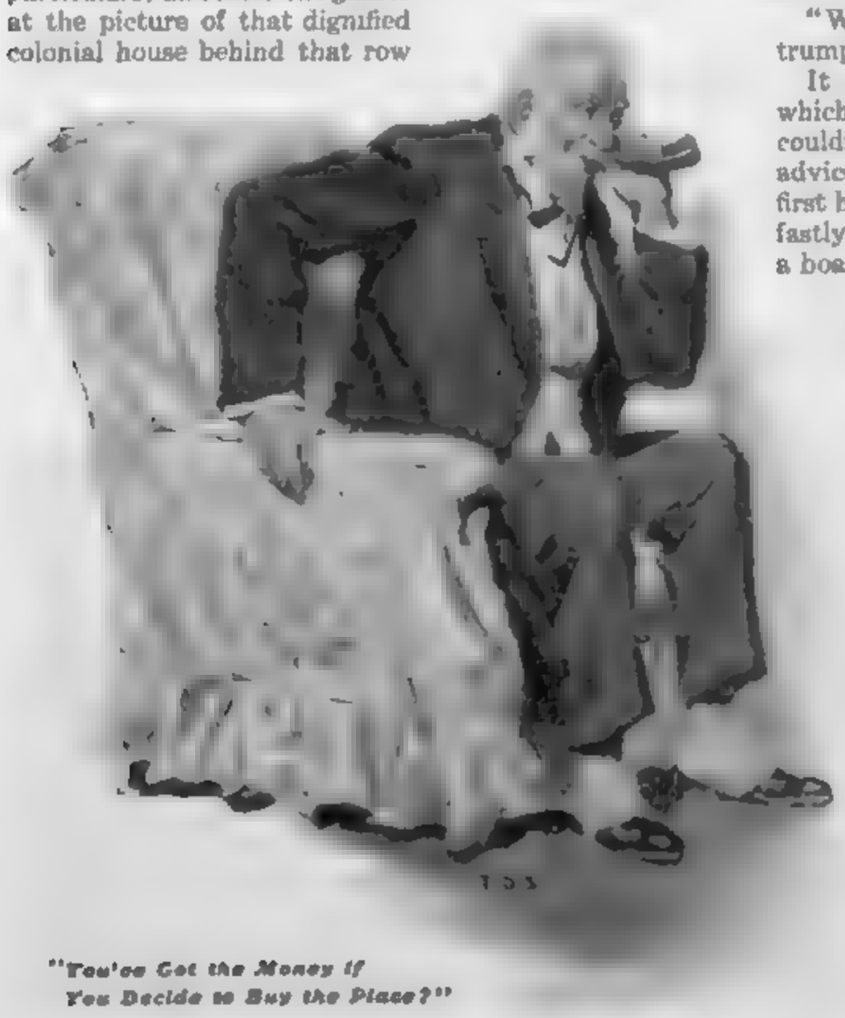
And though I know—as intimated above—that I cannot hope to make myself out a hero, yet perhaps when I have finished you will at least understand that I wasn't a villain either, even though I never returned to my waiting bride but dashed through the gate and left Mr. Moon lying prostrate among the lima beans.

These strange affairs started, one might say, on the day I received the Medical Journal of July fifteenth, though perhaps they wouldn't have started at all if I hadn't been brought up by Aunt Miriam. It was part of Aunt Miriam's principles that a gentleman—and especially a doctor—should be pleasant and deferential in his manner, think of everybody before himself, and never, never, never contradict a lady. Perhaps if Aunt Miriam had lived to see the troubles into which her teachings plunged me, she might have modified her principles; but the year before I graduated she died as gently as she had lived, and when her will was opened I found she had left me ten thousand dollars to establish myself in the practice of medicine.

I was graduated the following June. During July I was spending my vacation in somewhat solitary grandeur at York Beach, where I tried to assume that dignity which naturally belongs to a doctor. It was, I believe, to help me in this that I subscribed to the Medical Journal, which I carried round in a rather prominent manner and read with a frown—which I found very hard to do, and often looked more sheepish than important—the while I pondered that tremendous problem which every young doctor has to solve: Where shall I start my practice? Then, one fateful day in the middle of July, opening a fresh Journal which had come that morning, I saw the following advertisement:

FOR SALE. On account of age a country physician is about to retire. Will sell his practice—including house, garage and grounds—for eight thousand dollars cash. Property alone worth more and practice nets over twenty-five hundred dollars a year. For particulars write to
S. W. DENMAN, M. D., MARMION, MASSACHUSETTS.

Though I was young at the time—and am young enough yet, for that matter—I knew that in the country it is comparatively easy to check up a doctor's practice and his general standing in the community. And if I availed myself of Doctor Denman's offer, at least I should have a place to live—it wasn't as though I should be buying nothing but good-will in a rented office. In short I wrote for particulars; and after one glance at the picture of that dignified colonial house behind that row of maples—to say nothing of such details as open fireplaces, hardwood floors, open plumbing and steam heat—something inside me cried: "I think you've found it!" And down to the station I went to look up the time-tables.



"You've Got the Money if You Decide to Buy the Place?"

And so, step by step you have followed me to where, bright and early the next morning, I reached the scene of those strange experiences I am now about to write down.

II

I WAS twenty-three years old the day I landed in Marmion, tall, thin, rather pale; and, though I had a lot of hair that came down on one side of my forehead, I had only just achieved my first mustache. I have said I was rather pale, but I shall have to amend that slightly. When I first arrived at Marmion I was as shy as they make them, and if anyone happened to look at me twice, I blushed.

Very self-consciously, then, I walked down Main Street until I came to Doctor Denman's house, which more than verified the hopes the photograph had raised. Doctor Denman had just finished his breakfast—a courtly little old gentleman with a frock coat, white whiskers, and a ruddy face indicating apoplectic tendencies. He was selling his practice, he told me, for two reasons: One was that he had made money enough to retire and live in California; and the other was his increasing deafness, which must—I imagine—have been extremely embarrassing to some of his patients, especially in the summer, when windows are open and neighbors sit out on their porches. Even when helped with an ear trumpet, I had to shout at the top of my lungs—whereat I blushed again and imagined that all Marmion was listening and comfortably informing itself of the details of my business.

"You've got the money if you decide to buy the place?" asked the doctor.

I nodded and mopped my forehead.

"So many haven't," he dryly remarked. "I'll show you round."

It was indeed an ideal home for a doctor. The offices and medicine room were in a wing by themselves, and the old chap must have gone to a lot of trouble in hardwooding the floors and making things comfortable. I found out later that he had done these things for his daughter, and that as soon as the improvements were completed she had married and gone to California, which was why the old chap wanted to go there too. The water supply was taken care of by an artesian well, with a gasoline engine and pressure tank. The garage, at the foot of the garden, had a concrete floor.

At the doctor's suggestion we finally made the following arrangement: I should stay at Marmion until the first of October, accompanying him on his rounds and making any inquiries I desired. At the end of that time if I found everything as represented I was to buy the place. Otherwise not.

"Where can I find a boarding house?" I shouted into his trumpet.

It required three efforts before he finally heard me—which I mention so that you will understand why, later, I couldn't make a confidant of Doctor Denman or ask his advice on those delicate questions that so soon arose. At first he invited me to stay at his house; but when I steadfastly refused to put him to that trouble he directed me to a boarding house at the other end of the village.

"Not much of a place," he added in that dry voice of his. "Wait a minute though. Mrs. Simmons on the next street keeps a boarder. House is just back of the garage—there's a gate in the fence. She might take you for a few weeks. Suppose you try her first and tell her I sent you."

So, picking up my suit case, I went down the garden, behind the garage and through the gateway. I have often thought since how innocently, how boldly, I walked round to the Simmons front door. But oh, my friends and neighbors, if I could have foreseen the future for the next few weeks, do you think I should have gone so gayly to ring that bell? Believe me—this is, of course, if it hadn't been for Margaret—I should have turned and made for the depot so fast that you couldn't have seen me for dust!

III

HOWEVER, I rang the bell; and, while I waited for somebody to answer it, I primped myself, altogether unconsciously, in that naïve manner which is the heritage of all young men: First the necktie is tightened, and then one verifies whether the points of the collar are in alignment. Next the waistcoat is pulled down, the neck is given a circular motion to insure a free bearing within the collar, cuffs are adjusted, and the throat is cleared. I believe I was also making sure that my mustache was in order when a very innocent voice at the side of me said:

"Whom do you want to see, please?"

Turning, then, and feeling quite like a guilty fool, I saw a girl regarding me with interest—I almost wrote amusement—over the back of a hammock.

"I want to see Mrs. Simmons," I said, dropping my hand from my mustache and blushing like the proverbial bride. "Doctor Denman sent me. He thought perhaps Mrs. Simmons might be able to board me for a few weeks."

At this the girl in the hammock sat up with a deliberation that seemed to say: "This, indeed, is important business! Let's have a good look." And while she gave me a good look, as polite as a young ladies' seminary and as cool as you please, I couldn't very well help but return the compliment.

She was about twenty-two; and, though I know she will be the first in Marmion to read these lines, I'm going to tell you that her eyebrows were rather heavily marked—eyebrows of eloquence one might call them—and her mouth was somewhat larger than those Mr. Stanlaws paints. I hasten to add, however, that never before in all this world were eyes with such an honest, straightforward expression, or lips that could curve into a more infectious smile, or such a glance, which seemed to be looking right through you and having a private little joke with somebody ever so far away.

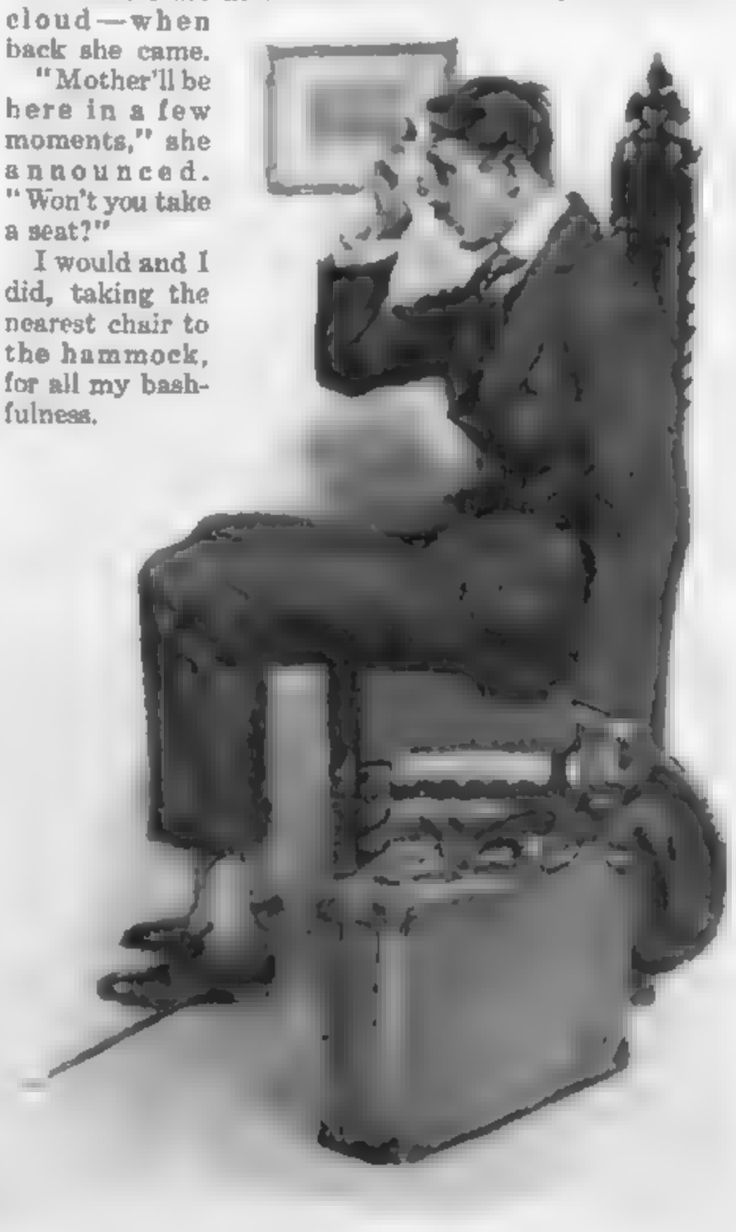
And though it is hard to express it—and may get me into trouble if I do—perhaps I can give you a better idea of her by saying that she struck me as a girl who would be a good chum: one of those thin, active girls with no sentimental foolishness about them, who can walk and climb and run races down country lanes; while the bit of lace round her neck and the bangle on her wrist might have warned a more sophisticated man than I was that chumming with a girl like Margaret Simmons was one of those pretty dangers which are apt to send a man at breakneck speed first to the jeweler's and then to the marriage-license bureau. Of course I didn't know these things then, but I know them now. You see I've had experience since then.

"Mother's in the pantry," she said. "If you'll take a seat I'll call her."

And the next moment she had disappeared into the house with a long, boyish stride which somehow tickled me immensely. I was still staring after her—as one will sometimes stare at the moon after it has gone behind a cloud—when back she came.

"Mother'll be here in a few moments," she announced. "Won't you take a seat?"

I would and I did, taking the nearest chair to the hammock, for all my bashfulness.



"Are you a friend of Doctor Denman's?" she asked, briskly returning to her place in the hammock.

It may have been because I was young—what does any man know about repression at the age of twenty-three?—or it may have been because I was not accustomed to talking to girls—except in hospital practice—or it may have been because of that honest, straightforward look in her eyes; but, whatever it was, I soon found myself telling her why I had come to Marmion. In five minutes we were friends, and in ten it seemed that I had known her all my life, especially when she threw her head back and laughed, or lowered her forehead and looked at me through the veil of her eyelashes, as one who should say:

"I believe you're an awful tease and a terrible man among the ladies! Come now; aren't you—really?"

Whereat I crossed my legs, not without satisfaction, and thought to myself: "Old boy, you are coming out strong!"

Meantime, inside the house I heard doors hastily opening and shutting, and bureau drawers being wrestled with, and shoes being dropped on the floor; and—because I had been brought up by Aunt Miriam—I had sense enough to know that Mrs. Simmons was getting dressed in considerable style. Wherefore I wasn't at all surprised when presently she appeared on the veranda looking as though she had just stepped out of a bandbox—whatever a bandbox is; but I was surprised to see how young she looked and how much her manner resembled her daughter's.

As a matter of fact—as I found out later—they were stepmother and stepdaughter, and Mrs. Simmons was only ten years older than Margaret. She was a widow, which perhaps partly accounted for her youthful appearance; but watching her closely later—you will soon see why I watched her so closely—I presently discovered her system for remaining young. She simply studied her stepdaughter and copied her ways and mannerisms with a fidelity that stopped at nothing. So far as I could make out, it was Mrs. Simmons' ambition to be taken for her daughter's twin.

They had the same walk, the same figure, the same way of doing their hair, and the same trick of rubbing the ends of their noses with their finger tips when they were puzzled. If Margaret wore a middy blouse, so did Mrs. Simmons. If Margaret wore her hair on one side, Mrs. Simmons parted her hair on one side too. In short, I sometimes believe that if Margaret had started to walk out of the dining room on her hands—which, of course, she never did and never thought of doing—Mrs. Simmons would have straightway flipped herself over and have tried to do the very same thing.

As a psychologic study it interested me as much as a page of William James; and if I can follow Mrs. Simmons' mental processes—— But no, I won't say that because, after all, she'll be pretty sure to read what I'm telling you. So I'll only say that so well did Mrs. Simmons succeed in her original system of staying young that she sometimes looked and acted a great deal younger than her stepdaughter, especially when she assumed a playful rôle, at which time she grew kittenish to a degree and flirted herself round in a very ecstasy of youth and spirits.

Returning to my immediate narrative, I told Mrs. Simmons how I had happened to come to her; and after a few moments' reflection, during which it seemed to me—oh, of course I was wrong!—that she was mutely calling my attention to her new shoes and the mother-of-pearl buttons on her skirt, she finally agreed to take me as a boarder until I had decided whether or not I should permanently locate in Marmion.

"It won't be a great deal more work, my dear," said she to Margaret; "and I'm sure Mr. Moon and the doctor will get on very well. . . . Mr. Moon," she said, turning to me with great sprightliness, "is our present boarder—assistant manager of the Marmion Bank."

I bowed, inwardly imagining Mr. Moon as looking like John D. Rockefeller, with a hedge of white whiskers running from ear to ear underneath his chin.

"And the doctor can have the spare room," she added to Margaret, swinging her feet and playing with her buttons; "that is, of course, if he likes it."

Smiling at Margaret, I rose and lifted my suit case.

"If you'll show me the room ——" I began.

"I'll show it to you!" sharply interrupted Mrs. Simmons; and, turning quickly to her daughter, she said: "Margaret, have you helped Myra with the potatoes this morning? Come, then! At once!"

Though I doubt if Mrs. Simmons knew it, the honey in her voice had suddenly turned to acid, the sugar had become vinegar; and, catching a glance she gave her daughter, I remembered thinking to myself—as I followed Mrs. Simmons upstairs—that if Doctor Jekyll had been a lady doctor there might have been a Mrs. Hyde as well.

IV

I UNPACKED my suit case and went out to see the village—leaving behind me a pair of peeping eyes at nearly every curtain—and, walking farther than I had intended, I found it was nearly half past twelve when I returned to the Simmonses' for dinner. In the dining room I heard a deep and rather pompous voice remarking:

"Why, from what you tell me, he's nothing but a boy!"

"That," I thought to myself, "is Mr. Moon. Mr. Moon is talking about me."

Perhaps because he had come so near to the truth, and perhaps because I was struck on the head by the knuckles of prescience, I immediately conceived an antipathy toward the owner of that deep and pompous voice. In this state of mind I walked into the dining room with as much grace as I could muster, which, to tell you the truth, wasn't a great deal because I was so confoundedly bashful. But bashful persons, like highly sensitized plates, are—I think—all the quicker to take impressions; and throughout that first dinner my subconscious mind must have been working like a moving-picture camera—it received so many impressions of one sort and another and stored them away for future development.

Mr. Moon, I immediately saw, was a man of about thirty—one of the new type of village oracles. The old type—as you probably know—was an elderly man with a goatee and a corncob pipe, who sat on a cracker box in the general store and learnedly scoffed at the idea of elevated trains, or buildings so high "they say they need little passenger cars to haul y'up to the roof, b'gosh! Don't tell me!" No; that type of the village oracle is as dead as the country constable—with a billy and a star—and the Uncle Tom's Cabin shows with two Topsies. I have heard of such things all my life, but have never come across them yet.

The modern village oracle is a young man who wears a plush hat, dresses in better taste and has more excitement in his life than the average city man, and prides himself on being right up to the minute on such cultural details as September Morn, the Real Cause of the Greek King's Illness, Near-Silk Hosiery, and the Apocryphal Sayings of the Reverend Billy Sunday. Such an oracle was Mr. Moon—dark, sallow, bulging of brow, and possessor of the most supercilious smile I have ever seen on mortal countenance.

"Yes, Yes," I Somberly Thought. "Woman Is Fickle Too—All Except the One I've Got"

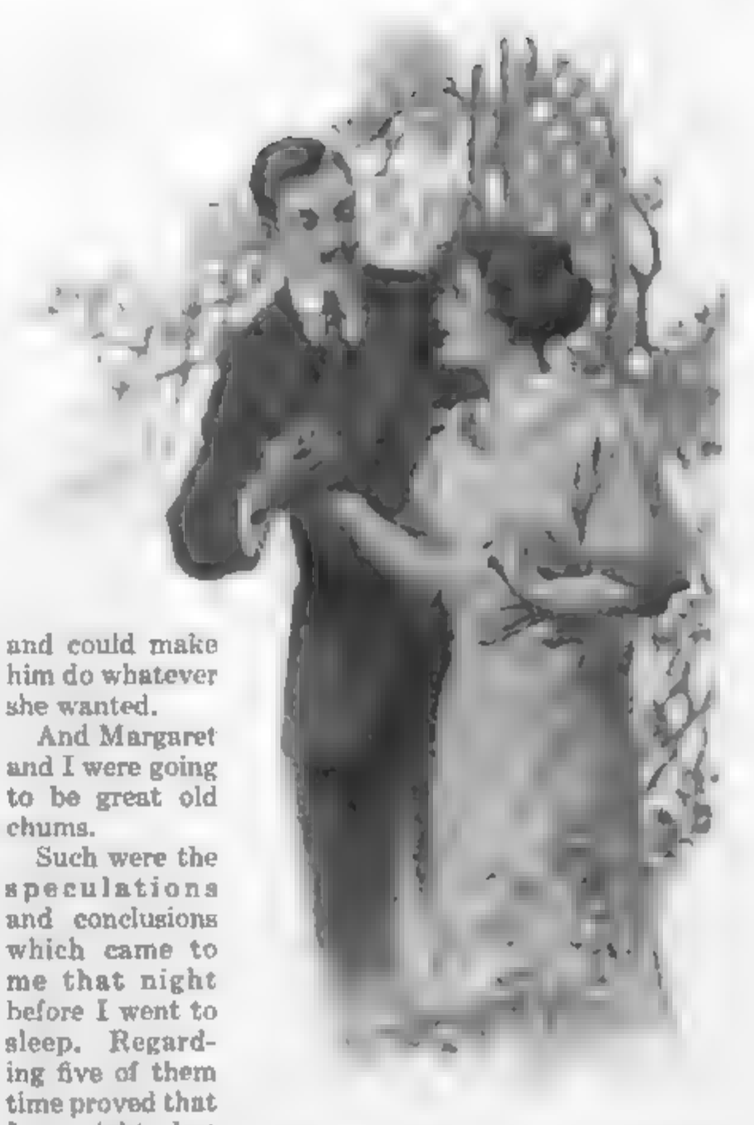
We talked a little—or rather he questioned me and I answered as well as I could—and Mrs. Simmons talked a great deal. Just when or how I received the following impressions I cannot tell you, but before I went to sleep that night—lying in the dark and re-acting the scenes of the day, as I have always done ever since I can remember—I arrived at the following conclusions and speculations:

Mrs. Simmons had a positive passion for "sticking up for her rights." She had been in three lawsuits, had won them all, and was very fond of referring to "My brother-in-law, Judge Biddles, you know."

Mr. Moon was devoted to Mrs. Simmons.

Mr. Moon was a lightweight and Mrs. Simmons was beginning to find it out.

Mrs. Simmons had some sort of hold on Mr. Moon and could make him do whatever she wanted.



Sometimes She Even Let Me Help Her Pick the Lima Beans

And Margaret and I were going to be great old chums.

Such were the speculations and conclusions which came to me that night before I went to sleep. Regarding five of them time proved that I was right; but as for the other—I will not tell you now which one it was—I was wrong in every particular; an error that presently rose like a rock and nearly wrecked my whole career.

■

THE following week was one of those deceptively quiet times when everything looks peaceful on the surface while volcanic forces get up steam below. The more I saw of Doctor Denman's practice the better I liked it; and the same is true of Mr. Moon's goat and Margaret's Art of Gardening.

First, I should tell you about Mr. Moon's goat. When he and Mrs. Simmons disagreed on any possible topic, such as whether Arbor Day was a legal holiday, or the pronunciation of the word "irascible," or the proper needle to use for a certain phonographic record, I invariably took Mrs. Simmons' part; and the more Mr. Moon contradicted me the more I took Mrs. Simmons' part and got his goat.

Then—to bring his goat out farther—I began to praise Mrs. Simmons' pie, lauded her cake, and declared I had never felt so much at home in all my life—perhaps even going farther than I should have gone, under the encouragement of Margaret's smiles. In short, the Simmonses and I became good friends. I might even say we became jolly friends.

Mrs. Simmons was always the youngest of us all; and, though we never reached that abandoned state of hilarity where we threw bread at each other, I think we did nearly everything else.

It was Margaret's Art of Gardening, however, which pleased me the most. At the bottom of their garden, not far from Doctor Denman's garage, there were rows of beets and carrots and Golden Bantam corn and lima beans—to say nothing of the sweet peas and the zinnias. And there, sheltered from all the world by the lima beans, I often came across Margaret and received instruction in the Art of Gardening.

She had a long brown holland apron, and a sunbonnet to match, and sometimes she even let me help her pick the lima beans, which is very dangerous work—especially when two people try to seize the same bean. And once—because she had never done it in her life but had often read about it—I swung her on Doctor Denman's garden gate, which is a downright hazardous thing to do; especially when you swing the gate toward you and see a breathless face with eloquent eyebrows come swinging nearer—and nearer—and nearer.

From what she told me—when I pretended not to believe that she had never been swung on a gate before—she had never had a beau, because Mrs. Simmons didn't believe in beaus for young girls. Though I didn't tell her, I had never been a beau either; and so we met like two young innocents and were really falling in love with each other, and didn't know what was happening.

"What a pretty dress!" I said one day, looking underneath the holland apron. "Is it velvet?"

"No—a sort of Turkish toweling. Feel it." I felt it, and felt myself trembling as well. "What's the matter?" asked Margaret in surprise. "Are you cold?"

I didn't know then but I know now that this was one of those pretty dangers I have already mentioned as leading straight to the jeweler's window and the minister's door.

The next day, guessing ages and the number of buttons and the size of shoes, and such things as that, I guessed her weight as a hundred and thirty pounds, and couldn't believe it when she said she weighed only a hundred.

"Oh, I'm very light!" she said, raising her arms. "You lift me and see."

I lifted her to see, and would have kissed her too—I can only ascribe my temerity to unconquerable instinct—if she hadn't suddenly turned as red as a poppy and boxed my ear until it rang.

These things I mention because they lead by easy stages to the next development. The following day was Margaret's birthday and I had sent to Boston for a box of twenty-two American Beauties. These I gave her on the morning of her birthday before Mr. Moon came downstairs; but Margaret—still harping, I believe, on what I had tried to do when I lifted her—thanked me politely and that was all.

"Oh, what lovely roses!" cried Mrs. Simmons, running in from the pantry. "I never saw such beauties!" And, giving her voice that rasp of authority which I had heard on my arrival, she added: "Margaret! The Japanese vase!"

With her customary obedience Margaret left the room to get the vase; and somehow or other the way Mrs. Simmons took the roses in her arms one might have thought I had given them to her! It was she who smelled them; she who lifted them up; she who admired them; she who arranged them in the vase.

"Margaret," she said in a coy voice, "did you give our dear friend a kiss for these beautiful flowers?"

"No; I did not!" cried Margaret with unexpected spirit.

"You didn't? Well, then, . . . I will!"

Mr. Moon Uttered One Cry of Alarm and Gave a Jump for Me

And before I fairly knew what was happening Mrs. Simmons had playfully wrapped her arms round my neck and was giving me what—I imagine—a stage manager would describe as a practical kiss. I remember I blushed; and I remember Margaret blushed more than I did—though she had nothing to blush for; and I remember, too, that when the tableau reached its most sustained moment Mr. Moon suddenly appeared in the doorway, like Satan in a moving picture, and watched us with a sour but hopeful smile.

I didn't know then what he meant; but a little later, when I saw him flirting quite openly with Margaret, I began to catch some slight, vague glimmer of the truth. As for Margaret, I drew on that knowledge of life which I had unconsciously culled from the novelists.

"She's only flirting back with him," I thought, "to make me jealous. So that's all right!"

And—poor, deluded one that I was!—I started flirting with Mrs. Simmons to make Margaret jealous; and just before Mr. Moon left for the bank that morning I heard him laugh for the first time since I had been there.

VI

MEANTIME my negotiations with Doctor Denman were progressing rapidly. I had satisfied myself that I was face to face with the chance of a lifetime; and one noon, when the old gentleman showed me two other inquiries he had received in answer to his advertisement, I definitely told him I would take the place. Before night I had paid him four thousand dollars deposit and signed an agreement to pay the balance on the first of October, on which date Doctor Denman was to give me the deed and leave for California.

I also bought a six-cylinder runabout—a beauty!—because the doctor's car was getting old and rickety. And, what with

(Continued on Page 32)

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

XI

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AND there you are! Forger and fraud; jailbird too—all these, as Varick charged, Mr. Mapleson had been. Bab, indeed, was no more old Peter Beeston's grandchild than was the little man himself.

That night the dinner hour came and went disregarded; time sped and midnight drew near before the colloquy in Mrs. Tilney's top-floor back had ended. Mr. Mapleson admitted everything, bit by bit laying bare the whole of that tragic farce, the story of his past. And what a tale it was! Grotesque you'd call it, an outlandish, ludicrous affair; and yet as to its pathos, banal as it was, one could make no mistake. For Mr. Mapleson was not by nature in any way a criminal. Neither had he become a jailbird in seeking to serve his own ends. That was his story. Not once, but twice the little man had become a forger, and each time he had forged only to help others. It had never been for himself.

"You mean you got nothing!" questioned Varick.

"I!" cried Mr. Mapleson. His tone was not only surprised, it was resentful. "Certainly not!" he said.

"Good Lord!" Varick murmured.

Absurd as it was though, Varick could not overlook or disregard the fact that what Mr. Mapleson had done had its sinister side. Not more than a week had passed when out of a clear sky the first bolt descended. Fraud and forgery, sad to say, seldom lack effect.

At one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon—it was the first half holiday in April—Varick slammed shut the covers of the ledger he was working on, and, his task finished for the day, he donned his hat and hurried out into Broad Street. The day was glorious. A mild breeze was stirring, while from overhead, pouring down between the cañon-like walls of the skyscrapers, a burst of sunshine filled all the neighborhood with light. Its radiance contrasted vividly with the lower city's usual dingy dimness, though Varick gave little heed to that. He bustled onward, his face grim. Even when across the street a man stepped out from a doorway and followed him, matching his step to Varick's, he gave it scant attention. To be watched, to be followed, was not any novelty now. It neither worried him nor made him wonder why he was the subject of that espionage. The night before, shoved under his door at Mrs. Tilney's, he had found the card of no less a person than his one-time friend, David Lloyd. "I'd like to see you" was penciled on the back. But until that morning, some time after he had reached the bank, the full significance of the card and its message had not dawned on him.

Why did David Lloyd wish to see him? It was a year since the two last had met, and the friendship that Varick himself had at that time broken up he meant David to see never would be renewed. No Beeston, nor any kin of Beeston, should be a friend of his. He would arrange for that. Blunt, brusque, in fact, he had said good-by, then turned abruptly on his heel, leaving David Lloyd staring after him. This, however, was not the point. Though Varick often had regretted that day's harshness, he had still made no overtures. Neither by word nor by sign had he given the least hint that he wished to end that feud.

So what was the meaning of that card? What was it David Lloyd wished of him? It was not until nearly noon that a thought came to him. Then with a staggering certitude the suspicion flashed into his mind. Mr. Mapleson! Had the Lloyds heard something? Was the fraud already known? As murder will out, so, too, would a thing like that cry of itself from the housetops.

"My soul!" said Varick to himself. "If they should know!"

That was why he had hurried homeward—to find out if they had. All the way uptown in the crawling "L" road train he sat mulling over in his mind the tale he had dragged piecemeal out of Mr. Mapleson. Across the aisle a pair of girls, office workers evidently, gave him an appraising look, frankly appreciative; then they began to giggle and whisper together, their eyes stealing consciously toward him. But Varick did not heed.

It was a queer tale—that story he had heard from Mr. Mapleson. He hailed, it appeared, from a town in Western New York—Buckland, a village near Rochester. Here the little man had come of sound stock, a line of God-fearing, sturdy men, of thrifty, virtuous women. Of the man's family, however, only one besides himself survived. This was a married sister, and to her Mr. Mapleson owed the first of his two forgeries, a crime that had sent him to state's prison, and that he had committed to save her from dishonor and her husband from disgrace.

The sister's husband, it appeared, was a politician. He was, furthermore, like many of his ilk, smug, self-satisfied, selfish and dishonest. One might guess offhand his part in the tale. Some county-road funds having fallen into his hands, the fellow had appropriated them, and then, unable to repay and in imminent peril of exposure, he had appealed in terror to his wife. She, in turn, appealed with a like terror to her brother.

One may picture the little man's trembling horror. One may picture, too, his shame. To clear the politician, however, fifteen hundred dollars must be had forthwith; and not having that much, Mr. Mapleson had obtained the amount in the only way he knew how—by forgery. He indorsed a check, the property of his employer. And the employer had been Beeston!

It was there, in fact, working in Beeston's office as a clerk, that Mr. Mapleson had obtained the information he later put to use in his second forgery. He knew Beeston's son—Randolph Beeston that was. He had known, too, of the man's surreptitious marriage.

At the time of his first offense he had salved his conscience with the usual sophistries. It was a loan, he had whispered to himself. It would be returned at once. He had indeed paid back all but a few dollars when an accident exposed him. No excuse availed then; and the joke of it, too, was that when once his disgrace became public the

politician, with characteristic effrontery, publicly disowned him! Thus broken, beaten, outraged, he had served a five years' penalty; and emerging from jail, he had renounced not only his family but all else that connected him with the unhappy past. The day he had come forth from Sing Sing was, in fact, the day he first had shown himself at Mrs. Tilney's. And then?

There were those first years of Mr. Mapleson's stay in the boarding house. There was the coming, too, of that unknown woman—the widowed girl mother and her child; then the mother's death. Lonely and shy, a man at heart as tender as a woman, the child thus brought to Mr. Mapleson had given him all the love and tenderness that life theretofore seemed to have denied him. And comforted by it, with all that child's affection to cheer him, to heal the hurt he had felt, Mr. Mapleson had sought in every way to repay Bab for all she had been to him. The forgery, his second effort, was a guaranty of this.

"Diamonds and pearls!" That had been his promise. However, it was not all to get these that the fraud had been committed. Bab's interest in Varick, the newcomer at Mrs. Tilney's, Mr. Mapleson had been quick to see. Beeston beginning then to advertise for news of his long-lost son, the little man had grasped at the chance of a desperate coup. Bab's people he had not found. What is more, he knew he never would. The story the mother herself had suggested—that she was a widow, that she had come to New York to earn a living, that neither she nor her husband had any kin left living—all this, Mr. Mapleson had assured himself, must be true. His fraud, therefore, had been deliberate. How in his cracked wits, though, he hoped to get by with it, who knows or who can tell? It is enough that he not only had tricked the Beeston lawyers, but, shrewd as Mrs. Tilney was, had managed to cozen her as well. And Bab had been intrenched in the Beeston household as firmly, it seemed, as if she had been born there.

But now —— Across the car aisle the two girls giggling and whispering there paused to nudge each other as Varick abruptly arose. Little wonder too! As the guard called his station and he wandered toward the door he had wrung his brows into a scowl, a frown of gathering disquiet. Why had that card been put beneath his door? What was it the Beestons knew? Had they so soon discovered the fraud, or was the message no more than a coincidence? It seemed to Varick inconceivable that David Lloyd should have sought him for any but the one reason. And yet why him? That in itself was startling. Why apply to him? Why not apply to the man responsible? Why?

With a swift look, turning as he left the car, Varick glanced behind him. Yes, he still was followed! That man, his shadow, still was there! He sped on toward Mrs. Tilney's, and racing up the steps, he was panting softly as he shut the street door behind him.

Why were they following him? Why had David Lloyd come to Mrs. Tilney's? More than that, if they knew, what was to happen to Bab? A moment later Varick rapped at Mr. Mapleson's door.

The Pine Street real-estate office that employed Mr. Mapleson at twenty-eight dollars a week, and long had thought these wages high, still further added to a reputation for free-handed generosity by making every Saturday in the spring and summer a half holiday for its employees. These for years had been the joy of the little man's life. Swiftly he would put his desk in order, breathe a timid good day to his fellow clerks, then speed on his way uptown. There Bab would be awaiting him.

The years had made little change. She had always been there—in the beginning as the Bab that Mr. Mapy had first known, the child in pigtails and pinafores, hanging over the gate and waving wildly when she saw him coming: then as a little bigger, a little older Bab, a stilty-legged young one who came running up the street to meet him. As soon as Mr. Mapleson had bolted luncheon, gobbling in his haste, he and Bab would sally forth, the man almost as eager as the child, bound together for an afternoon in the park. Pennies in those days were scarce with the little man, but somehow he still managed to find enough for a voyage in the swan boats, a trip or two in the goat wagons, a mad whirl on the merry-go-round. "Who's got the brass ring? Ride again!" The first time Bab, by skill of arms, speared the treasured prize, Mr. Mapy was nearly beside himself with excitement.

"Who's got the brass ring? Why, she has!" he cried indignantly when the master of ceremonies monotonously chanted his cry. "My little girl's got it, of course!"

But time flies. There came a year when the carrousel, even with its gilded, splendid steeds, its giraffes, its stags, its flying dragons, gave way to other charms, more sedate, older, more grown up. On Saturdays then, Bab and Mr. Mapy wandered elsewhere, Bab now a slender, slim thing with dresses let down to her boot tops. It was to picture galleries and places like that, theaters, too, that now they went, to see a good play that Mr. Mapy beforehand had made sure was good. For the little man, peculiar as he might be, in one respect had no illusions. Whether or not Bab fell heir to her diamonds and pearls, Mr. Mapleson meant her to grow up into a clean-minded, healthy-headed woman—the kind that looks you quietly in the face, clean, unafraid, as clear-eyed as Diana. She should be good, whatever else, vowed Mr. Mapy; and though the term be homely, as homely as his ambition, there is somehow about it a nobility at which even the most cynical of us may not sneer. *Are*, John Mapleson! *Salutamus!*

What times the two had then! "Hah! th' play's the thing!" he'd cry, stirred, his face alight at some rousing scene that had depicted virtue victorious and villainy put to rout. "Hah, I told you so!" It made Bab smile to see him. On the other hand, if on the stage things went wrong with some poor girl or some noble fellow was in jeopardy, Mr. Mapy would sit almost breathless, silenced, waiting till all was well. Bab more than once had seen the tears steal down the little man's gray face. However, once the suspense had passed, once all was as it should be, Mr. Mapy, his spirits rising at a bound, would bubble with animation. "Great! Wasn't it great! Was ever anything so fine!" For a week he and Bab would talk it over, discussing every scene; then the Saturday half holiday would come again, and there would be another matinée.

Little wonder Mr. Mapy so eagerly waited from week to week. It was his joy. It was the one great, true pleasure of that marred, broken life of his. And when heads began to turn, eyes to glance, lighting with admiration at the slim, slender girl, the young woman now, that went with him on these Saturdays, little Mr. Mapleson's heart fairly bounded, swelling with pride, with loving satisfaction.

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day——

If he who wrote that ballad had only made it Saturday!

So thought John Mapleson, at any rate. So, too, in the passage of all those years, never once had he let anything stand in the way of that holiday. There was Bab, hanging over the gate, waiting in her pigtails to wave to him. Then there was the stilty-legged little Bab riding the gilded carrousel, screaming with delight when she speared the treasured brass ring. And then, finally, there was Bab the blue-eyed and slender, the white-faced little old man's charming companion—the Bab that people, smiling in admiration, turned their heads to see. All these, Mr. Mapy! Yes, but where was Bab now? It was a Saturday, yet she was not with him. He wondered with a rising terror what had happened. Where was she? What had befallen her?

He was still sitting there, his chin fallen on his breast, when he heard Varick's step upon the stair. A moment later there came his knock. With trembling knees the little man arose, and shambling across the room, he unlocked and opened the door.

"Well?" he asked monotonously.

In the week, the few days that had intervened since the night when he had dragged out of Mr. Mapleson his story, Varick's anger at the little man had drained itself away. For what good now could anger do? After all, too, if it were indeed forgery that Mr. Mapleson had set his hand to, there was no meanness in that fraud. It was merely the impulse of an unbalanced mind. Varick, after he had closed the door behind him, walked quietly across the room. Mr. Mapleson at his approach turned to him, trembling.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I have told you everything, haven't I?"

"Listen to me," said Varick: "There was a man here yesterday to see me, and I want to know why! You're not hiding anything, are you? Have these people uptown found out?"

"Found out?" repeated Mr. Mapleson. He gazed at Varick, his face dull, uncomprehending. "What do you mean?"

"Let me tell you something," said Varick, and he laid a hand on Mr. Mapleson's shoulder: "I see you don't know, but for ten days I have been followed. I have not told you before because I was not certain. Now I know. For ten days two men have been watching me!"

"Watching you?" echoed Mr. Mapleson. It was evident he still did not grasp what the fact conveyed. "Why should they watch you?" he faltered. "Why are they not watching me?"

Varick shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"They probably are," he answered; "probably they are following all of us!" Then he added sharply: "But that's not the point! Don't you understand? They've found out! Uptown those people know!"

Mr. Mapleson was still staring at him as if bemused.

"Found out—they?" he faltered. "Why do you think so?" Then as Varick sternly gazed at him Mr. Mapleson put out an appealing hand.

"Please!" he said, and smiled wearily. "I am very tired and I cannot think. For her sake be a little kind. Won't you tell me now how you know?"

So Varick told him. The card David Lloyd had left could have had but one significance. David knew something. For that,

With Mr. Mapleson at His Heels He Went to See the Man Who Waited in Mrs. Tilney's Parlor

for no other reason, would he have come there to Mrs. Tilney's. He had meant to ask Varick what he knew.

A sigh, a deep breath, escaped Mr. Mapleson.

"No, you are wrong," he said heavily. "I know why he came: she brought him here with her."

"Bab brought him!" repeated Varick, wondering.

Mr. Mapleson nodded slowly. David she had brought to see him, but the significance of this Varick could not see. It merely struck him as odd, yet why odd he could not have told. After all, why shouldn't she? She knew nothing of the fraud. With equal propriety she might have brought any of her supposed relatives to see the little man.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Mapleson.

He was gazing at Varick, his air intent. Again Varick looked at him with wonder.

"Do?" he repeated.

What was there to do? To him at any rate it was evident those people either knew or suspected, so what could he do but wait? Bab could not be saved. He had tried and failed.

"You mean you'll do nothing?" persisted Mr. Mapleson. Once more his voice rose shrilly. "But you must!" he cried, adding: "It was for you I did what I did—because of you, Mr. Varick! I felt you cared for her; I thought you would be up there with her watching out for her! I told myself that with you near her I need have no fear! What is it now? Don't you love her? Are you going to stand by idle and let whatever happens happen? I cannot believe it, Mr. Varick!"

Varick waited till the outburst was at an end.

"I can do nothing," he said. "After what that man Beeston's done to me you know I can't go into that house! Besides that, you know I asked her to marry me, and you heard what she answered. When she comes back here I'll ask her again. That won't be long, I'm certain!"

Mr. Mapleson fairly bubbled over.

"Till she comes back!" he shrilled. "Till she comes back! I tell you she'll never come back!"

Varick heard in sudden wonder. Before he could speak, though, Mr. Mapleson's voice rose to a shriller, keener pitch:

"I say she'll never come back! You've let her stay up there alone, never going near her, and now that fellow Lloyd wants her. That's why she brought him here—it was for me to see him. She'll marry him before you know it!" Then with a gesture of irrepressible misery and despair Mr. Mapleson seized him by the arm. "What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"I don't know," said Varick, "but I'll tell you this: If anything happens I'll be there with her!"

XII

IN THAT gay world of leisure that lies in and round the throbbing artery of uptown Fifth Avenue time ordinarily flits by as if on hurrying wings; but with Bab, it happened, the fortnight that followed dragged as if every hour plodded on leaden feet.

April had come, and one afternoon early in the month half past one had just struck when Hibberd, the Beestons' second man, padding softly up the stairs, knocked on the door of her sitting room. In his discreet, deferent voice, the tone of the well-trained manservant, he announced: "Luncheon is served, please." Laying down the book in her hand, Bab rose. It would not do to say she had been reading: she hadn't. The thoughts running in her mind left little room for anything else. And in these thoughts there was little to comfort her. What had happened, she began to feel, was exactly what might have been expected. Had she not been warned? How, indeed, could the whole thing have been made plainer than in the way Beeston had put it to her! The suspicion roused by Beeston's slurs had gone on growing, a condition that certain remembrances of her own had in no way improved.

She saw it all now—or so she thought. She remembered, for example, that time now long past when she first had noted Varick's rising interest in her. If then he had not openly made love, his attitude was still next door to it! Had ever he lost a chance to be with her? Had once he omitted the opportunity to make himself singularly pleasant? Bab was sure, quite sure, he had not. He had, in short, amused himself on every occasion! For what else but amusement could it be called? Her good looks had always sufficed to interest him, but not until he knew one day she would have money had he ever taken her seriously.

Day by day her resentment had grown. Day by day, too, she had learned to find in it a kind of styptic balm, a bitter salve for the hurt she first had felt. However, that hurt was passing now; and as Bab rose to make ready for luncheon her spirits manifestly had improved. A new color had come to her cheeks, a new buoyancy to her step. It was as if the harvest of her thoughts this morning had at last brought to her a decision long debated, and that now, once she had reached this conclusion, the shadow had been swept resolutely from her mind.

"Never mind my hat, Mawson," Bab told the angular, bony-faced Englishwoman Miss Elvira had provided to wait on her. "I'll run up for it after luncheon."

"Very good, miss," replied the maid; and her eyes alight with their new animation, perhaps just a little hard, too, Bab hurried down the stairs. Rarely had she looked so self-poised.

That afternoon she was to drive out in a new motor, a racing runabout David Lloyd had just bought; and as she passed swiftly down the long stairway Bab was humming under her breath a familiar bar of music. It was by chance an air that once she had heard someone she knew whistling gayly:

La donna è mobile!

And singularly, at the remembrance, she smiled as if lightly amused. But then that is the way of it:

Qual piuma al vento!

She was, indeed, still singing it as she slipped into the living room on her way down to help herself to a flower or two out of a big bunch that stood in a vase on the table. David that morning had sent them to her, and she knew how his face would light when he saw her wearing them. Of late she had begun to notice rather definitely how readily she could please him. And he, too, pleased her. She had not dreamed that one's own cousin—just a relative, you know—could seem always so charming. But then there was a gentleness, a kindliness and a consideration about David that endeared him to everyone. Bab, by the time she had reached the dining room, seemed much like her smiling, pleasant self again.

At the foot of the luncheon table, ensconced behind a huge, hissing, silver tea urn, sat Miss Elvira. Her turtle-like jaw was at the moment set squarely. Near by stood David's father, and with him was Mrs. Lloyd. Bab, since that memorable Christmas morning when they'd plied her with their questions about Varick, had seen the two only occasionally, and always in Miss Elvira's presence. However, even thus guarded, the Lloyds somehow still had managed to convey to her a subtle sense of their dislike, so that Bab long ago learned to watch for them with disquiet. What was it they had against her? Why were they not like David? Once or twice she had been tempted to appeal to Mrs. Lloyd herself. She was not only Bab's aunt, Bab told herself, but she was David's mother too. And could not she see how fond David was of his cousin? But Bab had never made that appeal.

"You Know I Asked Her to Marry Me and What She Answered"

As time progressed and her stay in the house turned into weeks, then months, Bab had seen the air of aloofness they displayed grow more marked. Not that they were ever openly rude. But their politeness, the man's especially, had in it something feline, so that gradually the impression grew on Bab that she was being played with, that beneath the velvety paws keen claws were hidden. She could not understand it. Why did they shrink so from her? As she entered the room Lloyd, starting awkwardly, gave his wife a quick, covert signal of warning. Evidently they had just been talking of her. Miss Elvira looked up, then she smiled.

"Well, dear," she murmured aimlessly.

Lloyd, after glancing at the clock, drew out his watch and studied it. Things like this were as near as he came to being rude, but now, it happened, Bab had begun to notice the occurrences. "Four minutes past!" remarked Lloyd, his tone suggestive; then as crisply he added: "The *soufflé* will be ruined!"

Miss Elvira looked up swiftly.

"Then don't eat it!" she rejoined; whereat Mr. Lloyd, withdrawing his pale eyes from Bab, gave his wife's aunt a sudden inquiring stare. If he'd planned a retort, however, he instantly reconsidered it. Miss Elvira's mien at the moment did not encourage liberties. Bab all at once was aware something must have occurred. There was an air of tension evident.

At the head of the table old Beeston had already taken his place. Shrugged back in his seat, his gnarled, powerful hands clutching the arms of his chair, he stared fixedly in front of him. His son-in-law he did not seem to see, nor for that matter did he pay much heed to his daughter. It was as if, alone and detached, he absorbed himself in dour, dark reflection, his sullen, forceful eyes fixed on the vision, whatever it was, that drifted at the moment across the changeful mirror of his mind.

"Hello, dad!" murmured Bab.

She paused, bending over his chair, and with both hands patted him on either cheek. Una and the Lion! A grunt escaped him, a deepening rumble, and then the man's dark face, Indian in its swartness, lighted into one of its rare, grudging smiles.

"Hello, you!" he returned.

Between the two, one saw, all was well again.

Across the room Lloyd had not missed this little byplay. As he seated himself, then picked up his napkin, he shot a covert look at his wife. Mrs. Lloyd, however, was engrossed with Aunt Elvira. It had been planned to give Bab a dance, her first, the week following, and Mrs. Lloyd seemed just to have heard of it. Possibly this accounted for the rather unusual interest she showed.

Beeston suddenly spoke.

"Where's Davy?" he demanded.

"'E'll be down presently, sir. 'E's dressing," the butler informed him. With Hibberd, the second man, Crabbe stood at attention, and bending forward Beeston knocked abruptly on the table. At the signal all but Lloyd became silent.

"A dance?" he was saying. "You giving a dance?"

Beeston, bent forward, had lowered his head; but as his son-in-law's voice raised itself he looked up, his slumberous eyes, in their dark, latent fierceness, burning on the speaker. Lloyd in his affected, clipping tone still babbled on:

"Fancy giving a dance to people here!"

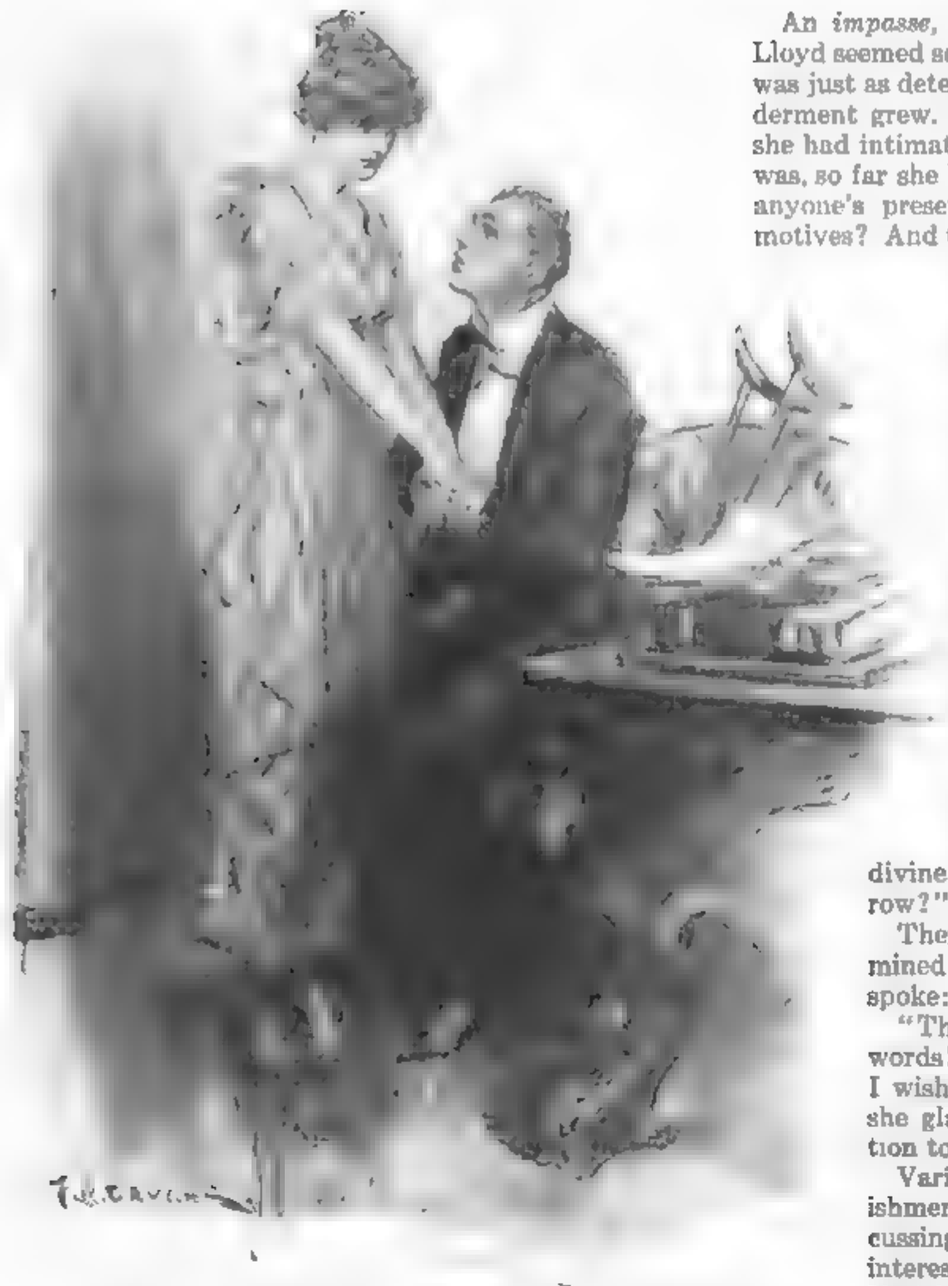
With a shock that made the glass and silver ring Beeston's fist struck upon the table.

"Silence!" he said.

He did not raise his voice; he did not need to. The word, spoken with a slow, unhurried evenness, the man's usual rumbling monotone, seemed to crash down upon and obliterate Lloyd much as if he had been hit by a landslide. Shamed and conscious, he tugged furiously at his pale mustaches, at the same time glancing guiltily at the two menservants. His eyes, when again they returned to his father-in-law, were hard, angry, resentful. But Beeston did not heed.

"Bless Thou, O Lord, this food to our use; and make humble our hearts within us. Amen." Then, sitting back abruptly, he stretched out a hand to the glass in front of him: "Some of the '88 Canary, Crabbe; I'll have it with my soup."

Bab raised her eyes. She had been aware of Beeston's opinion of his son-in-law; but behind his contemptuous disdain she detected now an impulse she had not known before—a vindictive wrath, a fury only half hidden. Of that tension in the room Bab from the first had been aware, and now she realized Lloyd must have been the cause of it. What had he been doing? Wondering, she was still sitting there, wrapped in silence, when Mrs. Lloyd ended the uncomfortable pause. About Mrs. Lloyd's bored, impassive voice there was often a sort of disdainful, purring inflection that Bab heard with disquiet. Ordinarily it



"Not Just a Cousin, Bab! Not That—Can't You See!"

signaled something disagreeable. Turning to Miss Elvira, Mrs. Lloyd smiled vaguely:

"You haven't told me yet—has that card been sent?"

"What card?" Miss Elvira looked up sharply. Then almost at the same instant she seemed to comprehend. "The card to—to—— You mean the one we were talking about?" Her air was obviously uneasy. Beeston, too, seemed interested, for his eye lighted and he glanced sideways at his daughter. Mrs. Lloyd was still smiling vaguely.

"Yes," she returned, "the card for that young man. I'm curious to learn whether he would accept."

Miss Elvira did not reply. In frosty silence she busied herself about the tea urn; but as Bab sat listening, her interest mildly awakened, she saw Miss Elvira glance swiftly toward her, then away, a signal evidently for the benefit of Mrs. Lloyd. But Mrs. Lloyd, it seemed, had some purpose behind her veiled, vague speeches. She, too, cast a glance at Bab.

"I suggest we send the invitation. At the most he could only refuse. If he accepted we might by chance learn his true attitude toward us."

"Ethel!"

It was Miss Elvira that spoke. Like her brother, she did not raise her voice; neither did she much change its tone. But even so Miss Elvira managed to convey with it a significant something not to be overlooked. Mrs. Lloyd, who was just about to speak again, paused. However, after an inquiring look she began anew:

"As I was saying ——"

"One lump or two, Ethel?" Miss Elvira abruptly interrupted.

"What? Oh, why, two, please. As I was saying ——"

"Cream?" asked Miss Elvira.

"Please. As I said ——"

"Hibberd, hand me the toast," Miss Elvira ordered.

In mild wonder Hibberd said there was no toast—should he order some sent up? No, it was not worth while; Miss Elvira did not need it that much.

"Cream and sugar, Barbara?" she inquired.

"Yes, please, Aunty Vi," returned Bab. Her aunt's strategy she had not missed. It added to her growing curiosity. Something was going on.

Mrs. Lloyd again glanced at her husband. The two having exchanged a look, Mrs. Lloyd once more applied herself to her aunt. Some strong resolution seemed now to have armed her with determination.

"Aunt Vira, I was just speaking to you," she announced.

Without looking up from the teacups Miss Elvira murmured "Were you?"

"I asked you," returned Mrs. Lloyd, "whether you'd sent that invitation."

"Yes, I heard you perfectly," Miss Elvira replied calmly.

"Well?"

"Well, what?" was the rejoinder.

An *impasse*, evidently! Obviously the question Mrs. Lloyd seemed so determined to have answered, Miss Elvira was just as determined she wouldn't answer. Bab's bewilderment grew. She had a curious feeling that somehow she had intimately to do with the matter, though what it was, so far she had not the slightest inkling. Why should anyone's presence at her dance disclose that person's motives? And the motives, what were they? She was still wondering, her face puckered into a frown, when she heard the thump of David's crutches in the hall, and a moment later David himself appeared at the door.

"Hello, everyone!" he greeted.

Passing toward his chair, he halted long enough to give his grandfather a friendly tap on the shoulder.

"Hello, you!" Beeston growled amiably.

Crabbe had pulled out the chair next to Bab's, and David, having handed the butler his crutches, skillfully sat himself down. Then, as soon as Crabbe had turned away, David reached over surreptitiously and gave Bab's hand an affectionate pat.

"Well, Babs," he remarked.

The color stole faintly into Bab's face and her eyes lighted, animated now that she had him there to talk to. Just as she was about to speak David seemed to divine the trouble in the air. "I say, what's the row?" he asked abruptly.

There was a moment's pause. Then, as if determined to force matters to a finish, Mrs. Lloyd spoke:

"There's no row. I wish you wouldn't use such words! I merely asked your Aunt Vira a question. I wished to know whether she'd sent a card"—she glanced, as she spoke, at Bab—"an invitation to Bayard Varick!"

Varick? Bab heard the name in vague astonishment. So he was the man they'd been discussing? Yes, but why all Mrs. Lloyd's strange interest in him? Why all her curiosity concerning Varick's attitude? Did all this concern her—Bab? Was that it?

She sat there outwardly unmoved, her face inexpressive of the tumult that went on within her. Strangely, it was not of the motives she thought. In her mind ran rioting another thought—a thought that shouted clamorously, its mockery evident. A party, and Varick at it? Her party too? With that vividly clear-cut minuteness of detail that mental conflict so often engenders, a memory, a vision leaped into her mind and stood there, graphic, boldly limned.

It was in Mrs. Tilney's dining room she saw herself. Dinner was at half past six; it would shortly be served; and the table set, her task completed, Bab sat with her chin on her hands. Across on the hearthrug stood Varick. He was in evening clothes, and Bab had just tied his tie. "Tell me," she'd said, "if to-night things were changed, and I—I was up there —— If you, you ——" Ah, yes; if things were changed! If they were changed, indeed, and she could be there, uptown, with him, would he then not think her as pretty, as charming, as desirable as those other girls he knew? That was the question, the one she'd half asked, then had not dared to finish! A dance! A party with him there! At the thought then how her heart had leaped! To be there with him! To have him dance with her! She still could recall her first exhilaration. Yes, but that had been weeks ago! There was a difference now; and Bab, a queer look in her eyes, glanced swiftly, perhaps guiltily, at the man who sat beside her. It was the first acknowledgment to herself, that glance, of how far in the past had fallen that romance of hers at Mrs. Tilney's. Far, indeed!

Still sitting there, her face inexpressive, she had looked away, when of a sudden she heard Beeston speak.

"Varick, eh?" he growled. "That fellow asked here!"

He stared about him, his dull eyes threatening, a deep color crowding into his face.

"Well, why don't you answer?" he demanded. "Who asked that fellow? I've told you, haven't I, I'll have no Varick in my house!"

It was David who replied.

"No one's asked him," he said quietly. "I've been trying to decide if I should."

"You?"

It would be difficult to give his inflection. It expressed doubt, incredulity, as if Beeston distrusted his own ears.

"You trying?"

"Why, yes," said David, his air puzzled; "why not? Varick's a friend of mine, isn't he? I only wondered whether he'd care to come." Then with an unexpectedness that made her gasp David added: "Besides, I thought Bab might like to have him. They were friends at Mrs. Tilney's, you know."

Friends? Bab with difficulty managed to hide the conflict of her emotions. Again she glanced swiftly at David. She wondered, had he known all, whether he would even consider asking Varick. But this was the least of it. Did she herself want him? Was she ready to see him again? It was queer that though she had resolved to evict him from her mind the mere thought of him should so confuse her! Just then she was aware that Beeston shot a glance at her. Afterward he gazed at David briefly.

His air was absorbed. It was as if he debated something, as if some disclosure hovered on his lips. And what the disclosure was Bab had little doubt. She had not forgotten yet what occurred the day she had driven with him alone. Was that what he meant to divulge? What indeed seemed curious was her hope that he would not blurt it out before David. Why that hope? Why her dislike to have David hear? After all he was only her cousin—nothing but a relative.

Guardedly Bab watched old Beeston.

"H'm!" he said presently. "Then you haven't asked him yet?"

David said no. He was waiting, he said, to decide. And again Beeston grunted.

"Decide? Decide what?" he asked. "Whether you want him? That's it, isn't it?" he mumbled.

David shook his head.

"No," he said; "it's whether Bab wants him."

She did not move, start; she merely raised her eyes. Bab could not have told, had her life depended on it, how she managed to keep back the color from her face. She decide? Deep down in his throat Beeston gave vent to a sudden chuckle—sardonic, mocking, a laugh stifled as swiftly as it was given. Then, his eye gleaming, he stared at her.

"Well, that seems to settle it! Do you want him asked, my girl?"

Bab smiled back at him quietly.

"Not if you don't," she replied.

There was a sudden movement. Beeston, again sitting back in his chair, stared before him, a lurking gleam of triumph in his eyes.

"That's good!" he said. "If that fellow ever sets foot in my house now I'll bundle him neck and crop out of doors!" Then he beckoned roughly to Crabbe, the butler: "You hear me, Crabbe? Don't you ever let him inside my door!"

XIII

"PASS the relish, please!" It was Miss Hultz that spoke. Attired in a smart spring poplin, indisputably *chic exquis*, as advertised, the lady from Bumberg's flashed all her handsome front teeth in a smile directed across the

(Continued on Page 73)

"I'd Like to See You" Was Pencilled on the Back

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 13, 1915

Cost of Government

THE Administration calculates that the Government should spend about one and a quarter billion dollars next year, or nearly double what it was spending ten years ago—another notice that government steadily grows more expensive.

To govern the world before the great war probably cost twenty billion dollars a year. The Statistical Abstract tabulates expenditures of seventy governments, whose subjects—numbering one billion six hundred and odd millions—virtually make up the world's population. Before the war these governments spent over thirteen billion dollars a year. But this does not include expenditures of American states, counties and cities, which must now run well toward two billion dollars a year. It does not include expenditures of cities anywhere, nor of many other small political units. Quite likely the total would reach twenty billions.

On a peace basis, the United States and Germany appear to be the most expensively governed countries in the world. Our total, when the new budget is adopted, will be within hailing distance of three billions. Expenditures of the German Empire, the German states and the colonies amounted to nearly two and a half billions. But the German states operate railroads, telephones and other public utilities, which swell both revenue and expenditure, whereas our expenditures are nearly all for government pure and simple—or impure and complicated, if you like it that way better. If we took our total at three billions and the world's total at twenty—the latter, of course, being only the rudest sort of guess—it would cost one-sixth as much to govern a hundred million people in the United States as to govern a billion and a half people in the remainder of the world.

As to the national budget, the annoying feature is not its size, but the suspicion, based on the opinion of those who speak with most authority, that it involves a great deal of waste. Everybody in the country, except the statesmen at Washington, would like to know how well grounded that suspicion is. It is easy to get the Government to investigate everything else, but practically impossible to get it to investigate itself.

Poverty the Peace-Keeper

FOR twenty-three years—from August, 1792, when the allies crossed the French frontier to suppress the Revolution, until Waterloo—war was a pretty constant occupation in Europe. But after 1815 there was no big conflict until the Crimean War began in 1854. Concerning this period Channing observed: "Poverty keeps the peace in Europe." And again: "When the voice of humanity cannot be heard the hollow sound of an empty treasury is a warning that cannot be slighted."

The present war has already been positively about as costly in men and money as the whole twenty-three years of Revolutionary-Napoleonic warfare. The death roll of that period is estimated at something over two million men. Mortality since August, 1914, is variously estimated; but it is certainly rapidly approaching two millions. The direct money cost of the Revolutionary-Napoleonic warfare to England alone considerably exceeded three billion dollars. England's bill was no doubt heavier than that of any other single contestant, and it is doubtful if the total direct money cost exceeded that from August, 1914, to date.

Relatively, of course, the older struggle was much costlier than this, for Europe is more populous than it was a hundred years ago and immensely richer. Population of the territory in the German Empire, for example, has nearly trebled; wealth of England and France has risen from less than twenty-five billion dollars to more than a hundred and twenty-five billions. But daily destruction, as compared with a century ago, is proceeding at a rate vastly greater than the increase in wealth and population. Every day increases the probability that the time will come when poverty will keep the peace.

Settlement in Mexico

FOR ourselves and other foreigners, settlement in Mexico means restoration of order so that life and property are tolerably secure and business may be resumed. Diaz settled it that way in 1877. His settlement lasted until 1910. There was great material development, great gain to a limited number of persons; but when his settlement broke down most of the people of Mexico were just where they had been when it began. That experience indicates that a settlement which leaves a large majority of the inhabitants in such an economic position that fighting is rather more profitable than any other occupation which is open to them, is essentially insecure.

For the people of Mexico, settlement must mean something more than mere restoration of order and resumption of business. Probably it must include a revolutionary redistribution of the land; but economic revolution is not particularly attractive to capital nor especially favorable, at the time it is accomplished, to raising revenue and stabilizing national finance. Mexico greatly needs capital, revenue, financial stability. The wreckage down there is very extensive. There are big debts and small means to meet them with; the currency is in wild disorder, business more or less in chaos.

Carranza, we believe, has the very best intentions. He has on his hands one of the most difficult political problems in the world. Perhaps the biggest factor in his favor is that the country's exhaustion may give him time to study the situation and take advice.

Free Reading in New York

DURING 1914 the New York City Public Library lent nine and a half million books for home use, added two hundred thousand volumes to its collection, served a million and a quarter readers in the adults' reading room and a million and a half readers in the children's reading room, lent twenty-six thousand embossed books to blind readers, lent nearly a million books by traveling libraries, lent over four million books to children, conducted forty-eight reading clubs for children, lent six hundred and fifty thousand books in twenty-six foreign languages, served seven hundred thousand readers in the reference department and supplied over two million books for reference use.

Except that round numbers have been substituted for exact figures, the above is copied from the annual report of the library.

So far as we remember now, it is the most interesting thing we have seen this year about little old New York.

A State Budget

NEW YORK, if the proposed new constitution is adopted, will have the only intelligent fiscal system in America. Under the present system, or absence of system, over a hundred state departments and bureaus figure out how much money they would like to spend in the ensuing year, each with no particular regard to the others. These so-called estimates are thrown into the legislature and taken up by committees, which usually consider them in private. The committees finally draft appropriation bills, which are commonly introduced toward the close of the session and passed helter-skelter with very little consideration or open debate. It is said that only once in twenty years have the large appropriation bills been even printed and distributed among members. In every other year an emergency message from the governor has dispensed with that formality.

That is about the way in which other states appropriate public money. It is the way Congress does it. Session after session at Washington the big appropriation bills are brought in at the last moment and passed helter-skelter.

The proposed constitution for the Empire State provides that the governor shall make up a state budget, showing how much money the several state departments need and how that money should be raised. Thus first responsibility for the state's fiscal plan rests squarely upon him. He must submit this budget to the legislature not later than the first of February, giving ample time for study and comment both in and out of the legislature. The legislature may reduce the budget, but cannot increase it—may subtract something from it but add nothing to it.

This and the short ballot are the most important features of the proposed constitution. Either of them would make it worth voting for.

Bad Business

IT OUGHT to be quite well settled that no Congress, in time of peace, should deliberately plan to run the Government on borrowed money. To do that is a sign of fiscal incompetence and moral cowardice that no intelligent employer would tolerate in his private business.

Extraordinary expenditures in war, or under pressing threat of war, or for a long-lived national asset like the Panama Canal, justify borrowing. Borrowing for the foreseen, normal requirements of government is no different in folly and in moral flabbiness from the action of an individual who deliberately lives on borrowed money.

If Congress appropriates a billion and a quarter in order to increase army and navy it will merely be meeting what, in its judgment, is a current need, and it should levy sufficient additional taxes to cover every penny of the additional expenditure. Anything else would be tantamount to treating the nation as a simpleton that had not sand and sense enough to pay for its necessary defense. If the country were so soft that it could not stand up to whatever taxation its protection required, it wouldn't matter much whether it was protected at all.

Private Property at Sea

IT IS alleged substantially as follows:

That England has ceased to observe international law; that she confiscates cargoes that are the property of private individuals, whereas private property at sea should be treated as it is on land, and only the property of hostile states should be seized; that she regards as blockaded places before which she has not a single ship of war, whereas accepted usage prescribes that no place can be regarded as under blockade unless it is so shut off that approach to it is visibly dangerous; that this abuse of the right of blockade unwarrantably impedes commerce among the nations to the aggrandizement of England's own commerce; that it is a natural right to use against an enemy the same weapons he uses against you, hence if England disregards international law her enemy may.

Alleged this year or last? Not at all; but alleged more than a hundred years ago in Napoleon's famous Berlin decree, by which he attempted to set up a Continental blockade against England. There are impulsive persons who regard this war as a novelty in human affairs. We wonder what histories they read.

Room for Ruin

AS TO how near financial exhaustion any of the big belligerents is, Sir George Paish points out that in 1815, with a population of twenty millions and a national income estimated at three hundred million pounds, Great Britain raised sixty-two million pounds by taxation—that is, the government took a little over one-fifth of the total national income. Average income a head was seventy-five dollars; average taxation a head slightly over fifteen dollars. At the same rate of taxation the average tax bill would now be about fifty-two dollars a head, whereas in 1914 it was only about seventeen dollars.

In other words, to get the tax rate of 1815 taxation would have to be multiplied by three. National income is now estimated at twenty-four hundred million pounds, against three hundred millions at Waterloo. Germany, of course, shows an even greater gain in wealth and income in the hundred years. An excited young man declared to Adam Smith that the nation was ruined. "You must remember," replied the Father of Political Economy, "there is a great deal of ruin in a nation."

Plucking Archangels

ROUGHLY speaking, the fuel value of two pounds of wood equals that of one pound of coal; or, of the commoner kinds of hardwood, such as hickory, oak, beech, maple, ash, elm and locust, one cord—when seasoned—is equal as fuel to about one ton of good coal.

Otherwise their values are very different. Nobody has ever sung "Miner, spare that vein!" Wood in the raw is the most beautiful of all common natural objects—the most comforting and uplifting to the mind and spirit of man. Now and then the temptation to sacrifice ornamental trees for their mere stove-wood value prevails.

Not long ago we saw some beautiful dooryard oaks felled for fuel. We have no doubt the man who did that would pluck an archangel to sell the feathers if he could catch one asleep. The notion that a man has the right to destroy any fine tree because it stands on his land is absurd. One might almost as well say he had the right to stew a child if it happened to be on his land.

Selling American Stocks Abroad and Buying Them Back Again

By Albert W. Atwood

EVER since the great world bankers first emerged as distinct figures their chief function has been to provide the sinews of epoch-making wars. To-day the Rothschilds, Morgans and Barings are only repeating on a mightier scale what was done during and after the conflicts of Napoleon and the struggle between the American states. And as the wars of Napoleon and of the North and the South created the first great bodies of investment securities, so the ending of those wars released streams of capital which poured from the Old World to the New under the direction of these same bankers. To-day the great financial houses are again directing this flow of capital from one hemisphere to the other, but this time it is from the new to the old.

Until a year ago the capital of an old land, rich in accumulated savings but poor from a thousand years of wear and tear upon its natural resources, had flowed pretty steadily across the sea to a new continent hungry for the means of development. Right down to July, 1914, capital had been streaming in since the earliest colonial days. At times it had moved like a tidal wave. Then came rapid recessions, as panic and scandal or high finance frightened away the foreign investor. Once, too, a flushed and temporary abundance at home pushed back the waves. But in the main, until the war changed all things, capital has been drawn from England and Holland and Germany by the glittering enticement of higher interest rates, and poured by the billion into the great new land of promise. For capital is timid and elusive and quite easily alarmed, but most surprisingly agile where its highest interests are concerned.

No one has ever known or ever will know exactly how much Europe has invested in America. Almost from the time of Queen Elizabeth English merchants have sold goods on long-term credits to customers on this side, and the outbreak of the American Revolution conveniently cleaned the slate of twenty-five million dollars which the Colonists owed their mother country. But this much we know, that from the days when she swept the Spanish and Dutch from the seas and assumed supreme command of the world's trade, England has always looked to this country as the greatest and most steadily profitable field for her capital.

The War Jolt

FOR here were literally millions of square miles of rich farming and mineral lands free for the taking to a kindred but more eager race, a race overflowing with vitality and energy, filled with self-confidence and spurred on by an eternal unrest. They had only one need—money—and this England stood ready to furnish.

It is safe to say that for long periods of time billions of dollars were placed here, probably not far from $5,000,000,000 before the war started. To be asked suddenly to buy back that amount of stocks and bonds is what this country faced, or thought it faced, when war was declared last year. Our bankers suddenly felt like men in the hold of a storm-tossed ship with a cargo of cannon balls broken loose. The outbreak of war was the worst shock the world has ever experienced, and it was logically feared that Europe might want ready money instead of stocks and bonds. The financial experts suddenly got out their reference books and began to figure somewhat in this wise:

"There is about $150,000,000,000 of stocks and bonds listed on the world's stock exchanges, not to mention many billions of less known securities, and there is about $20,000,000,000 of gold in the entire world. What will happen if everyone tries to turn his investments into gold?"

Somehow the world had never stopped to think just what would happen under such circumstances. For a time the outlook was jet-black, pot-black. To say that American finance was scared stiff is no exaggeration. It lost its nerve and just stood and meekly waited for the deluge. An Englishman had $2,250,000 of high-grade American securities on deposit with a big Wall Street bank, keeping them there, I suppose, for the patriotic purpose of evading the British income tax.

"I need $300,000 at once," he cabled the bank the day England declared war.

But the bank refused point-blank to lend him $300,000 on $2,250,000 security, because the bonds he held, though good enough, could not be sold instanter. Another man went to the same bank, offering what he thought to be splendid collateral, and was promptly turned down. "To tell the truth," said the banker, "we wouldn't loan on the United States Mint just now."

David Lloyd-George, then Chancellor of the British Exchequer, did not soothe Wall Street's nerves when he told the House of Commons that the United States owed England $5,000,000,000 and couldn't pay up. The whole paper machine of civilization had broken down, he said. But the United States had never expected England to demand payment for its total investments all at once, any more than any bank expects to pay all depositors at once, or the manager of a department store expects the stockholders to come in suddenly and drag all the goods off the shelves without paying for them, simply because they are the owners. One kind of demand would be about as disastrous as the other.

Why the Stock Exchange Was Closed

IF ENGLAND'S total investment in this country were to be treated as a loan that could be called at any time—if stocks and bonds, which are merely paper titles to factories, farms, railroads and other fixed and permanent forms of property, were suddenly to be converted into ready money—why then the value of every other bond and share of stock held by banks and insurance companies would be damaged beyond repair and the savings of the American people ruined. If Europe was so much more insistent upon having to-day's bread and butter than upon having to-morrow's income, it would mean a run upon American banks. For when stocks and bonds are bought and sold within a country, no matter how immense the volume of dealings, gold does not go out of the country itself. But if Europe were to sell its American stocks in America, then the Stock Exchange would become merely the paying teller's window of Uncle Sam's bank through which money was to be drawn out and carried across the ocean. So to gain time and stop the run the window was closed.

The New York Stock Exchange was the last of the leading markets of the world to close when the war started. There is no way of telling what would have happened if it had remained open. At that time the whole civilized world was in a panic—simply frightened out of its financial wits; and if one lone stock exchange of international importance had tried to weather the storm, it is probable that in their sudden fear and terror the owners of investments not only in Europe but in America would have hurled everything overboard.

How hysterical even the best-informed men were at that time is now clear from the fact that on August 4, 1914, a delegation of international bankers appeared before the Committee of Five of the New York Stock Exchange and stated that from $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 of American stocks, heretofore owned abroad, were to arrive "this week

High and Dry!

beginning to-morrow, Wednesday," and would have to be paid for at once, for which at that time there appeared to be no facilities. Negotiations were at once entered into and arrangements made to pay for the entire consignment when it should arrive. But when the stocks finally came there were only $20,000,000 of them.

For nearly half a year the Stock Exchange shut its doors and Europe couldn't sell if it wanted to. But American finance quickly recovered its nerve, lost most of its fears and began to realize its strength. Gradually, too, panicky conditions passed away in Europe, and slowly the idea began to occur to people on both sides that with Europe at war its peoples might hold tighter than ever to the one class of investments which was far away from the disaster. "Moratoriums" were declared in nearly all European countries, stopping the payment of debts and thus obviating the necessity of raising funds at forced sale; the governments of Europe took over whole industries, issued vast amounts of new paper money of every conceivable description, and in one case actually assumed half a billion dollars of private debts. But even after months had passed, so fearful were Americans of being bowled over, as it were, by the return of several billion dollars of stocks and bonds, that a prominent banker actually suggested in all seriousness that before the Stock Exchange opened for business a committee of its members should make a year's tour of Europe, investigating in minute detail the exact amount of American securities which the foreigners might desire to sell.

To-day we know that the panic-stricken sale of American securities by badly frightened Englishmen, Frenchmen and Dutchmen is all over and was hysterically exaggerated at its worst. What men are only now opening their wondering eyes to is that Europe is slowly and gradually being bailed out, drained literally dry of its American investments—not by any violent belching forth calculated to upset the world's markets and smash the whole "paper machine," as Lloyd-George expressed it, but by a steady drip, drip, working like the force of gravity to empty deliberately one reservoir into another, slowly but surely draining Europe of its financial prestige and shifting the money center of the earth from one hemisphere to the other.

The Rise of Dollar Exchange

Grimly and tenaciously the foreign investor has tried to keep his solid American bonds at the bottom of his strong box. For does not the world know that American industry is booming? But forces as strong as gravity, circumstances of the most inexorable kind, have drawn the gilt-edged "American" from its hiding place. And the irony of it is that whereas in August, 1914, a great British statesman said that America could not pay its debts, England and France to-day have furnished us with the money to cancel our debts and have gone into debt to us! Suppose the cruel and irate owner of a mortgage on your house suddenly demands payment one summer, and then a year later hands you the money to pay it off and asks you to lend him a large sum on your own terms!

So month by month and day by day the best of our foreign-owned securities are drifting back to us. After the war had been in progress half a year or more so enormous became the purchases of supplies in this country by belligerents that the money of England and France began to depreciate in value as measured by American money. It was just as if a farmer went to the village store and bought and bought until the shelves were almost bare, giving his notes in payment one after another while the village loafers stood and gaped at his act of apparent insanity. At his first purchase of a five-pound sack of sugar the proprietor or any bystander would have taken the farmer's note at face value; but after the crazy buyer had taken several hundred dollars' worth more goods than he had ever been known to use before, the storekeeper would have accepted the purchaser's notes at a little discount, which would grow larger with each new surprise in the way of lavish, reckless purchase.

So English and French money is not what it was before the war. Once an English pound sterling would buy $4.86 in American money, whereas at the time this article is written it is worth only a little over $4.60 in Uncle Sam's coin. Once an American dollar would purchase not quite five and a fifth francs of French money, and now it will buy almost six of them. As for German money, where before the war four marks were the same as 95 cents they are now worth in this country only about 83 cents and have been worth as little as 80 cents.

But if four marks will buy fewer cents than formerly it follows that a hundred American cents will buy more marks than formerly, so that the German who sells an American bond in New York and receives American dollars for it can exchange the dollars into a great many more marks than he could have received for the same bond a year ago. Even where securities have fallen in price it has happened that foreign owners could get more for them in their own money than before the price had dropped.

Foreign Selling of Americans

A man went into a New York brokerage office with a long list of high-grade bonds which had been bought years ago at much higher prices for a rich German count. Although every bond on the list showed a big drop in price it was possible to sell the whole assortment and remit a much larger sum in marks to the nobleman than he paid for his investments. The profit at times in German money has amounted to fourteen per cent. On French exchange the profit has been about the same and on English money smaller and yet considerable. Here was an extreme and overwhelming advantage in selling American securities, no matter how solid the foreigner felt them to be. Few people can resist a big profit when it comes as a piece of unexpected good fortune.

In Germany, Austria and Hungary banks and newspapers soon began to realize what an argument they had ready at hand in urging patriotic citizens to sell out their American bonds and reinvest in government loans. The combination of patriotism and a profit of say ten per cent is a hard one to beat.

Following close on the heels of this agreeable, profitable and mostly voluntary selling of American securities came grinding necessity. A second great wave of selling set in when the big British war loans appeared, especially the second one, which was for $3,000,000,000. It was possible to place this huge sum only by forcing great masses of capital out of foreign investments, and American railroad bonds of the highest grade were reluctantly let go to provide funds for paying the first installment. As Europe piles up debt upon debt these war loans cast their colossal shadows upon the bond market in this country, but fortunately it is nothing more than a shadow, because we have money fairly bursting out of pockets and vaults to pay with.

Finally it has become such a life-and-death struggle with the belligerents that nations are actually in the stock market. Governments stop just short of compelling the individual owners of American bonds to sell and invest the proceeds in war loans. Shortly after the war began English bankers were notified that no new loans could be made to foreign enterprises, and later it was announced that the government expected the owners of mortgages in the United States to call in ten per cent of the principal to be repaid this year, and to keep all of the interest at home instead of reinvesting it in additional mortgages.

Veiled threats of a supertax upon foreign investments, newspaper attacks upon citizens who would not subscribe for war bonds, and many other methods have been employed to discourage British investment in America.

Autocratic and powerful as the European governments are, there is one method by which their citizens seem to escape the vigilance of the treasury and tax authorities. For many years it has been customary for British and German, and to a less extent French, investors to leave their American stocks and bonds in New York to escape the prying inquiries of their own tax officers. Estimates as to the amount of such securities held in New York vary from half a billion to a billion dollars. One firm admitted having $59,000,000, and another $38,000,000. How much of this total has been sold there is no way of knowing. One of the great national banks had disposed of $10,000,000 for German owners alone prior to December, 1914, and part of these securities had previously been hidden in its own vaults, safe from the eyes of the German Treasury officials.

So the cream of our old, tried and seasoned investment bonds has been coming back to us on every steamer, but especially on those of the American Line. When the German submarine campaign began there was a wild rush on the part of brokers who were bringing in securities from abroad to get space on American steamers in preference to those flying the English flag. Not that there is any lack of actual space, for a hundred million dollars of gilt-edged bonds could be stuffed into a pretty small compartment, but there was and is a decided limit to the risk which the marine insurance companies will take on a single vessel, even though it be neutral and American.

What Seller 30 Means

The favorite method by which London sells American securities back to New York is known as "New York delivery." This delays payment for a couple of weeks or even for thirty days. Ever since the Stock Exchange resumed business in December, 1914, a glance at the bond column of the newspaper will disclose items of this sort: "South Pac 1st ref 4s 10,000 s30 85," which means that $10,000 of Southern Pacific 4% refunding mortgage bonds have been sold at $850 a bond, to be delivered and paid for in New York thirty days after the transaction actually takes place on the Stock Exchange. In a single day $500,000 "seller 20" and "seller 30" bonds have been disposed of on the New York Stock Exchange. Obviously with the two great German transatlantic lines swept from the seas and the bulk of British steamers engaged in transport duties, steamship accommodation is irregular and infrequent, and it is well to allow plenty of time for transportation and payment of securities.

"Only a lunatic would fail to insure an importation of securities," said one broker, who explained the details of the operation to me. But I have heard of other brokers who photographed stocks and bonds before intrusting them to the hazards of German submarines and then saved the expense of an insurance policy.

Clearly the dumping of a stock or bond to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean does not result in the same degree of loss as spilling wheat or cotton or gold. Stocks and bonds are only paper certificates, not actual wealth. But there is an infernal amount of nuisance and red tape in having new certificates issued and proving to the satisfaction of the issuing corporation that the old, water-soaked securities will never turn up again. Somewhere off the southernmost tip of Ireland are reposing several zinc-lined packing cases filled with perhaps $10,000,000 of the very best railroad bonds, which were dispatched from Liverpool to New York on the Arabic. Now, before duplicates are issued in place of the lost securities, there must be a prolonged, tedious process of identification, investigation, presentation of serial numbers and photographs, affidavit making and the furnishing of indemnity bonds.

But the broker who is in a great hurry to get valuable securities across the ocean to take advantage of the booming stock markets in America cannot be bothered with all this process himself, and in the great majority of cases insures the securities for their full market value, thus turning all the trouble and possible loss over to the marine underwriters—to Lloyd's and other great British insurance companies.

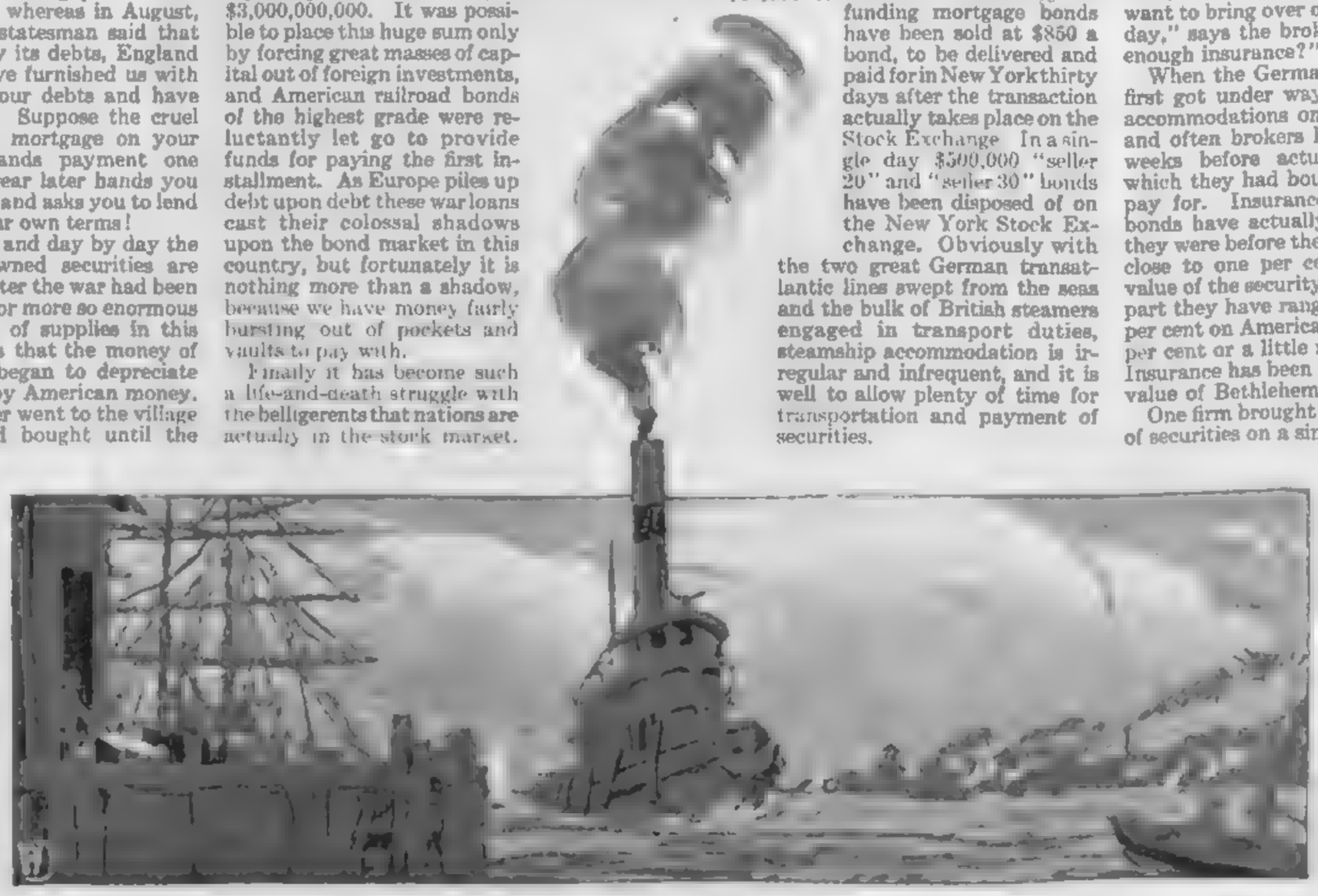
Insuring Securities in Transit

The great bulk of American bonds sold back to this country, and mostly absorbed by rich estates and insurance companies, have been privately offered either by cable or in writing by London bankers. The English dealer cables over to five or six New York firms, asking them to bid on, say, $500,000 Burlington joint 4s. Scores of millions of the strongest railroad bonds have been absorbed in this way rather than actually thrown upon the Stock Exchange for a chance buyer. It has been a regular business in Wall Street for nearly a year now, this asking for bids on foreign-owned American bonds. Often a powerful London firm cables over a whole list of gilt-edged American bonds, with a request for bids, and if the prices offered in return by American buyers are not too low the sale is arranged at once. As soon as a New York firm closes the deal, the marine underwriters are telephoned to and asked how much insurance they will be willing to write on the American Line steamer.

"We have $300,000 of bonds which we want to bring over on the St. Paul Wednesday," says the broker. "Can you give us enough insurance?"

When the German submarine campaign first got under way there was a rush for accommodations on American Line boats, and often brokers had to wait for several weeks before actually importing bonds which they had bought and were ready to pay for. Insurance rates on stocks and bonds have actually been ten times what they were before the war, in a few instances close to one per cent of the full market value of the security, although for the most part they have ranged round three-eighths per cent or a little more on English boats. Insurance has been paid on the full market value of Bethlehem Steel.

One firm brought in ninety-two packages of securities on a single steamer. Probably few firms have brought in more than half a million dollars in value at one time, with the exception of the vast importations of American securities by J. P. Morgan & Co. in connection with various loans to the Allies. Morgan has been credited with feeding out at least $100,000,000 of the most desirable American bonds, sold by the English and French to buy their own war bonds. But this



is only guesswork after all, for Morgan won't tell. However, this particular line of guesswork has become of late a popular form of indoor sport. At the time of the second great British war loan last July it was reported that the steamer New York brought in $20,000,000 of American securities that had been sold for reinvestment in the war loan; but I doubt whether the insurance companies have taken any risk where more than $10,000,000 was carried on a single steamer.

The sale of American securities abroad and their repurchase have always gone in great tidal movements. Even the American Revolution interrupted foreign investment in this country for but a short time. James Madison, afterward president, complained in 1785 that England had never monopolized trade in Virginia more than then. In 1809 three-fourths of the stock of the United States Bank itself was owned abroad.

The rise of the cotton industry and the vast shipping trade of Britain had created wealth for which there was no use at home. But pressure of expanding capital was not felt in its greatest intensity until after the close of the Napoleonic wars. Taxes suddenly dropped to half of what they had been, the rate of interest paid on the national debt was cut in half, and like an animal released from a trap, capital rushed to this country and into wild speculation in the bonds of the newly liberated Latin-American republics. In three years loans were made to the governments of no less than thirteen European, Central and South American states.

The Graveyard of English Capital

All the more surely were the surplus savings of England drawn to this country by the paying off and final extinction in 1832 of every bond issued by the states to finance the Revolution and the War of 1812. No other country had ever paid off a public debt, and British capital fairly poured into our turnpikes, cotton mills, banks, canals, bridges, and later into the new railroads. There was an orgy of new enterprises, largely guaranteed and fostered by the states, and then came a grand crash, after which America did not reëstablish herself in the good graces of foreign capital until the monumental refunding of the Civil War debt in the late seventies.

In 1837 George Peabody, who began life as a dry-goods clerk in the old shipping town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, founded in London the great merchant banking house of George Peabody & Co., which later became J. P. Morgan & Co. Although he had many rivals Peabody and his two lineal successors, J. P. Morgan, the elder, and J. P. Morgan of to-day, have always held the front rank as America's financial representative in Europe. They more than others have stood between the great solid British investing class and the wildly enthusiastic American promoter eager to sell anything. Peabody lived through an age of crazy American finance, a veritable graveyard of English capital. According to calculations in 1842, between $50,000,000 and $75,000,000 had been lost in American state debts—and the English lost most of it. For nearly two generations the English, led on by the sudden burst of prosperity which the States enjoyed in the twenties and thirties, sank their money in state bonds, Confederate bonds and railroad stocks. They witnessed the excesses of Jay Gould in the Erie and the panic of 1873. It is hard to realize how even the best of new enterprises had to beg for English money after a few years of disaster had made the foreigner more cautious. John Murray Forbes, who built the Michigan Central and also the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, wrote to a Hamburg merchant in March, 1849: "You are probably aware that for eighteen months past the best paper, such as that of my good uncle, T. H. Perkins, Esq., with other names on the notes, has been selling here at some ten to eighteen per cent a year."

Evidently Forbes did not receive a favorable reply, because a short time afterward he wrote to the same merchant: "As money seems to be a drug on your side while we have still use for it here at a fair price I cannot help repeating the suggestion which I then made for your consideration. When I see quotations on your side I feel just as you would if old Java coffee were selling here at four cents, and a drug at that, while fifteen days distant it was quoted at eight cents in your market."

What really turned the movement of European capital westward again on a far more gigantic scale than ever before was the success of the Morgan-Rothschild-Belmont-Drexel syndicate of the seventies in reducing the Civil War debt to a low interest basis. Through this operation, just as in 1832, America was reopened to the huge investing resources of Europe. In 1879 the country recovered entirely from the financial effects of the Civil War, and there was no further stopping the flow of foreign gold until the great panic of 1893. During the eighties and nineties an actual majority of the stock of several of our most important railroads was owned in Europe. Eighty-six per cent of the Illinois Central stock was lodged abroad. The chairman of the London & Westminster Bank stated at an annual meeting that one-third of the money loaned by the bank during the preceding year had been advanced on American railroad securities.

This was the great era of railroad promotion in America. Railroads were built everywhere. The continent was spanned with them. They were put together hastily, in a financial as well as in a physical sense. They were patched together by any possible method, and securities of every degree of inflation represented questionable claims upon them. Even where railroads were conceived in good faith they were built and financed in a perfect whirl of enthusiasm. An agent was dispatched to Germany to float bonds there and at once sent back this message:

"There could be no better time to place bonds than now. I am occupying the finest apartments in Frankfort. Kings and emperors have occupied them before."

But despite his regal apartments and the fact that he was being paid a large salary, given an interest in the "pool," with enormous contingent commissions in case he should sell from $10,000,000 to $50,000,000 of the bonds, the glorified salesman was soon compelled to write his superiors in another tone:

"I saw Baron Rothschild to-day. The old gentleman said that his house never engaged in anything which required risk or trouble in the management, and this involved both."

In 1890 came the failure of the Barings, one of the greatest banking houses in Europe, with enormous interests in America, and then the panic of 1893. The Barings were in Atchison and other American rails, but they were even more heavily committed to one of the South American countries, which repudiated its debts at that time. Their liabilities of $100,000,000 had to be taken over by the Bank of England, and at about the same time the collapse of many American railroads, along with the free silver agitation, fairly shook the financial world. Such enormous quantities of our securities were returned from Europe that prices utterly collapsed, and for a time widespread failure and ruin faced the country.

The Days of Feudal Finance

The slippery and elusive figures of railroad promoters and expansionists had long defeated J. P. Morgan, who as the representative of British investors naturally wanted the goods which his house had sold them to turn out well. The panic gave him his chance. Out of chaos and ruin the bondholders under Morgan's leadership seized their properties. The railroad wreckers were banished.

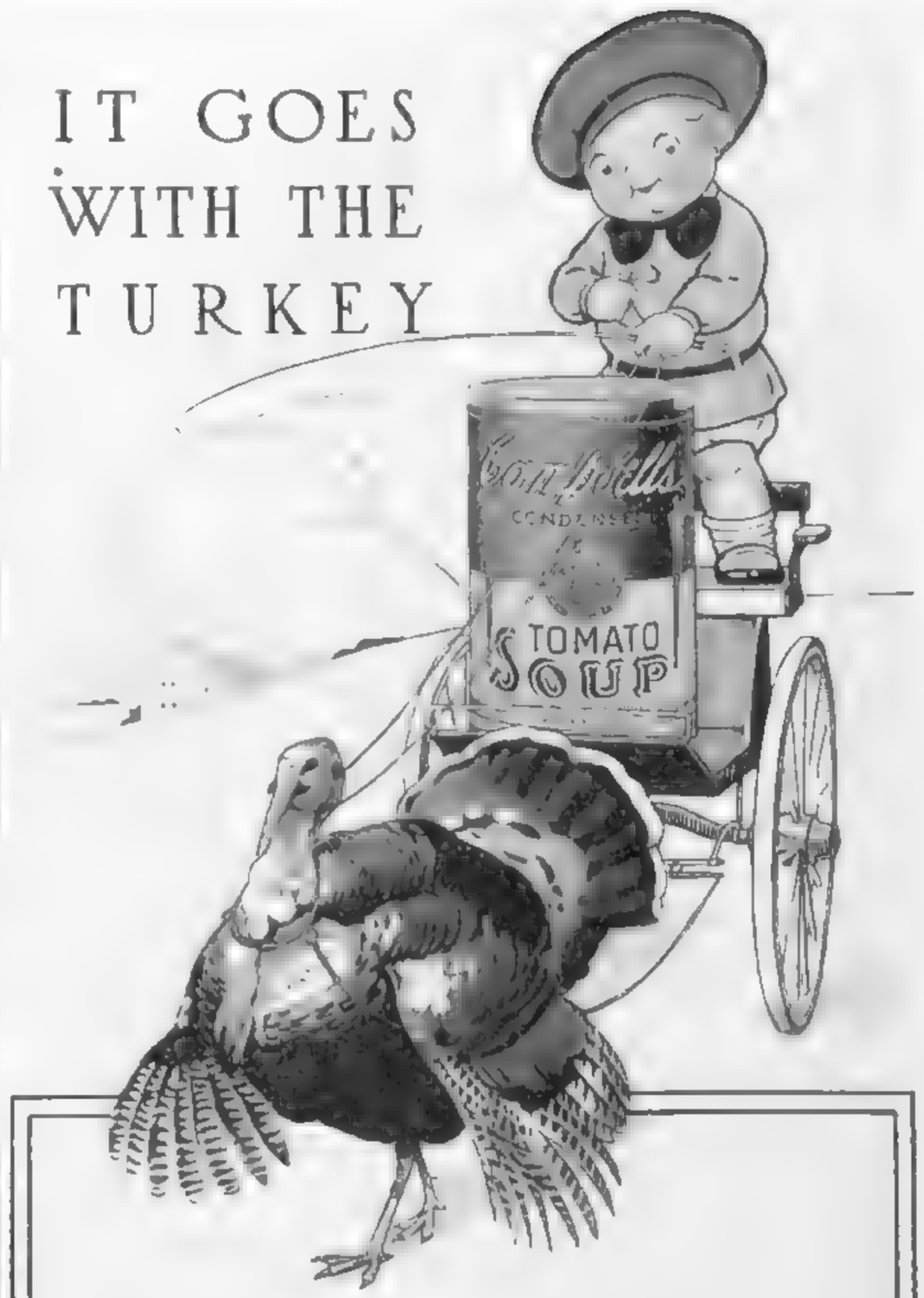
"Your railroads!" exclaimed Morgan at a meeting of railroad presidents. "These railroads belong to my clients."

The mere strain of the vast work of reorganizing the railroads killed three of Morgan's partners. At the same time free silver was defeated, vast new combinations, or trusts, were conceived, and following many lean years the country suddenly began to turn out crops so bounteous that Europe was forced into our debt to pay for its purchases of them.

Beginning about 1895–97 the country entered upon a period of such phenomenal and abounding prosperity as had never been conceived of before and may never be equaled again.

These were the years when feudal finance came into being in America, when our financial oligarchy took its start. But likewise they were years in which the country grew so rich that it could buy back its own evidences of debt and the ownership of its industries. In the ten years from 1896

IT GOES WITH THE TURKEY



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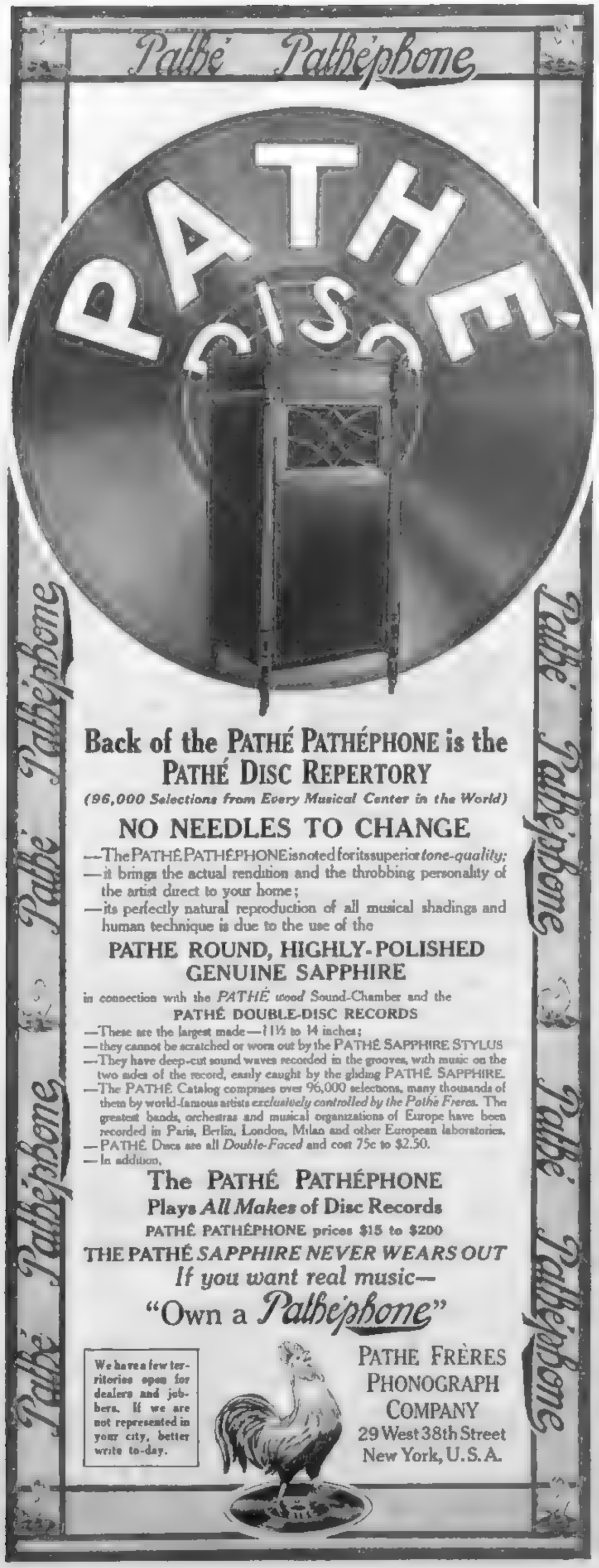
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to 1906 in nine railroads alone this country bought back $250,000,000 of stock. Europe's markets were drained dry. It is probable that from 1899 to 1901 $1,000,000,000 of American securities were returned to the country of origin.

Back in the eighties and early nineties the first question which a broker in New York asked when he reached his office was "How is London?" Owing to the difference in time between New York and London, brokers in New York can always know how the London market has behaved before the New York Stock Exchange opens for business. It is said that twenty-five years ago important brokerage firms in New York would instruct a trusted representative to stay up practically all night to follow every move in the London market. To-day New York no longer bothers to take its cue from London. That has all been changed these many years.

Even the French, whose reluctant and hard-won financial interest in this country was the most tardy if notable triumph of American banking enterprise, have let go of the safest and strongest of their investments here since the war. Until 1910 the French had hardly placed a dollar in this country in permanent investment, broadly speaking. In 1902 France had $5,790,000,000 in foreign investments, of which $712,000,000 were in Africa, as compared with only $204,000,000 in all of the North American Continent.

The French are peculiar investors. Their confidence in bankers is almost unlimited. The Frenchman is in reality a depositor. He simply deposits his money. The banker does the rest. Now these bankers, although shrewd, careful and for the most part conservative, have usually seen to it that the vast savings of the peasants and shopkeepers were diverted into channels that paid well—to the diverters. Russian officials and Asiatic, Algerian and South American promoters are notoriously liberal in the matter of big commissions. The floater of obviously wildcat American securities could never get a hearing with the French bankers because with them safety was a fundamental principle, while American corporations with high-class securities could not afford as a rule to pay the Frenchman's price, because he could do so much better in London, Amsterdam and even Berlin.

Bonds for French Peasants

The French system was natural enough when it is considered that most of the investment funds of that country come from people ignorant of foreign lands, but so thrifty that in the aggregate their savings are enormous. Thus the French banker has reigned supreme. Several of these banks have upward of a thousand branches. When the $100 bonds of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad were being sold in France, a single branch office of one bank took in $300,000 in one week, mostly from clients who took only two, three or four bonds.

"What kind of securities do you put your people into?" asked an American of a French banker. By way of reply the banker pointed to the ordinary pigeonholes of his desk where the actual certificates were kept. This complete trust in his banker, together with the fact that the financial press in France is closely allied with the great banking syndicates, makes any independent investigation on the part of the individual peasant out of the question. So the French have bought some exceedingly good American bonds and some very, very bad ones, all on the advice of their bankers.

Almost always they purchased bonds, although in the years from 1908 to 1911 large blocks of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, Utah Copper, United States Rubber, Virginia-Carolina Chemical and American Telephone went to Paris. In whole or in part these stocks have recently been sold back to us. But usually the Frenchman wants a fixed-interest-bearing security, something to "sleep upon." Only painfully and slowly is he learning how much better a first-class stock is than a second or third rate speculative or overcapitalized bond, such as he has at times been "soaked" with.

But the French also purchased high-grade bonds of the Pennsylvania, New Haven and St. Paul railroads—several hundred million dollars' worth altogether—and these bonds were printed payable in French money, which was considered a great feat from the American point of view because they would "stay sold." The humble peasant naturally would not think of having them changed back into dollars, which would be the only way they could be sold back to this country. For several months after the war this method of issuing bonds of an American corporation in French money proved a protection to the American market, but was looked upon with dismay by the French authorities, who wanted their people to dispose of foreign securities and invest in war loans. Indeed hints of far-seeing German machinations were rife, because the New York bankers who had originally placed these bonds in France were of German extraction.

"They saw to it," insisted a Frenchman whom I asked about this rumor because of his well-known financial connections, "that France could get no help from this country, although America in her hour of need turned to France, and not in vain."

But the French bankers were equal to the occasion. How they did it I do not know, but the Rothschilds managed to gather in several hundred million francs' worth of Pennsylvania Railroad and other bonds, had them exchanged for dollar bonds and shipped them to bankers on this side.

American Securities in Holland

Although most of the selling of American stocks by Germans has come through Amsterdam, the Dutch themselves have hung with their usual doggedness to their American investments. Of course Holland is not directly in the war, but its persistency in keeping these foreign securities is consistent with its attitude toward this country from the first discovery of Manhattan Island. The Dutch made their first investment in America when in 1626 they bought that island for twenty-four dollars. The first American loan floated in Holland was that negotiated for war purposes by Benjamin Franklin. Since then the Dutch have played a greater part, relative to their population and resources, in developing this country than has any other foreign nation. Some years ago it was figured that for every man, woman and child in Holland there was invested in American securities at least a hundred dollars.

The Hollanders have made big profits out of our corporations and they have suffered big losses. When others will not even bestow a kick upon a bankrupt company's stock, when the quotation has sometimes to be expressed in cents, the Hollander will take compassion on it and absorb large quantities for a few hundred guilders. The reorganization of Union Pacific sent several million dollars to Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague. So did the last readjustment of Atchison's financial affairs. When the great Steel Trust was in the throes of depression and its common shares were going begging below $10, the courageous Hollander stowed substantial blocks into his strong box and bided his time. In the same way Union Pacific was popular at $20 a share, but was liberally parted with before the $200 mark became very fashionable.

In the late sixties and early seventies transcontinental routes were vigorously pushed across the plains and mountains to the Californian gold fields. Here again the Dutch investor was not appealed to in vain. He had had his full share of the ups and downs of these transcontinental systems, but this must be said to his credit—he did not flinch whenever reorganization became necessary, but paid his assessment without protest. No people, not excepting our own, has had at all times so unwavering, so whole-hearted faith in the ultimate destiny of this country as the stoical Dutch. It is this sublime belief in America and Americans that prompts the Hollander to buy in Wall Street. But, on the other hand, the Hollander does not shut his eyes to our weakness for flying to extremes. Hence when everything is booming in and out of Wall Street he quietly sells out at enviable profits.

On June 30, 1914, the Dutch owned nearly 357,000 shares of United States Steel, or almost as much as the English. How much they have sold of this stock up to date there is no way of knowing, because the last available figures regarding European selling of United States Steel are not later than March 31, 1915. Apparently up to that time foreigners had disposed of only 155,540 shares out of a total investment of some million and a half shares.

The greatest fiasco which the efforts of American bankers have ever made was the failure to list United States Steel stock on

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Include Handy Boxes (convenient for office and home), Sealing Wax Sets, Jewelry Cabinets and Cleaning Outfits, boxes of Handy Adhesives, Home and Travel Tags, Game Counters, Paper Flower Material, Passe-partout Binding and Mats, Children's Transparency and Doll Outfits, etc.

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the Paris Bourse in 1909. At the height of one of the greatest speculative booms this country ever witnessed, the Paris branch of J. P. Morgan & Co. undertook to place an enormous quantity of Steel shares on the Bourse. Wall Street expected this attempt, if successful, to prove the greatest bull "card" in history. Just why the attempt failed has never been clearly revealed, but it is said the French authorities were so incensed by their failure to secure favorable concessions in the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act, which was then being drawn up, that they blocked the almost superhuman efforts of American bankers and promoters to make United States Steel the favorite French investment. According to the French version their country had never maintained a lobby at Washington, but depended upon ancient friendship, fairness, justice and reciprocal liberality for favorable treatment. The tariff as finally enacted was so filled with jokers in favor of German goods that the French Treasury authorities put their final stamp of disapproval upon a gigantic effort to draw the inexhaustible French savings into the greatest corporation which we have ever produced.

It has always been supremely difficult and tedious to secure the listing of American stocks upon the Paris Bourse. But the Stock Exchange of Amsterdam has welcomed American stocks like native sons. At one time Holland owned at least half a million shares of Steel common, and has had large interests in the Atchison, Erie, Southern Railway, Amalgamated Copper, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, and Rock Island. This last has been a graveyard for Dutch capital. About two years ago nearly $60,000,000 of stock of the now practically defunct Rock Island Company, or forty-two per cent of the total, was owned abroad, and it is safe to say that most of this stock was held by the Dutch.

This appears to be one of the cases where the canny Hollander has been bunkoed by shrewd American promoters, but appearances are sometimes deceitful, and the Hollander has so often come out on top by simply holding tight and putting up more money when it was needed, that it will not do to be too certain of the outcome even in this instance.

Keeping German Money at Home

As for Germany, that country has been getting rid of American investments as rapidly as possible. In certain respects Germany has been in the past unusually sympathetic toward American bonds, but in recent years the effort of the Empire has been toward developing its own resources by inducing its citizens to keep their money at home. The only European nation which purchased bonds of the United States to any extent during the Civil War was Germany, and more especially the South Germans. Jay Cooke, financier of the Civil War, estimated that at one time a billion dollars of our Government debt was owned abroad and most of it in Germany. But in the last decade or two German imperialism has discouraged the placing of funds in this country. The German Government has watched with the most jealous care the investment of its citizens' spare savings. The most rabid and bitter attacks have been made in the Reichstag upon several of our standard railroad stocks. No doubt much of Germany's self-sufficiency and ability to produce all that it needs in the present war is due to its desperate efforts to limit the horizon of its financial operations to Germany itself. Yet when the war began about $18,000,000 of Baltimore & Ohio stock was held by the Deutsche Bank in trust for twelve thousand German citizens.

Previous to the war the Germans were big owners in the Canadian Pacific Railway, but they threw that stock overboard as rapidly as possible, perhaps because of dislike for England and its colonies, but more likely for the practical reason that in war time dividends are not paid to stockholders in an enemy's country. Three days after the war began Germans owned only a little more than five per cent of Canadian Pacific stock, although a few years previously their interest had been as large as forty per cent.

The English own all classes of American stocks and bonds. Curiously enough the supposedly stolid Englishman is far more adventurous than the proverbially impulsive Frenchman. More than any other nation the English have taken chances in American ventures. Unlike the French

SOMETHING more than a random choice is needed to find the right overcoat qualities in the right proportion, at the right price—all in one garment.

Too often those which have the style, lack the serviceability—or those which are made of the right fabrics, lack the right workmanship.

But when you find an overcoat evenly balanced in all these respects, you aren't likely to forget the name on the label—a label, by the way, usually to be found in those stores where the great volume of clothing business is being done.

Kirschbaum Clothes

$15, $20, $25 and up to $40

"Look for the fixed price and Guarantee Ticket on the Sleeve"

PHILADELPHIA—A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO.—NEW YORK

Bred in the Bone

Let's see what's back of your boy's urgent demand for a Daisy Air Rifle.

Start with his father, who still likes to bang away with the double-barreled shot gun *his* father taught him to shoot. Go back to your boy's granddad; *he* carried a Springfield in the Civil War, and your boy has heard the camp-fire stories from his own lips. Then trace through your boy's great-grandfather with his long smooth-bore, to *his* father (your boy's great-great-granddad) back in Revolutionary times. You see, that boy of yours comes by his gun-craving just as naturally, by heredity, as he does by the expression of his face and the color of his hair and eyes.

"Dad—I just must have a Daisy!"

The boy's in earnest. It's instinct. To say no is to tamper with nature. Don't deny him his birthright—keen eyes, quick hands, cool judgment and steady nerves—the certain results of Daisy training. You didn't name him Mary Ann. Let him be a *real boy*.

The New Rapid-Fire Daisy Pump Gun

Our newest, greatest air rifle, has the genuine pump action of a high-grade sporting rifle; 50-shot repeater; length, 38 inches; adjustable sights; turned walnut stock; price $3.00.

Other models, 50c to $2.50.

At your dealer's, or direct from factory postpaid on receipt of price. Send for descriptive circular.

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LOUIS WILLIAMS & CO.
Nashville, Tenn.

"The Happy Daisy Boy"

The New RAPID-FIRE DAISY Pump Gun

they are swept by financial fevers and from time to time are subject to hilarious manias for speculation in worthless rubber and oil stocks. The English do not invest so much through banking syndicates as either the French or the Dutch. Though the English have lost great sums in this country, the average English investor does a lot of inquiring on his own account.

Perhaps that is because most of the wealth of Great Britain is in the hands of the aristocratic and educated classes, and is not the property of the peasant classes, as in France. Then, too, the English are great travelers, and younger sons have observed opportunities in this country first-hand ever since colonial times.

They have been great buyers of Northern Pacific and Great Northern, in which James J. Hill interested a group of Canadians who later became distinguished members of the British aristocracy. Along with Lord Strathcona, Lord Mount Stephen and their fellow nobles in the Hill properties were the late King Edward and other members of the royal family. Last year, at about the time the war began, some of the important foreign investments in American railway properties were as follows:

Southern Railway	$62,852,400, or 34.9%
Kansas City Southern	22,205,500, or 43.7
Pennsylvania	74,100,442, or 14.8
Great Northern	38,127,500, or 26.5%
New York Central	21,212,900, or 10.6%
Atchison	58,910,000, or 19 %
St. Paul	17,185,400, or 7.3%
Northern Pacific	32,213,500, or 13 %

Probably $1,000,000,000 of foreign-owned American securities have been returned since the war. The astounding feature of this vast, steady movement has been the ability of our market to absorb it. But the wonder becomes less when you stop to think that the large profits made on the sale of food products and manufactured goods to Europe far exceed by hundreds of millions of dollars any previous record. We have exchanged our products at war-time prices for our own securities at relatively low prices, a most profitable business transaction.

Anyway, it would take less than three cents a day of the income of each man, woman and child in this country to take care of a billion dollars in one year.

Sir George Paish's Estimates

In 1911 Sir George Paish, then editor of the London Statist and now financial adviser to the British Treasury, made a detailed estimate of European investments in America, placing the total at $6,000,000,000.

Although often scoffed at as being too large, this figure was not far out of the way, for between October, 1914, and April, 1915, even after great quantities had been dumped overboard, it was found that $2,576,401,000 of American railroad securities alone were owned abroad.

These were official figures, free from any guesswork.

At about the same time two hundred and eighteen industrial and miscellaneous companies reported to a financial newspaper the foreign ownership of $295,322,760 of their stock, or a total of known foreign holdings, even after a tremendous amount had been sold, of $2,871,723,760.

But this figure takes into account none of the stocks of small local manufacturing, mining, farming and miscellaneous companies, or the bonds of any concern whatever except railroads. It includes none of the state and municipal bonds owned abroad or any land and mortgages upon real estate. The English, including even members of the royal family, have long been owners of valuable real estate, or mortgages upon it, in New York.

A mortgage on one of the largest office buildings on Park Row was long owned by the Rothschilds.

There are many English and Scotch corporations whose sole business is the issue of their own shares or debentures against American farm mortgages.

End All Foot Troubles Now!

ABANDON your old-fashioned, narrow pointed shoes, whose pinching pressure is the *sole cause* of bent bones, corns, bunions, ingrown nails, calluses, flat-foot, etc.

Adopt Educators. And Nature will relieve or free your feet of all those foot-ills. Educators on your children will absolutely insure their *never having* foot-ills.

Yes—get the whole family into good-looking, wear-resisting Educators *today*. $1.35 to $5.50.

But be sure EDUCATOR is branded on the sole. Without it you have not the genuine, *orthopaedically correct* Educator shape, that "lets the feet grow as they should." Made only by Rice & Hutchins.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is a book that will more than interest you. Advice by orthopaedic experts on How to Walk; How to Have Healthy, Straight-boned Feet, etc. It is free. Write for it today, mentioning your shoe dealer's name and saying whether he sells Educators.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family
14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Makers also of the Famous All American and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

Attraction

A thoughtful buyer may be attracted to a suit of clothes by any one of many things—material, fit, style, pattern, workmanship, or price.

But we find it takes more than any one of these to *hold him*—if he buys the suit it is because he finds in it a satisfactory answer to *all* his needs.

The more we search the clothing markets the more firmly are we convinced that the makers of Clothcraft Clothes for men and young men have made possible real clothes satisfaction.

Clothcraft quality is the logical result of sixty-nine years of striving for an ideal through scientific methods, and we gladly add our guaranty to that of the makers.

You owe it to yourself to see the many Clothcraft suits and overcoats at $10 to $25. Drop into the store and try on the Clothcraft Blue Serge Specials "4130" at $18.50, and "5130" at $15.00.

The Clothcraft Store

(IN YOUR TOWN)

CLOTHCRAFT ALL WOOL CLOTHES

$10 to $25 Ready to Wear

Made by The Joseph & Feiss Company, Cleveland

TURNING WAGES INTO SALARY

(Concluded from Page 13)

who told me he had formerly been a traveling man for a wholesale grocery house.

"I was making about sixty dollars a week," he said; "but the life of the road palled on me. I was away from home from Monday morning until late Saturday night, and often didn't get home on Sunday at all. I scarcely knew my children.

"For a long time I worried over the proposition of getting off the road, but for two or three years I never thought of retail salesmanship as a possibility. It never occurred to me that a clerk in a retail store could make a decent living. Then one day I got acquainted with my present employer by accident and he told me things that woke me up.

"I quit the road and went to work for him. For a year or so it was rather slow business and I didn't earn anywhere near as much as I had been making; but after I got to know the goods and acquired the swing of it I found I could earn sixty dollars a week much easier than I ever earned it on the road. Perhaps I am an exception, but I believe there are big opportunities in retail selling if a man only makes the right connection."

In drug stores salary conditions are not especially encouraging. One large chain of drug stores pays its registered clerks from twenty to thirty-five dollars a week and, in addition, gives them bonuses on special sales. It is possible at times to earn forty dollars a week or more. In these stores the salaries are not based on individual sales. Formerly this company paid its clerks a minimum salary of thirteen dollars a week and a commission of three per cent on top of that. This was discontinued because, as an official of the house explains, the clerks were tempted to sell customers goods they did not need.

Conditions in the Drug Stores

The special bonuses now allowed by this chain of drug stores apply chiefly to articles of a miscellaneous character not pertaining strictly to drugs. Toilet goods, brushes and novelties of many kinds come under this category. On special sales a clerk gets five cents, more or less, on every such article he sells. The various stores compete with each other for the best record, which does not necessarily mean the largest sales. Stores that have the best locations naturally find it easy to sell great quantities of goods. The stores that win these competitions are the ones whose special sales bear the biggest ratio to the total sales of the store.

As a rule, clerking in a drug store has not been reduced to methods that give the clerks a chance to develop as they can in some other lines. A long period of professional training is required and after that the remuneration is small; yet there seems to be no reason why the modern drug store should not adopt modern methods of paying clerks, because the up-to-date drug store of to-day is really a sort of department store. In the chain of drug stores I have just cited the sales of prescriptions and surgical goods now constitute only eighteen per cent of the total business. In former days drugs and allied goods were the main things. The present-day drug store, however, is a difficult thing to handle because of the multiplicity of goods, each line of which requires skillful buying.

Then the selling of these different goods over the counter calls for clerks with some knowledge of about a thousand things, and clerks who really post themselves about the goods they sell are not plentiful.

Most of the high retail salaries I have cited are in the larger cities, true enough; but there the living expense is high too. Relatively high salaries may be had in the smaller communities if retail clerks sell the goods first and go out after wages second.

No matter where he is, however, the retail clerk who strikes out for high wages must know what he is about. He must know the possibilities and be able to sell himself to the storekeeper.

"How I Won 100 to Puffed Rice"

Some months ago we asked users of Puffed Rice to tell us how best to win others. One woman answers this way:

> "Invite in the children to Sunday suppers, and serve them Puffed Grains in milk. I did that this summer in my country home, and it won them all. I think I created 100 new users."

That is a sure way. One breakfast of Puffed Rice with cream will win all the children who taste it. Or one supper of Puffed Wheat in milk.

Have One Puffed Grain Day

So we now urge this, for the sake of all concerned: Get one package of one Puffed Grain. Serve it as a breakfast cereal or mixed with the morning fruit. Salt some grains or douse with melted butter for the children after school. And at night serve in bowls of milk.

Let your folks see these toasted whole-grain bubbles. Let them feel their fragile crispness. Let them taste their flavor—much like toasted nuts. You will find that you've established forever in your home a new kind of food and confection. And these tit-bits will reign at a thousand meals, to everyone's delight.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS

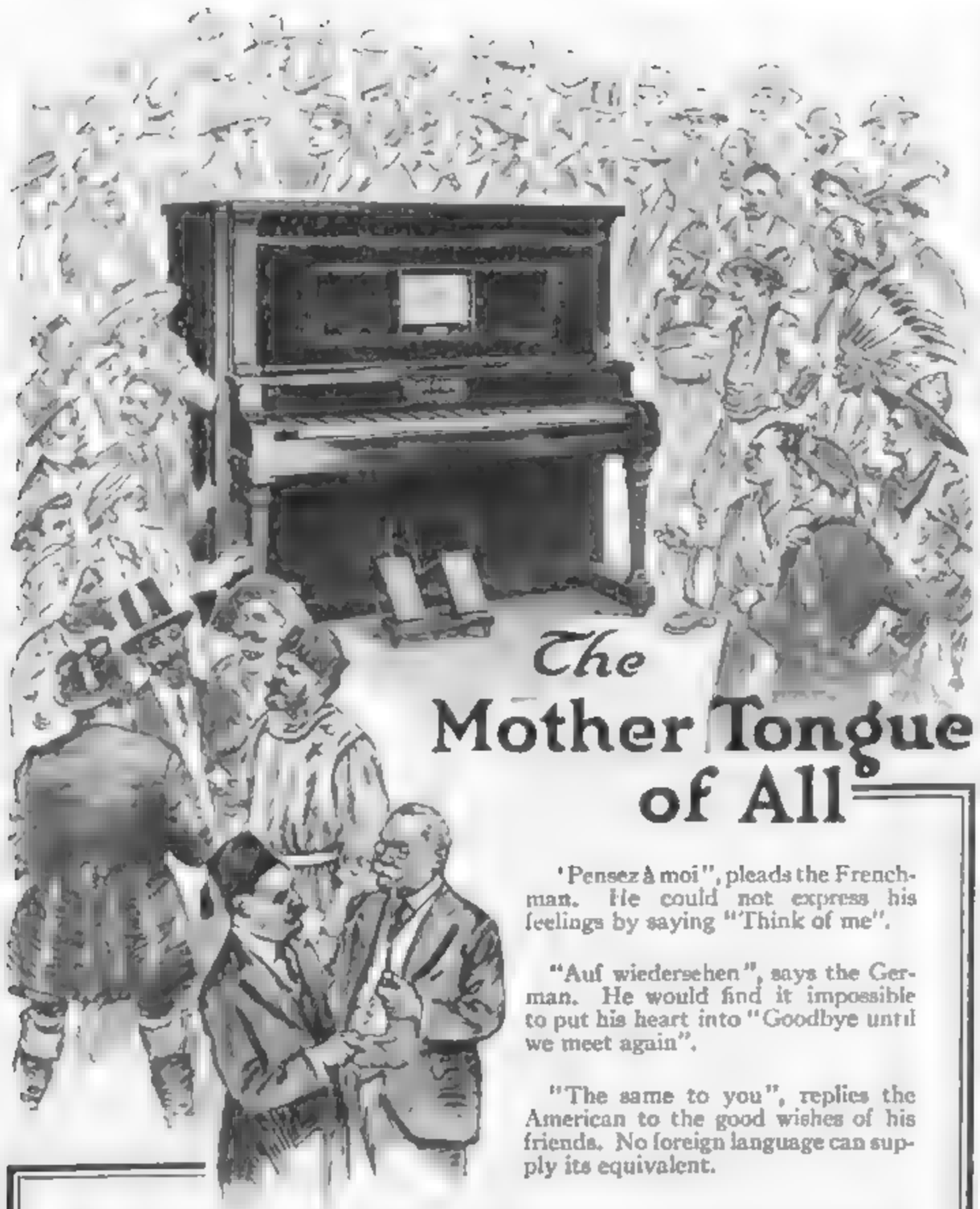
Bear in mind that Puffed Grains, though, are not mere cereal bonbons. They were invented by a great food expert—Prof. A. P. Anderson. And they have solved a problem never solved before.

Every food cell is blasted by steam explosion. So every atom of the whole grain feeds. Every element is made completely available. Ordinary cooking can't do that. It breaks up but part of the granules.

Every mother may well be glad if her children learn to revel in Puffed Grains.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



The Mother Tongue of All

"Pensez à moi", pleads the Frenchman. He could not express his feelings by saying "Think of me".

"Auf wiedersehen", says the German. He would find it impossible to put his heart into "Goodbye until we meet again".

"The same to you", replies the American to the good wishes of his friends. No foreign language can supply its equivalent.

FEELING is best expressed in the mother tongue because then it is expressed *instinctively*. Otherwise, it is the head—not the heart—that speaks. To give the same feeling complete expression in music, the instrument must be as much a part of the individual as his native language. The

Baldwin Manualo

The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human

is the mother tongue of whoever plays it. Its music is the embodiment of the hope, fear, love, hate, pride, humility, tenderness, strength that course through the veins of the individual as he plays. It would express your musical feelings undiluted, unchanged. The reason, in brief, is this:

When you play the Manualo, the dictates of your heart do not have to be first translated by your head into the manipulation of a complicated mechanism. The Manualo is controlled directly from the one point where all your feeling is continually and *instinctively* expressed in all its primal strength—the pedals. Every accent, every variation in force, every change of style that the feeling dictates finds *instantaneous* musical realization. **The Manualo, from the moment you begin to play, is your natural means of musical expression, as English is your natural means of word expression.**

So responsive is the Manualo to every degree of feeling and every racial mood that it is in demand by the widely different people of fifteen different countries throughout the world.

"The A B C of the Manualo" explains and illustrates in detail why the Manualo is the mother tongue of all. Send for a copy today to the nearest address.

The Baldwin Piano Company

CHICAGO 323 S. Wabash Ave. ST. LOUIS 1111 Olive St. CINCINNATI DENVER 1636 California St. NEW YORK 665 Fifth Avenue
INDIANAPOLIS 18 N. Penn'a St. LOUISVILLE 425 S. Fourth Ave. SAN FRANCISCO 310 Sutter St.

A DISAPPEARING BRIDEGROOM

(Continued from Page 20)

my new car and learning to run it, and buying the doctor's place, and going with him on his rounds and meeting his patients, I certainly had a busy time of it.

"And now," I thought to myself one afternoon when I was satisfied that I could handle my car in any emergency, "I'm going to take Margaret out for a ride and ask her, plump!"

Having arrived at this momentous decision, I remember I started singing Old Doctor Pill, *fortissimo*, and blessed the day I had come to Marmion.

I was dusting the car preparatory to taking it round to the Simmonses' when Doctor Denman came trotting up to the garage.

"Just had a message from Westminster," he said. "Confinement. Do you think you could run your car over there?" I nodded, that being much the easiest way of talking to the old gentleman. "If you'll come to the office," he said, "I'll show you what I generally take on these long-distance calls."

I helped him pack his bag; and, while he went for his hat and coat, I called up the Simmonses on the telephone. Myra, the maid-of-all-work, answered the telephone—a worthy, hard-working female to whom Nature, playing the comedian for a moment, had given a falsetto voice and a beard.

"Hello!" she cried, and, from her voice of course, I recognized her at once.

"This is Doctor Reynolds," I told her. "I want to speak to Miss Simmons."

"Miss Simmons is lying down with a face ache," replied Myra. "Good-by!"

"No; wait! I'm going over to Westminster. Tell Mrs. Simmons not to wait supper for me."

"All right," said Myra. "Good-by!"

"No, no! Wait a moment! Listen: I want you to go up and give Miss Simmons a message. Ask her if she'll ride with me in my car to-night. I shall be back from Westminster by eight o'clock, sure. Ask her if she can be ready by eight."

"All right. Hold the wire. . . . Hello!" she cried after a short absence. "Yes; Miss Simmons says all right. She'll be ready by eight. Good-by!"

It was nearly a quarter past eight, though, before we returned to Marmion, having meantime increased the population of these United States by one young voter. We had had supper at Westminster; and so, as soon as I had dropped the doctor at his front walk, I ran the car round the block and stopped it in front of the Simmonses'.

"Now if she's only ready——" I thought, wondering whether I should get out or not. "Yes, by Jove! And here she comes."

There was a sharp tang in the air that night, promising a frost before morning, and I was glad to see that she was warmly dressed, with a scarf round her to keep the wind from her face.

"Face ache better?" I whispered as I helped tuck the robe round her.

"Yes," she nodded, and settled herself in her corner with every appearance of satisfaction.

I had a little trouble in starting, it being my first car. We finally got away, though, in rather good shape; but I soon found that, if I allowed my mind to wander to the question I was presently going to ask Margaret, we invariably headed for the nearest tree—except, indeed, on those occasions when a stone wall or a bridge was more convenient to hand. But at last we struck a country road with wide, deep ruts; and there, to my delight, I found the car was following the ruts with practically no demand on my attention.

"You were a dear, good girl to come," I said then.

With a sigh of content she snuggled closer; and—— Well, confound it! as soon as I tried to run the machine with one hand it lurched into the side of the road and ran into a harrow under a tree. I backed off without any apparent injury and soon found myself rolling along properly once more, the ruts again guiding the wheels in the way they should go.

"I've been awfully lonesome this afternoon—not seeing you," I started again. "Don't know what I'd do if—if ——" And making a straight go for it, as one sometimes has to do at an operation, I gulped and said: "How would you like to come and live with me—and be my wife—when Doctor Denman goes?"

"I wouldn't mind," she whispered; and she snuggled a little closer.

Of course I simply had to kiss her then; but before I could kiss her properly she had to lift the green chiffon veil she was wearing to guard against the face ache. And in the same dreadful moment I discovered that I had proposed to—and had been accepted by—Mrs. Simmons instead of Margaret!

A frightful report sounded just in front of the car.

"What is it?" almost squealed Mrs. Simmons. "Somebody shooting?"

"Let 'em shoot!" I inwardly groaned, and I never felt so gone in all my life.

"Look out!" she squealed again. "You're running into a tree!"

Using my last ounce of self-possession I pulled on the emergency brake, the car jumping badly before it stopped. And when I jumped out to see what the trouble was I found that one of the front tires had blown out—the result of its contact with that devilish harrow.

VII

"WHAT on earth was it?" gasped Mrs. Simmons, leaning out of the car, her hands cupped and raised, ready to clap to her ears again on the slightest provocation.

"Only a blowout," I told her.

And just as I was wondering what to say to her a strange glow filled the sky and sad, sweet voices raised themselves in tuneful song. By Jove! I want to tell you it gave me a start for a moment; but suddenly the mystery solved itself: the glow was caused by the headlights of another car which was coming up the opposite side of the hill, and the music was caused by three ladies and a tenor singing Over the River Faces I See.

At sight of us the music gradually ceased. The approaching car stopped, its headlights focused on us as though they were spotlights and we were two open-air players in a sylvan scene.

"The Reverend Mr. Rumford," whispered Mrs. Simmons, holding one hand in front of her eyes. "Ever met him?"

"No."

"To-night's prayer meeting and he's been over to Black Hill to get Mrs. Darling. She's his alto. Look out! Here they come. They'll probably stop. They're great chatterboxes—all of them."

The minister had started his car and it came rumbling forward on low gear until it reached the side of my machine; and there it stopped.

"Well, brother!" cried a cheery voice. "Anything we can do for you? I'm hurrying to prayer meeting; but if you'd like us to send anybody back ——"

"No, no; it's all right," I assured him. "Only a blowout—I've got a spare tire."

Meantime the three singing chatterboxes were chatting away at a great rate with Mrs. Simmons, and that gave me an idea.

"If you'll take Mrs. Simmons back home," I eagerly suggested, "I wish you would because I don't know how long I'll be at this tire."

"No; I'll stay with you," said Mrs. Simmons.

"But your face ache ——"

"It's better now."

"I may be here until midnight!" I urged in desperation.

Whereupon the tuneful chatterboxes suddenly turned very silent indeed, as though they wouldn't miss the next few words for all the wealth of Spain.

"Oh, I'm not frightened, dear!" said Mrs. Simmons to me.

At the word "dear" I am almost certain I heard three tongues click against the roofs of three mouths. Whereat Mrs. Simmons turned calmly to the choir and added:

"If a lady isn't safe with her fiancé, where is she safe—pray tell?"

And there, at one swift kick like that, I was over the edge! A moment before, when urging her to go and leave me alone, I had meant to whisper: "Don't say anything about what's just happened. I want to speak to you first." But whispers were too late now, and already the ladies of the choir were exchanging glances which seemed to indicate that they wouldn't be seeing any more faces over the river that night—there would be too much to talk about. I think perhaps Mrs. Simmons saw those glances, too, because almost immediately after announcing our engagement she turned to me again and said:

"On second thoughts, dear, perhaps I'd better go back with my friends. Margaret would be worried if I were late."

Nerves?

Are you a smoker—and nervous, irritable, easily annoyed? Then *you* ought to know about the Girard cigar.

Your nerves will welcome it as a boon and a blessing.

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

It is mellowed by age alone.
Made from genuine Havana tobacco; fragrant and full flavored.

The "Broker"
Actual Size, 10c

Girards never harm nor disagree with you; never disturb your temper nor your digestion. They simply please and satisfy. And you will notice the difference in your feelings right away.

Any Girard dealer will tell you that this is an unusual cigar; unusual value for your money. And he knows that our 45 years' reputation stands behind it.

We take back any part of the dealer's purchase.

We authorize him to do the same by you.

14 sizes. 10c straight, and up.

Our trial offer

Simply mail us
$1 for 10—10c Girards
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(If your dealer can't supply you.)

Smoke five of these Girard cigars, and if you are not satisfied return the remainder and we will refund all your money.

Get acquainted with the *Girard now.* Why wait another day?

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
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Established 1871

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Check the shape you prefer

"Broker" 5½ inch Perfecto
"Mariner" 5½ inch Panetela
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Light Medium Dark

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Address
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Yes; and before I could catch my breath I had received a quartet of congratulations, Mrs. Simmons was in the rear seat between the two sopranos, a chorus of Good-bys! rose over the roar of the minister's engine—and the next moment I was sitting on the step of my car, alone in the night, my head between my hands, thinking—thinking—thinking!

VIII

I SUPPOSE that when some of my friends in Marmion get as far as this they will say to themselves: "He ought to have done this! . . . He ought to have said so-and-so! . . . He ought to have got right up and asserted himself!" But, in the first place, you will remember that I had been brought up to consider it a great offense to place anyone in an embarrassing position, and never, never, never, under any circumstances, to contradict a lady. And, in the second place, I want you to understand that the whole thing was over just about as soon as it began. The moment I recognized Mrs. Simmons the tire blew out. Then I nearly bumped the tree. Then came the strange light and sounds which duly resolved themselves into the minister and his choir. Almost immediately Mrs. Simmons said we were engaged, and then "Good-by!"—and I was sitting on the step of my car, thinking, and despairing, and laughing—not without bitterness—at the joke Fate had played on me.

Of course the news would be all over Marmion as soon as the minister's car reached the village; and that would only take a few minutes. "They're probably talking about it now!" I groaned to myself; and when I thought of what Margaret would think of me I rose and kicked the tree in front of the car—kicked it hard and deliberately—kicked it until my toes tingled; but that was all the good it did me.

"And when that fool of a Moon hears it ——"

For the first time in my life I realized there was truth in the saying "He could have bitten wire nails in two!" I believe at that moment I could have bitten crowbars in two. At least I could have given them a try.

"I'll tell Mrs. Simmons it was all a mistake" was my next thought; but it didn't take me long to see that I should only have the telling for my pains. She had called me her fiancé—and I hadn't contradicted it. Everybody would know I had promised to marry her. For me to try to get out of it now would simply amount to throwing a slur on an estimable though somewhat commanding lady. I had proposed to her; she had accepted me.

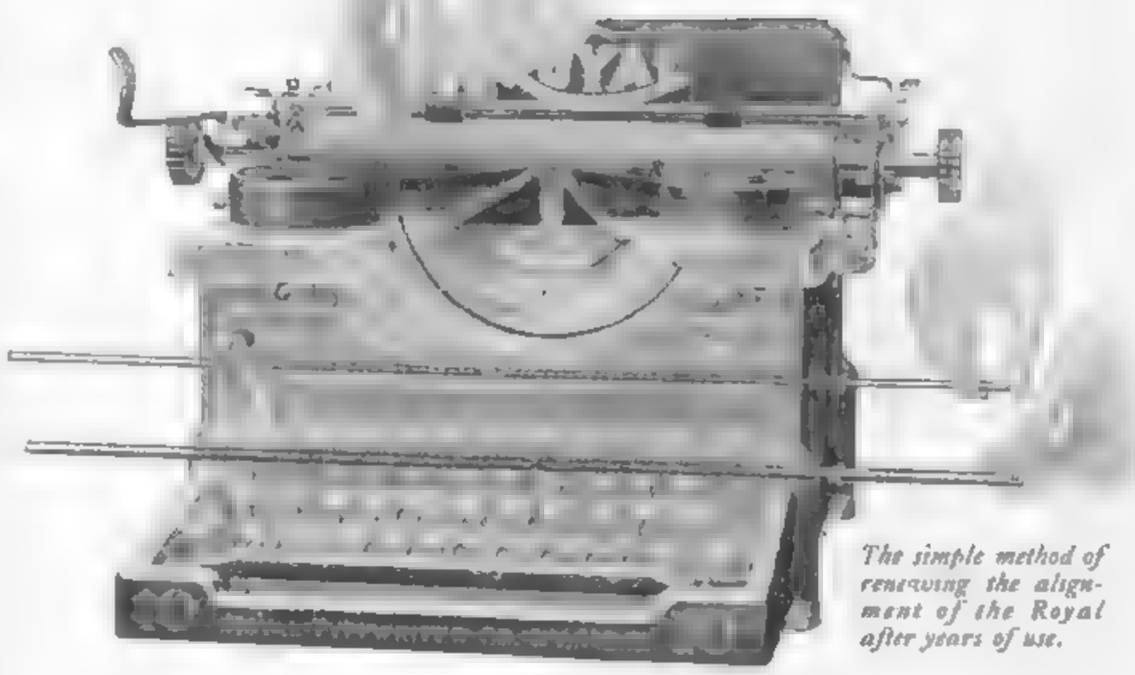
Of course it was all that idiot Myra's mistake, in mixing Miss and Mrs. after the old New England method. I had distinctly told her to give my message to Miss Simmons and she had given it to Mrs. Simmons and would swear, of course, that I had said "Mrs. Simmons." And, so far as Mrs. Simmons was concerned, I knew she would hold me to my bargain—and all the more if I tried to get away.

"She'd have me up for breach of promise!" I groaned; and some deep note in my inner consciousness responded: "You bet your life she would!" With a sinking heart I thought of her three lawsuits; her passion for sticking up for her rights; her frequent references to "My brother-in-law, Judge Biddles, you know." Yes; and if she sued me for breach of promise she'd have a case, too, and a carful of witnesses; whereas I would only have a cock-and-bull story which wouldn't fool anybody. "She'd take my house for damages," I groaned. "She'd take my car and everything else I've got! She'd leave me broke!"

For a desperate moment I thought of flight; but with the modern system of registering physicians a doctor is the very last man in the world who can hide himself. "She'd have me in no time," I thought; "and what defense would I have if I ran away?"

In growing despair I remembered one of the stock sayings of old Chappy Chester, Professor of Medical Ethics.

"Young gentlemen," he would earnestly say, "there are in this world three fools of the first magnitude: First, the idiot who rocks the boat; next, the zany who fingers the buzz saw; and lastly the doctor who gets into trouble with the opposite sex. Try it if you like, but remember my words: It will ruin you just as sure as two and two make four. Let scandal fall on your name but once, and no decent man and no respectable woman will ever have you in their home again."



The simple method of renewing the alignment of the Royal after years of use.

How the Royal ends these evils:

Faulty Alignment—
Excessive Repairs—
"Trading-Out"—

USERS of the Royal have constantly wondered how it could so continuously hold its alignment—how it could *always* turn out beautiful, clean, clear-cut straight lines of writing—

They have wondered why the Royal seldom requires repairs of any kind—

The phantom picture above tells the story. It shows how the Royal ends the greatest evil of typewriter service—*lost alignment.*

The moment an old-style typewriter develops faulty alignment it is on the road to a "trade-out." It is *wearing out.* Various makeshifts are adopted to temporarily correct this evil—such as bending the type levers, twisting the type face, etc., or replacing the individual bearings.

Look at the picture. You see there are *no* individual bearings in the Royal. *One* bearing replaces *many.* The semi-circular rod which you see pushing the old one out of place is the pivot bar bearing, which takes all the play of the type-bars. See the new one going into position, *renewing the alignment* after years of use.

The two straight rods are the front link and key lever bearings. See how simple and how quick is their replacement.

Naturally, this very feature is one of the reasons why the Royal also ends the two evils of the typewriter business—*excessive repairs* and "*trading-out.*"

And the mechanical excellence which does all this also enables your operators to do more work and better work with less effort on the Royal.

Get all the facts. Know the Royal. Let one of our representatives demonstrate the features shown in the picture above, as well as the other superiorities of the Royal. Let the Royal itself prove itself to you under your own working conditions. Telephone or write any branch or agency today.

Write for "Facts About the 'Trade-Out'"—a little book which does not mince words in telling the story of the typewriter. Every typewriter owner or user should have it. We want to place a copy in your hands. A postal will bring it to you free.

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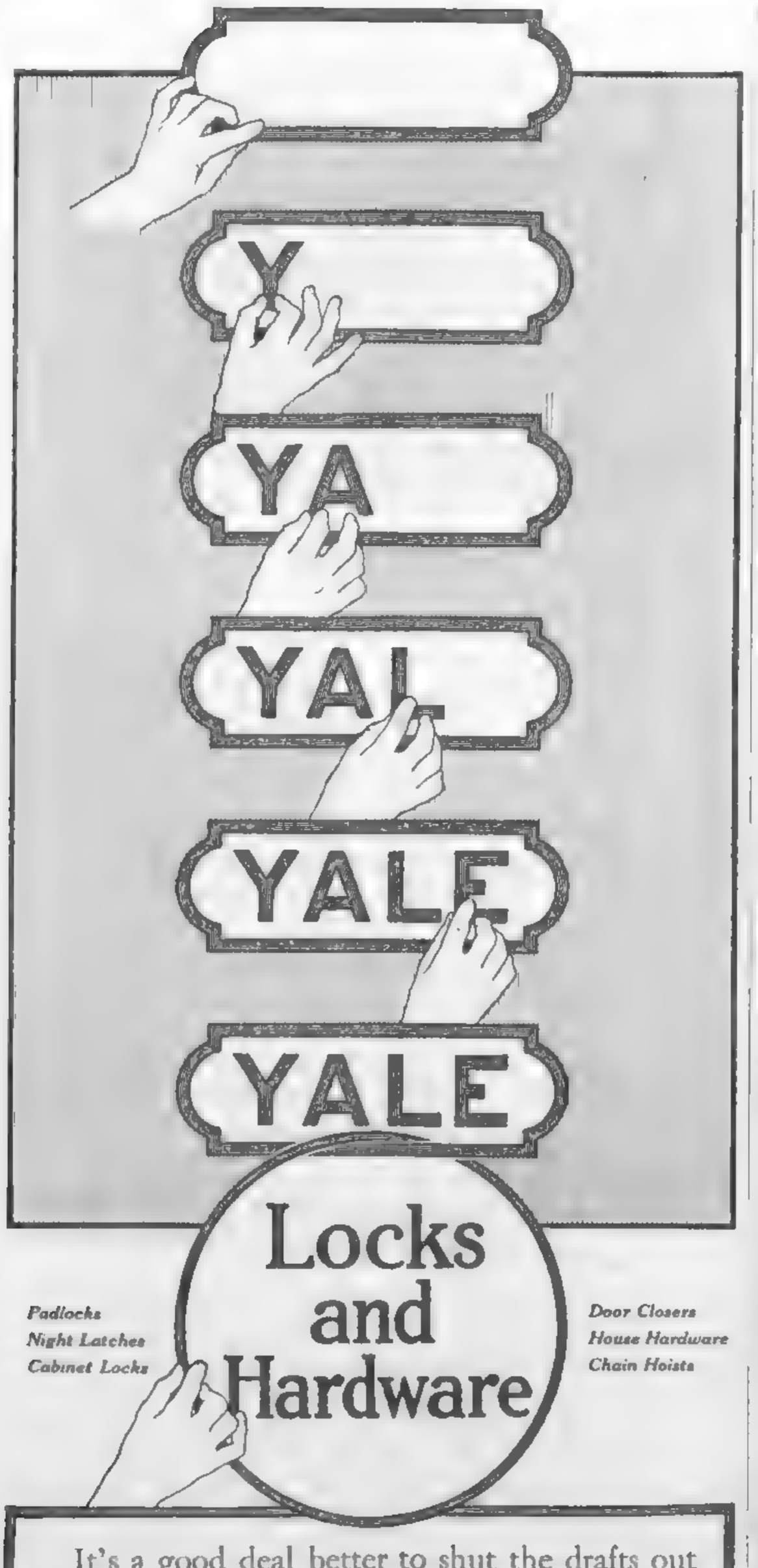
902 Royal Typewriter Building, 364 Broadway, New York City
Branches and Agencies the World Over

"Compare the Work"


YA
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Locks and Hardware
Padlocks
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Cabinet Locks
Door Closers
House Hardware
Chain Hoists
It's a good deal better to shut the drafts out than to let them in and heat them up.
Ask your hardware dealer to attach a Yale Door Closer, on trial. Although it is a compact little mechanism, it exercises almost human intelligence—closing your door silently and always.
THE YALE & TOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
9 EAST 40TH STREET NEW YORK CITY
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
ST. CATHARINES, ONT
Yale Door Closer
One of the Yale Products

And there was I, before I had fairly started out, with a possible breach-of-promise case hanging over me!

In and out of these reflections other strange thoughts began to appear. It wasn't as though Mrs. Simmons were really old. . . . It wasn't as though she couldn't run a house. . . . It wasn't as though she were not a good manager.

In this sad, significant frame of mind I changed tires; and, heaving many a heart-deep sigh, I returned to Marmion with much the same feelings, I imagine, that a prisoner would have when going to the courthouse to be sentenced for life.

IX

I DON'T know how best to describe my actions during the following week, though I suppose "passive acceptance" is the phrase that comes nearest. I might not have been so passive, perhaps, if Margaret hadn't been so merry; but she and Mr. Moon were like two children out of school.

"She wanted him all the time," I thought, "but couldn't have him until her mother found somebody else." And going to the phonograph I played *La donna è mobile* over and over again. "Yes, yes," I somberly thought. "Woman is fickle too—all except the one I've got; and she'll stick tight enough!"

Mrs. Simmons' lease was up on the first of October; and, exercising her prerogative, she set an early date.

"Besides," she said, "you'll need somebody to look after you in that big house; and we might as well be married next week as next year."

In the same spirited manner she took charge of the other details. Margaret was to be maid of honor; and, because I didn't somehow care to send for any of my old friends, Mrs. Simmons chose Mr. Moon for my best man.

Just why I didn't turn on Mr. Moon that week and kill him must always remain a mystery to me. I suppose it was because my spirit was broken; that, having accepted the main event as inevitable, I didn't see the use of boggling at details. But when I look back at it now and consider the conduct of Mr. Moon that week!

Every morning he greeted me with a fulsome smile and rubbed his hands together, just as Satan always does in the moving pictures.

"And how's the bridegroom this morning?" he would chuckle; and then he'd wag his head over his coffee until it's a wonder I didn't seize him by his ears and douse his nose in it. "Time's getting pretty short—eh?" he would continue. "Oh, well; we all come to it sooner or later."

And watch me? I was never watched so much in all my life. If I went over to Doctor Denman's in the evening he watched me through the window. If I went past the bank where he worked in the daytime I caught his glance through the grating. At the house he simply followed me round and made no bones about it; and the last night before my wedding, when I stayed out late and took my car sadly and slowly along the highways and byways in a sort of Bachelor's Farewell to His Freedom, do you know what Mr. Moon did? He sat up for me!

"Began to think you were never coming back!" he exclaimed with great relief. "By jingo, it's good to see you again!"

Perhaps Mrs. Simmons had been watching too. Upstairs—where she was putting the finishing touches on her wedding gown—I suddenly heard her voice raised in excited numbers; and a moment later Margaret's laughter floated down the stairs. Yes; Margaret was certainly in wonderful spirits that week, and I went to the phonograph for the last time and inserted my favorite record:

Woman is fickle—
False altogether;
Moves like a feather
Borne on the breezes.

I believed every word of it too—especially when I saw Margaret helping her mother with the decorations on the morning of my wedding day.

We were to be married at half past three, and the three singing chatterboxes had been engaged to favor us with Faithful and True and The Voice That Breathed. At twenty minutes past three, with the house full of company, I was in solitary confinement in the back kitchen, pale—I have no doubt—but still determined, and only waiting for the arrival of the minister to start on the final proceedings. Mr. Moon hovered round me, one dark-complexioned smirk, and Margaret was attending her mother upstairs.

At the proper moment I was to be led into the drawing-room and stationed under a large red-paper bell in front of the minister, while the choir sang Faithful and True. At the conclusion of that Mrs. Simmons was to come downstairs to the strains of The Voice That Breathed, and, meeting me under the large red-paper bell, we were to be made one.

"Five more minutes!" I groaned to myself, looking at the kitchen clock. And then: "Four more! . . . Three more! . . . Two more!" But here an unexpected diversion arose.

"I'll run upstairs," said Mr. Moon, "and see whether anything's been heard from the minister. Funny he isn't here yet!"

I suppose he made for the front stairs while Margaret came down the back. Anyhow he hadn't been gone ten seconds when Margaret came down for a pitcher of hot water. She gave one look at me and then bent over the kettle.

"You don't look very happy for a bridegroom," she said.

"Happy!" I scoffed.

"Well—aren't you?"

"Don't!" I pleaded.

At this she gave me a quick glance over her shoulder, and I could see she wasn't looking so frightfully happy either. She was dressed in her bridesmaid's clothes, all white satin and net and silk ribbons; and when she looked at me that way, over her shoulder, it didn't do me any good at all.

"You don't seem to be smiling much yourself," I managed to get out.

Margaret was very intent on pouring out the water.

"Oh, well," she said; "you see, it isn't my wedding."

"All the same, it might have been," I sighed.

"Might have been! How?" And I think she spilled some water.

And then? Simply this: My heart was so full that I told her all about it—how I had thought I was proposing to her, only to find it was Mrs. Simmons; how Mrs. Simmons had accepted me; how the minister's arrival and departure had clinched the engagement—and all the rest of it. Margaret's eyes rounded with wonder and when I finished she was trembling a little.

"Oh, if you had only told me before!" she breathed.

"But I thought you didn't care ——"

"Didn't care!" she gently scoffed. "Oh, no! No; of course not! I didn't care!"

For a moment I thought she was going to be hysterical; but when I placed my arm round her she recovered quickly enough.

"No, no!" she whispered. "You mustn't! Not now! It's too late!"

"Too late nothing!" I remember laughing; and when I kissed her I knew that nothing else mattered in the whole wide world.

Mrs. Simmons could sue for breach of promise—and be hanged! She could take my house, and take my car, and take my career—and take the earth, as well, if she wanted it! What did it weigh against Margaret? Nothing!

But, just as I was kissing her again, I heard the footsteps of Mr. Moon coming down the back stairs, and I knew the time had come for action.

"What are you going to do?" gasped Margaret as I dashed across the kitchen.

"I'm going to run for it!"

I suppose my determination was written all over me in the largest of letters, because when Mr. Moon entered the kitchen, at that moment, he uttered one cry of alarm and gave a jump for me. Throwing open the back door I eluded his grasp; but when I started down the garden Mr. Moon was in hot pursuit.

Over the beets and through the corn I ran, with the intention of rushing through the gateway, jumping into my car and speeding off somewhere—I didn't care where, so long as it was somewhere else. But as I ran, with Mr. Moon so close behind me, I knew he could nab me in my car and raise an alarm before I could get away. So, with a cunning I suppose was inherited from prehistoric sires, I dodged into Mrs. Simmons' grove of lima beans; and in that ambush I turned and crouched and waited for Mr. Moon to come after me.

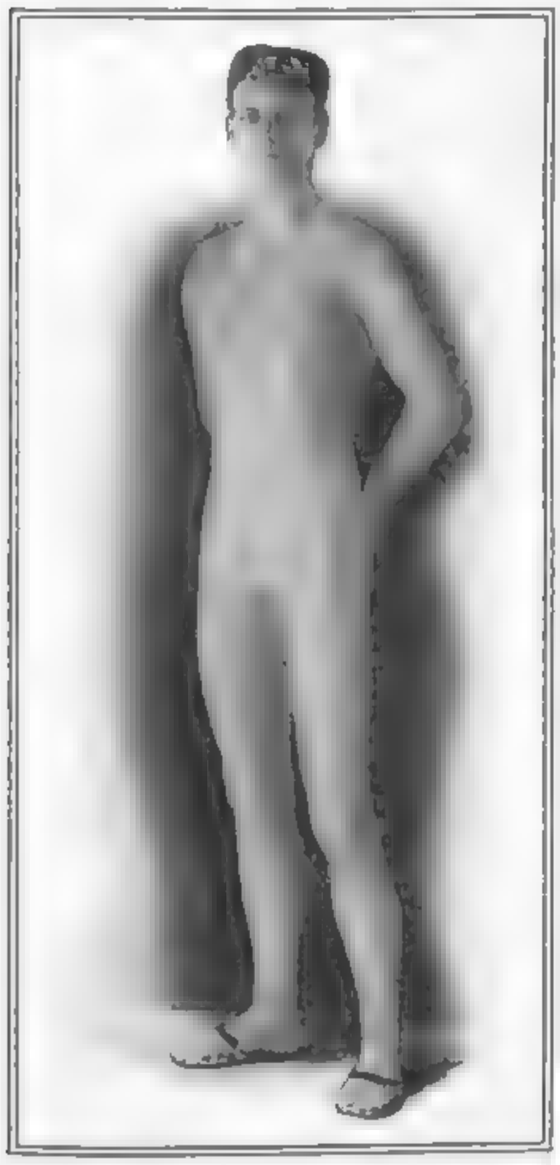
As a matter of fact, I had hardly set myself when he came rushing through the vines, and the next moment I had caught him squarely on the inferior maxillary—and almost simultaneously he was lying prostrate among the lima beans.

HOBUS

That is the newest word in the English language and it means

Hatch		**Habit**
One		**Of**
Button	*also*	**Buying**
Union		**Underwear**
Suit		**Satisfaction**

Are you buying underwear satisfaction this Fall or is **Hobus** new to you? If it is you owe it to yourself to learn what it means to button only one button instead of ten, to end forever the discomfort of missing buttons and torn button holes, to enjoy a perfect fitting union suit entirely free from binding, gaping or bagging.



The **Hatch One Button Union Suit** is made for men, women and children in grades to suit every purse and every temperature. An illustrated catalogue describing the complete line will be mailed free upon request to our mill at Albany.

Prices

Men's Suits—$1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50.
Boys' "—50 cents, $1.00, $1.25.
Ladies' "—$1.00, $1.50, $2.00.
Misses' "—Age 2, 75 cents plus 10 cents each even year to age 16.
Sleeping Garments—Ages 2, 3, 4 and 5, 50 cents. Ages 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10—75 cents.

This garment is featured at the best haberdashers' and department stores, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly send your chest measure, with remittance, to our mill at Albany and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 16, 1914

Fuld & Hatch Knitting Company
Manufacturers
Albany, New York

Barnes Knitting Corporation
303 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Sole Distributor

"You're good for a minute or two!" I thought; but when I started for the gate again I heard somebody else behind me, and for one awful moment I thought it was Mrs. Simmons.

You can imagine my relief when, half turning my head, I saw it was Margaret.

"What are you going to do?" she gasped again.

And again I replied:

"I'm going to run for it!"—adding: "I'll write to you!"

Together we reached my garage and together we opened the big swinging doors. Until that moment I didn't know what Margaret had in her mind, but I caught a glimpse of it then.

"Look here!" I whispered, hardly daring to hope it. "What—what are *you* going to do?"

"You think I'm going back to mother and Mr. Moon?" she cried, jumping into the seat. "No, sir! If you're going to run for it, I'm going to run for it too!"

And just as I was throwing in the gear, Doctor Denman's housekeeper came running down the back steps, out of his office—Doctor Denman was over at my wedding—and shouted:

"Oh, Doctor Reynolds, did they phone you about it too?"

"Phone me about what?" I shouted back, still inexorably rolling the car forward and showing that I was in no mood for conversation.

"About the minister! He was hurrying back from Jewett City to marry you, and his car ran into the brook at Abingdon Crossing—turned right over and broke his leg! I'm going for Doctor Denman now."

■

THERE isn't much more to tell. I went to the town clerk's office and made certain changes on my license; and Margaret and I were married that afternoon. We spent the night at Judge Biddles' house in North Pebesquam—the judge was Margaret's uncle long before he was Mrs. Simmons' brother-in-law—and then, for our honeymoon, we went to York Beach, where, exactly two months earlier, I had first seen that momentous advertisement in the Medical Journal which had sent me to Marmion—and Margaret.

From York Beach Margaret wrote Mrs. Simmons a long letter, and I rather think Judge Biddles went to see her. Anyhow, when Margaret and I returned to Marmion Mrs. Simmons had quietly married Mr. Moon. She tells everybody she nearly made a dreadful mistake and is very happy now; but Mr. Moon steadfastly refuses to speak to me—though I think he will get over it as time goes on.

And there, at last, you have the true story of one of the queerest courtships that ever took place; and now my friends in Marmion—and everybody else as well—may decide for themselves whether or not I did the right thing in running away from my bride-to-be and eloping with the bridesmaid—yes, by Jove!—and leaving my best man lying prostrate, senseless, among the lima beans.

First-Inning Bulletins

OVER the high board fence of the park where the champion team of the home town was playing a match game with the champion team of the next town, to decide the season's championship of Rural Free Delivery Route Number Two, floated cries of mingled hate and exultation. A traveling man, passing along the road that bordered the grounds, halted his team a moment to listen. A home-run hit sailed over the fence, and through a gap crawled a perspiring rightfielder to recover the ball.

"How's the game going?" inquired the traveler.

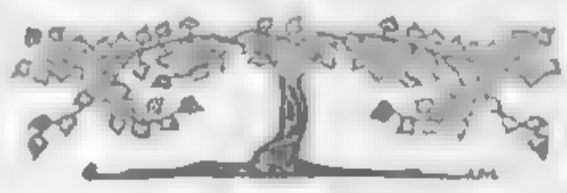
"Great game!" said the fielder, wiping his sweaty brow on his shirtsleeve. "Greatest game we ever had. Looks like we're goin' to win out, sure!"

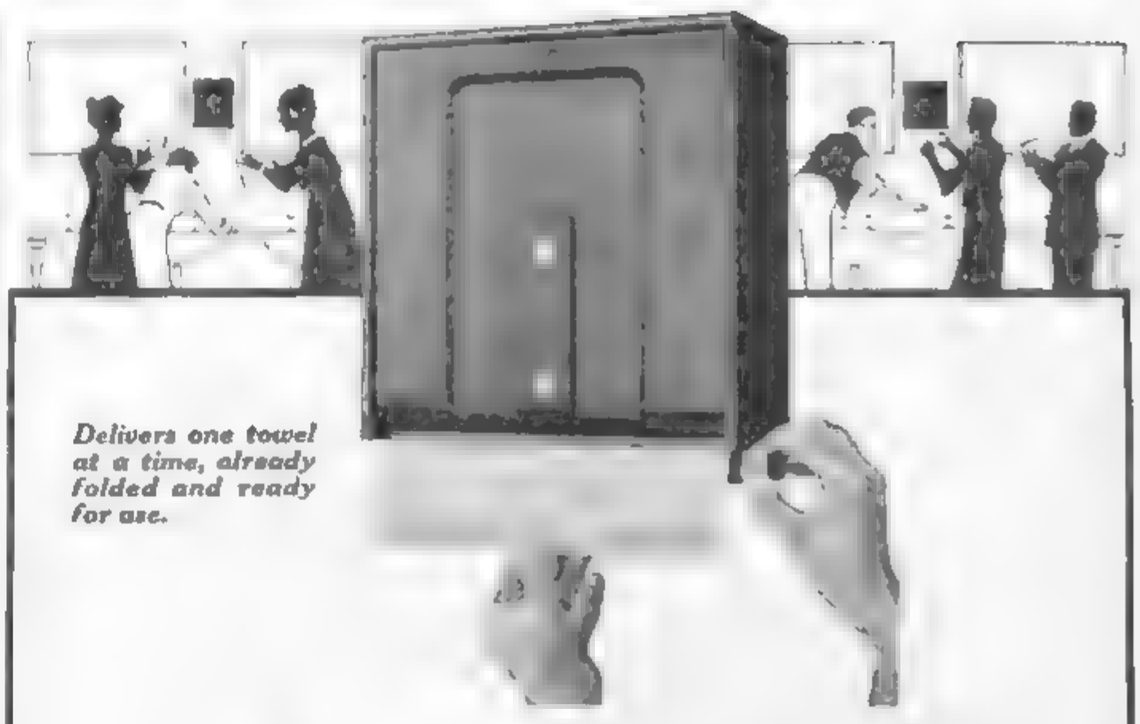
"What's the score?"

"Eleven to nothin' against us."

"Isn't that a pretty big handicap to overcome?"

"Handicap nothing! Our boys ain't been to bat yet."





Delivers one towel at a time, already folded and ready for use.

This is the Towel
This is the Fixture

EFFICIENCY—SERVICE—ECONOMY

The time for arguing the merits of the absorbent paper towel as against the fabric towel has passed. The American people have an ingrained liking for things sanitary—a dislike for any toilet necessity hung up for use by the crowd. Our big business leaders know that clean, individual toilet equipment pays through increased public patronage and efficiency of employees. All these, and many other, reasons have permanently established the absorbent paper towel in public places and modern business institutions.

But the paper-towel idea is still young. Users and purchasing agents are still seeking for certain standards that make for efficiency, service and economy in order to get the greatest benefits of this sanitary movement. "On what basis," they ask, "should paper towels be bought?" "Surely, their absorbent qualities," we reply. It is decidedly preferable to dry your hands with a soft, white absorbent towel (like ScotTissue) which absorbs the water scientifically (the hands being patted gently until thoroughly dry) and also leaves the skin nice and smooth and refreshed. So much for towel efficiency.

ScotTissue Towels

"Use like a Blotter"

Not one single argument can stand against the economy of ScotTissue. It is as easy as A B C to figure that you will use fewer *absorbent* ScotTissue towels than you will of a hard, brittle towel of poor absorbent qualities. This is elementary, to be sure. Then notice our new fixture, which delivers ScotTissue folded ready for use. Fine, soft paper in a three-ply absorbent fold.

Then take the fixture itself, adopted by many of the leading business institutions of the country—shrewd buyers—for its economic service. Delivers one towel at a time; automatic feed—press down the lever, out comes a folded towel—just as you want it—no waste. This is service one hundred per cent.

This is the towel. This is the fixture. Here are embodied the standards of efficiency, service and economy for the guidance of paper towel users and buyers, large or small.

WHICH BOOKLET INTERESTS YOU?

For the buyer for large institutions:
"Why You Should Install ScotTissue Towels"
Free on request.

For housewives:
"Uses of ScotTissue in the Home"
Also free on request.

Also comes in rolls in dust-proof carton for domestic use.

SCOTT PAPER CO.
723 Glenwood Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.
Originators of the Absorbent Paper Towel

Also makers of Absorbent ScotTissue and Sani Tissue Toilet Paper. The number of sheets is printed on each roll—the only sure quantity guarantee, for the size or weight of a roll may deceive. It's the Counted Sheets that Count. Of course, quality should always come first.

Cromwell Smoked— And Refused a Throne

When in conference with his advisers "he commonly called for tobacco and pipes," says a contemporary biography (about 1655).

It was VIRGINIA tobacco that Cromwell smoked—the favorite tobacco of Englishmen and of Americans—at that time as it is today.

We've advanced some since Cromwell's time—the Great Commoner would have to learn new ideas of war and peace, but it is remarkable that this Virginia tobacco has, intrinsically, *never been* surpassed.

But it has been bettered—cultivation, care and long curing have made it into DUKE'S Mixture.

Each of the forty, generous cigarettefuls in a sack of DUKE'S Mixture is the material for a cigarette of a fragrant satisfaction that ready-made cigarettes cannot give.

Try a sack of DUKE'S Mixture at no risk. If the first few smokes fail to satisfy absolutely, your dealer will refund the price.

Besides the regular packing, DUKE'S Mixture is also packed in attractive 8 oz. glass jars, convenient for den or office, which will be sent prepaid on receipt of 30c if your dealer cannot supply you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Duke's Mixture
granulated Tobacco
5¢

The "Roll" of Fame

Out-of-Doors

The Balance Sheet of Sport

IT IS known that large sums are raised in the United States for the protection of game, since practically every state exacts hunting or angling licenses or both. What do Americans receive for these large sums annually expended—supposedly at least—for game protection? Unhappily thus far we seem to have little but a gradual though unmistakable lessening of the supply of fish and game.

What, therefore, is the balance sheet of sport to-day, organized or unorganized, commercialized or individual?

Recently an organization devoted to the increase and conservation of game—the American Game Protective and Propagation Association, of New York—undertook to compile some statistics on these lines, acting on the writer's suggestion that American sportsmen ought to know what protection costs and what they get for their protective gate money. The association carried on an extensive correspondence with state officials and made a careful examination of all the latest reports of the state game departments. Wherever possible, statistics for the past year were obtained, though it was sometimes found impossible to segregate the sporting year as one does the business year. The figures given are the most accurate and comprehensive ever compiled on this subject. They show, more fully than any previous publication has ever done, the values pro and con in our administration of natural resources.

Covering the year 1913—the latest available in view of the conflicting dates of the several fiscal years—the association's report shows that two million three hundred and twenty-five thousand shooting licenses were issued by the several states. It is estimated that in the year 1915 this number will exceed two million five hundred thousand. It is concluded that a million men hunt who are exempt from license requirements. In addition to these legal exemptions it is likely that more than a million men evade the law and hunt illegally.

Taking figures and estimates combined, it seems fair to suppose that there are five million hunters in the United States. This is also about the estimate made by the Department of Agriculture.

What American Hunters Spend

Of shotgun ammunition alone more than a billion shells are sold in the United States each year. There are thirty-five million clay birds or targets shot at every year in America. There are five hundred thousand shotguns and rifles sold to sportsmen in America each year. There are forty-five hundred gun clubs in the United States. On the whole, the outdoor sportsmen of America who do not confine their enjoyment altogether to proxy sports or commercialized sports—the men who at least have smelt powder—make a very respectable nucleus of military possibility. Rather let us call it efficient business possibility.

The capitalization of American outdoor sports runs into very large figures. When we come to transportation, hotel bills, guides, and so on, as required by the sportsmen tourists who hunt or fish, we run into very many millions of dollars. It is fair enough, also, to call automobiling an amateur enjoyment—the automobile tax is supposed to go into good roads. Take the entirety of this tax all across the Union and the figures are tremendous. A single state may raise half a million dollars in automobile taxes alone, and do so without creating a ripple of interest.

The interstate or nonresident side of hunting and fishing is also a tremendous thing. Authorities of one New England state figure that the sportsman revenue—that is to say, sportsmen tourists' money spent in the state—amounts to over twelve million dollars a year. Another state takes in more than twenty-one million dollars a year—a figure almost incredible. It is certain that sport, the appeal of the out-of-doors, stirs up an enormous total in travel.

It is easy to be seen that much of this travel depends on the continuity of the attractions which develop the travel. As against the steady disappearance of our wild life, we are now just beginning to make attempts at the propagation of game birds

Most of these Prisoners will return to lives of crime

Thousands of desperate, irreclaimable criminals are turned loose on society every year. A venomous hatred is their guiding impulse. Their diseased bodies are unfitted for labor and their only recourse is to prey on defenseless victims.

Are you defenseless?

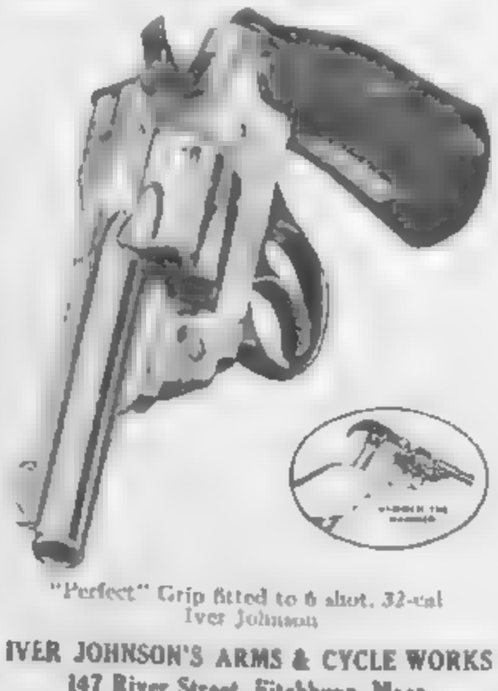
You say the law protects you. Does it protect you against a prowling beast at night, who is looting your valuables and endangering the lives of your wife and children? An

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic REVOLVER

should be in every home. It is dependable, accurate, quick—and absolutely safe. In unskilled or nervous hands it is not a menace to the user. It can only be fired with deliberate intent. You can "Hammer the Hammer."

$6 to $8 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers

Send for 84-page book which tells all about Iver Johnson Revolvers, Shotguns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.



"Perfect" Grip fitted to 6 shot, 32-cal Iver Johnson

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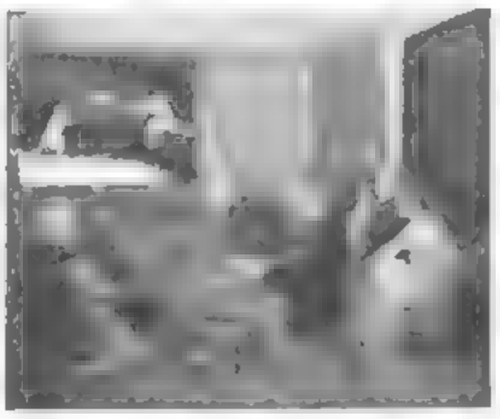
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York 717 Market St., San Francisco



You Can Now Have Motion Pictures at Home!

The Pathéscope

(over 10,000 in use)

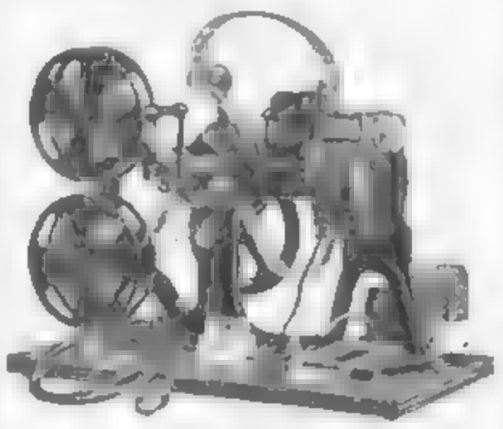
is to the *eye* what the phonograph is to the *ear!* And there is no limit to the variety of subjects—Drama, Comedy, Travel, Science, etc.—to meet every taste, every mood, any age and all occasions. All available to every owner through the

Pathéscope Film Exchanges

—already established in principal cities, similar to circulating libraries, music roll clubs, etc. For a small fee a Pathéscope owner may exchange reels as often as desired, assuring a continuous exhibition of fresh interest—or you can

Take Your Own Motion Pictures

with the Pathéscope Camera, as hundreds are doing, and preserve a priceless record of loved ones as they are to-day!



Popular Model—Price $175.00 complete
(More in Canada)

Uses special narrow width, non-inflammable film. Approved by Underwriters. No fire risk. No insurance restrictions. Send for complete illustrated Catalogues describing Machines, Camera, list and method of exchanging reels, etc.

An Opportunity

Important cities still available for exclusive representation by responsible men with sufficient capital to establish branch film exchanges.

The Pathéscope Company of America, Inc.
Suite 1832, Aeolian Hall, New York City
Pathéscope of Canada, Ltd., Nordheimer Bldg., Toronto

GASOLINE
Start Your Ford In Zero Weather
NEVER mind if it's too cold to get a mixture. Squirt a few drops of gas into your Red Head Priming Plugs and "br-r-r-m-m-m" hums your engine on the first turn.
Red Head
Priming Plugs for Fords
do the work of regular plugs every day of the year and start your Ford in zero weather.
PRIMING CAN FREE

and other animals. Our association's careful statistics show that last year the entire United States spent only $71,916.38 in raising game. Much of this money was no doubt wasted in impracticable undertakings. This work ought not to be discouraged; but it would be wrong to say that facts put on it the seal of absolute approval.

The association develops in these statistics the fact that nearly all state game wardens and state game commissions take pride in the fact that all the protective money is derived from taxes on sportsmen and not from the general public. There are two ways of looking at this: Perhaps the truth is that sportsmen do want class legislation and that in this case they get it; but the broader viewpoint is that the entire American people, of all ranks and classes, will be benefited by the preservation of wild life all over America—that is to say, in whatever way the money shall be raised to secure this end, it ought to be considered a benefit for all the people and not for a limited class.

Any just balance sheet of sport ought to take into consideration the practical or commercial value of the game and fish of the country for food purposes. The statistics compiled show that one or two states have gone into this matter intelligently. Oregon may be quoted as follows:

"What does the game of this state amount to, purely from the meat standpoint? Approximately nine thousand deer were killed in Oregon during the past year. This meat is worth about sixteen cents a pound, whether it is on the table of the farmer, the mountaineer or the merchant. There were approximately one hundred and fifty thousand ducks and about forty-five thousand Chinese pheasants killed during the past season. From a food standpoint a mallard or a pheasant is worth about seventy-five cents. A pound of trout or other game fish is worth twelve cents from the meat standpoint. When we consider the approximate weight of the game fish—not including salmon and commercial fish—that are caught by the people of this state each year; and, in addition to the above, when we consider the numbers of grouse, quail, geese, shore birds, and also the number of fur-bearing animals taken, we shall find that a low estimate of these resources is nine hundred thousand dollars a year in the pockets of our people."

Game in Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania says: "The money value of game killed in Pennsylvania in 1914 averaged at eighteen cents a pound, and counting 5,259,000 pounds, was $946,000—nearly a million dollars. The expense to the game commission was about forty thousand dollars."

The Pennsylvania Commission adds:

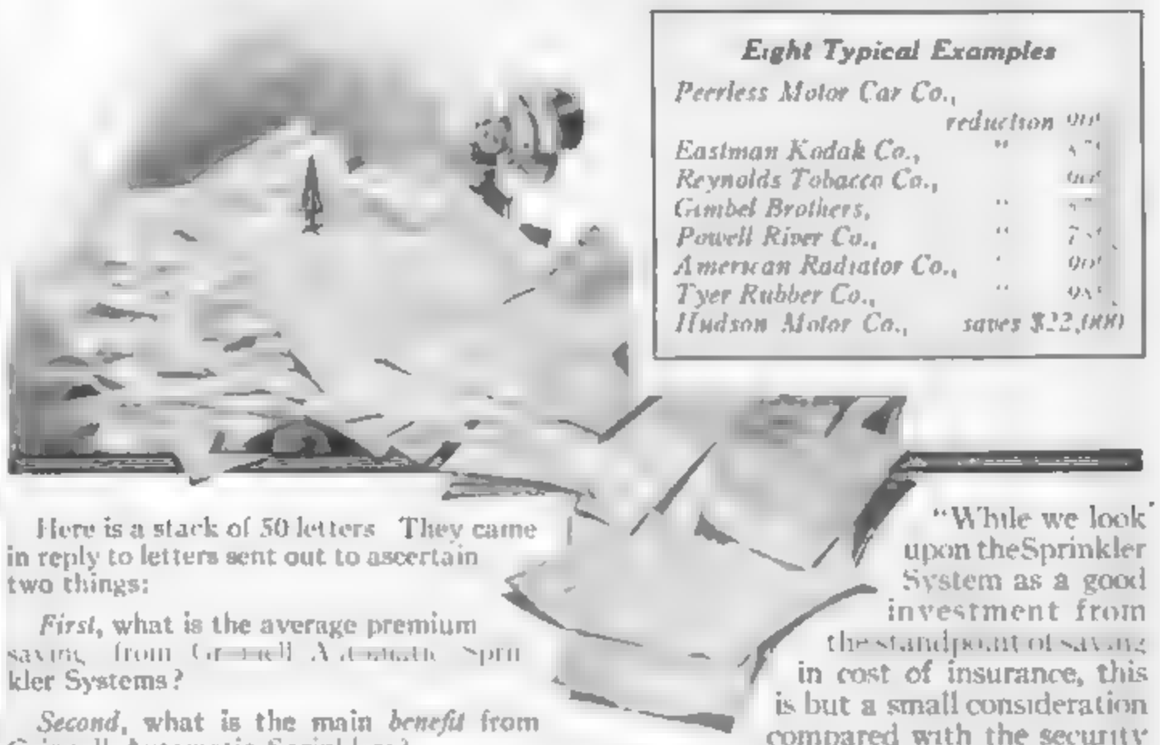
"Let us say there were four hundred thousand hunters in Pennsylvania during the season last past, and that the average expenditure of each was ten dollars. This means the expenditure of four million dollars in an effort to destroy what the state is expected to return through the expenditure of forty thousand dollars. Indeed, for 1913, the actual outlay by the state was but $19,060 55."

These Pennsylvania hunters are supposed to have killed, as one item, about two million rabbits; so the rabbit crop alone for Pennsylvania ran into something like five million pounds of wholesome meat. If there were four hundred thousand grouse killed, half a million pounds of meat of the best kind was harvested in Pennsylvania. There were eight hundred deer killed, averaging one hundred and twenty-five pounds each, and one hundred bears, perhaps averaging one hundred and fifty pounds.

Count, in addition to these, wild fowl, and so on, and you can easily see, without boring yourself with exact figures, that the amount of food killed in even one of the oldest of our Eastern States is something enormous in the total. Yet who ever thought of that?

This food value is something that ought to be considered in any fair trial balance of outdoor sport in America. The probability is that the American people have never stopped to think seriously of the tremendous values involved in the wild life of the country. Perhaps they have never stopped to consider the profit-and-loss side, the destruction and construction side of this great industrial problem—for we ought to call it an industrial problem. It is absurd to figure that the game of America belongs to the sportsmen of America, that they alone are

They Cut Their Fire Premiums 62%. Have You Cut Yours?



Eight Typical Examples

Peerless Motor Car Co.,	*reduction*	*91%*
Eastman Kodak Co.,	*"*	*81%*
Reynolds Tobacco Co.,	*"*	*66%*
Gimbel Brothers,	*"*	*57%*
Powell River Co.,	*"*	*75%*
American Radiator Co.,	*"*	*90%*
Tyer Rubber Co.,	*"*	*93%*
Hudson Motor Co.,	*saves*	*$22,000*

Here is a stack of 50 letters. They came in reply to letters sent out to ascertain two things:

First, what is the average premium saving from Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler Systems?

Second, what is the main *benefit* from Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers?

What They Say

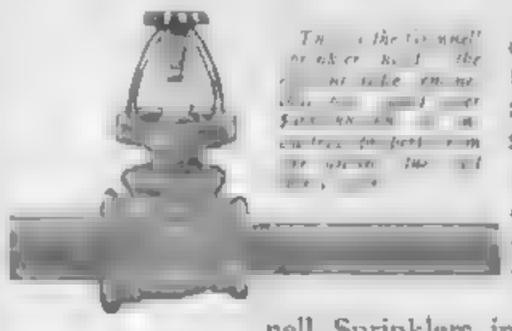
IF YOU pay a big bill for insurance you ought to know that the fifty firms who wrote the above letters secured an average insurance rate reduction of 62% on account of a Grinnell Sprinkler installation. If you have previously thought that Automatic Sprinklers were not for you, these letters should show you that you have been misled in some manner.

There is absolutely no question but that the Grinnell System will save you at least 40% of your present insurance costs. It may save you 90 to 95%. You should quit guessing about what the System will save you and gather the real facts as to its earning power, just as these fifty big concerns gathered them.

Thirty of these letters already published in advertisements show that *business interruption* is almost always the heaviest loss caused by a fire; it can't be dodged. It strikes the net resources of the company.

"Fully covered by insurance," says the newspaper.

But the victim, looking beyond his fire-gutted building, knows differently. He sees profits lost for months to come—orders cancelled—deliveries unfilled—organization disrupted—business suspended. Helpless—he watches his customers go over to his competitors. Read these four [illegible], selected at random. They are thoroughly typical of the fifty firms investigated.



Protects Against Business Interruption and Earns $26,000 a Year

The Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Mfg. Co., of Rochester, writes:

"We installed Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers in 1905. Our insurance rate was $1.50.

"As soon as the Sprinkler System was completed, our rate was cut from $1.50 to 20c. and has been cut a number of times since then.

"On the $2,000,000 worth of insurance which we immediately took out, we saved in the ensuing year $26,000."

The Ansco Company, makers of the famous Ansco photographic products, writes:

"As a rule our saving in the cost of insurance would pay for the Grinnell System in from five to eight years, depending upon the rate in force before the sprinklers were installed, and upon the character of the building.

"While we look upon the Sprinkler System as a good investment from the standpoint of saving in cost of insurance, this is but a small consideration compared with the security against not only material loss by fire, but the interruption of business. If there were no saving in cost of insurance, we would still consider it advisable to equip our plants with the Sprinkler System."

Insurance Prohibitive Without Sprinkler Protection

The Proximity Mfg. Co., of Greensboro, N. C., writes:

"Our present rate of insurance, with Sprinklers, outside hydrant system, and fire pumps always under steam pressure, is 8½c. per hundred per year. If we did not have Grinnell Sprinklers, there is no telling what the rate would be—though we do know it would be prohibitive.

"Our mills have been equipped with Grinnell Sprinklers ever since they were built in 1895. Since then we have had many fires, but in every instance the Sprinkler had more to do with the control of them than any other factor."

The International Silver Company holds the greatest benefit of the Grinnell Sprinkler to be property protection:

"We have been equipped with Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers for about 30 years. During that time we have had perhaps a half dozen fires—all quickly controlled with very small loss.

"We consider property protection to be the greatest benefit, and reduction in insurance costs, second."

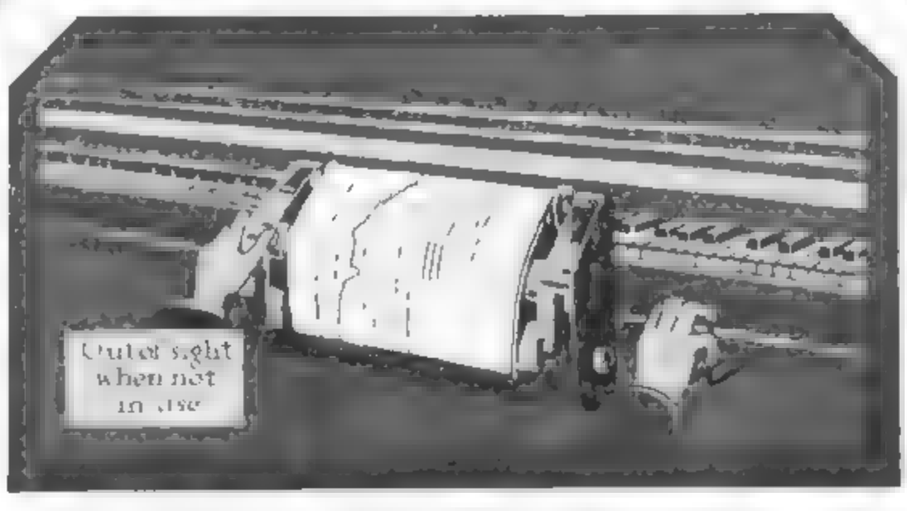
This Protection Available to Large and Small Firms Without Any Investment

You can have Grinnell Sprinklers installed in your plant without cost.

Certain construction companies will have us do the installation for you, and they will carry it until the savings from reduced premiums have paid for it. Then the installation is yours, free and clear. Large and small organizations alike can take advantage of Grinnell protection on this basis. We will gladly send more information on the subject. Write to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I., manufacturers of

Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers

asking for a copy of the Grinnell Information Blank. Or, give the floor area of your building, including basement and attic, insurance carried on building, stock and machinery, with insurance rates on each, and we will gladly submit estimate and proposals, without cost or obligation on your part.



AT LAST—A PLAYER IN YOUR OWN PIANO

This is the wonderful *Flexotone Electrelle*, the new piano player attachment which the American Piano Company now offers to the public.

It can be installed in a few hours.

It will make *your* piano a *player-piano.* It will give your silent piano a voice. The

FLEXOTONE *Electrelle* PIANO PLAYER

has swept aside the previous limitations of player devices. It is the only player that gives *complete command* over the keyboard. By means of the

Flexotone Expression Control

you can, at will, accent any note, chord, or group of tones—you can bring out perfectly the melody and accompaniment. Your fingers, resting naturally on the three expression keys, instinctively—almost unconsciously—play the piece as you wish to play it.

The Flexotone Electrelle has these distinctive features:

Fits any piano. Plays without pumping. Installed in a few hours. Plays all standard rolls. Does not interfere with hand playing. Out of sight when not in use.

Your piano was meant to be *played.* The Flexotone Electrelle will release the stored treasure of music locked within it. It will give you the hands of the artist—the ability to make *real* music.

The Flexotone Electrelle is sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Send today for an interesting booklet describing the Flexotone Electrelle.

AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY
437 Fifth Avenue Capital $12,000,000 New York
Boston Baltimore Chicago Rochester San Francisco

"I get four seasons' service from my underwear. Do you?"

"I never saw underwear that fits and warms and wears so well as Wright's Union Suits. The reasons are plain. 2000 men were measured for Wright's Union Suits, so that every type of man can be fitted exactly and the elastic spring-needle ribbing holds the shape. The boss himself buys the long-fiber Egyptian cotton and fine combed wool. The sheer quality and strength of these materials plus skillful tailoring make them extra long wearing.

"None but Wright's Underwear for me."

"Take my word for it, Wright's Union Suits are soft, elastic and easy fitting.

"They sell for $2 up at good haberdashers'. Separate shirts and drawers, $1 up."

Wright's UNDERWEAR
Elastic Spring-Needle Ribbing
WRIGHT'S UNDERWEAR COMPANY, New York City

interested in it or that they alone should pay for its increase.

It is a trifle sad that the men at the head of the state game commissions are so much left to cry alone in the wilderness. Their little annual reports are like the Washington Department bulletins—they do not reach the audience they ought to reach. For instance, here is something from Idaho:

"The Game Department is trying to make Idaho a better place to live, to make it more attractive to our own people who need outdoor life and recreation, more attractive to the tourist who has money to spend and invest; in fact, we are trying to capitalize our climate, mountain scenery, beautiful lakes and streams, and that which above all will attract the pleasure seeker—our fish and game. Money in game and fish protection and propagation is a business proposition to all our citizens.

"But few people realize the amount of money spent with our merchants by those who hunt and fish. We have accurate information that the amount of money paid for goods sold by Boisé merchants in 1914—guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, traps, hunting clothing and supplies for hunting parties—was one hundred thousand dollars; and the total in the state will amount to at least one million dollars. In addition to this, the money spent for livery horses, pack animals, automobiles and auto supplies, railroad fares, hotel bills, guides, and the money spent by the tourists, amounts to three million dollars a year. Every city and hamlet in the state benefits by this business. Thus, the better fishing and hunting we have, the more we shall attract the tourist and the better business we shall have. Fish and game propagation and protection is a business proposition."

That time the Idaho game commission said something! The only hope of game protection—the only hope of outdoor sportsmanship in America—hangs right on the last words of the foregoing proposition: "Fish and game propagation and protection is a business proposition." When we handle it as such we shall have no trouble in solving all the attendant problems.

The Weeks-McLean Law

Yet those men who spend these sums of money and who so ardently adhere to our old native American love for individual sport, sometimes are difficult to convert to this plain business proposition. There are a few men in the Mississippi Valley who are still fighting the Weeks-McLean Law, which protects our migratory wild fowl. The test case on which practically the perpetuity of American migratory game depends cannot now be decided until next year's term of the Supreme Court; so the spring shooters take a chance and make their own desires their own supreme law.

In some of the clubs in the Illinois River Valley, the hotbed of disaffection over this law, members voluntarily put up their guns; voluntarily respected the law whether the Supreme Court shall affirm it or not. Most of these men heretofore have been spring shooters.

One of them remarked just the other day that he never would shoot in the spring again. He said the increase of ducks on the club marshes since the voluntary observance of the national game law had been so great as to be a matter of surprise to all the members, and not one of them would want to go back to spring shooting again. They all know now that if this law were enforced all over the country it would mean everything in the world for our wild game—that is to say, it would mean everything in the world in the handling of a business proposition in a businesslike manner. It is only thus that we can put the balance of American sport on the right side of the ledger.

Offsetting income and outgo, our out-of-doors trial balance is not so satisfactory as we might ask. The American Protective and Propagation Association's statistics, above referred to, show that in the United States 2,308,596 resident licenses were issued to hunters; of nonresident licenses there were 16,848—an absurdly inadequate return, of course; of alien licenses there were 1029. The grand total of all shooting licenses issued was 2,326,473. The entire collection from state licenses of all types was: For resident licenses $2,531,739; nonresident $261,490.48; alien $12,172.75—total $2,805,402.23.

As against the amount last given—the total of our license collections—the several game and fish commissions in the United States spent in their department work

17 Jewels, open-face, permanent case, adjusted to temperature $35.00

Look for the Watch with the Purple Ribbon

A watch you'll always prize

As the watch of a gentleman, the South Bend Watch wins unbounded admiration for its aristocratic appearance, because of the refined elegance of its lines. As its owner, you will also appreciate its on-the-second time-keeping ability.

All watches are put through the most rigid inspection and tests before they leave the factory.

THE South Bend WATCH

Carefully constructed with a precision that is itself a real assurance of accurate time-keeping. All movements and cases fully guaranteed. Made in 100 styles—$16 to $100.

See Your Jeweler

—he has or can get South Bend Watches.

Send for 68-page Catalog

Illustrated in color—showing all the "Chesterfield" series, and also the Studebaker Railroad grades, the Ladies' Dainty models and many others.

South Bend Watch Co.
111 Studebaker Street
South Bend, Ind.

Went Blind Over Night

Because of ignorance and neglect 54,000 blind persons in United States 50,000 went blind after 21 years of age. Buy the

FEATHERWEIGHT EYESHADE

FEATHERWEIGHT EYESHADE COMPANY Merchantville, N. J.

TEXAS PECAN NUTS

New crop pecans direct from native home 10 lbs., $2.00, 20 lbs., $3.75; 50 lbs. $8.75. Prices are for choice nuts f. o. b. Columbia 2 lbs. TRIAL ORDER $1.00. POSTPAID to any post office in United States.

Remit with order.

CONCHO-COLORADO PECAN CO., Columbia, Texas

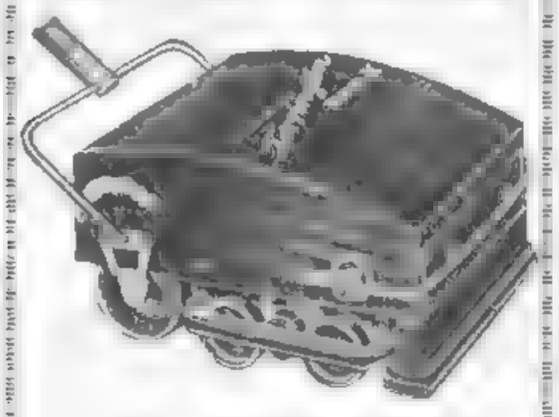
POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

The Best Christmas Gift

Is a Year's Subscription For
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Your Wife's Christmas



A sensible Christmas present for a husband to give his wife is one she can use every day.

Torrington VACUUM SWEEPER

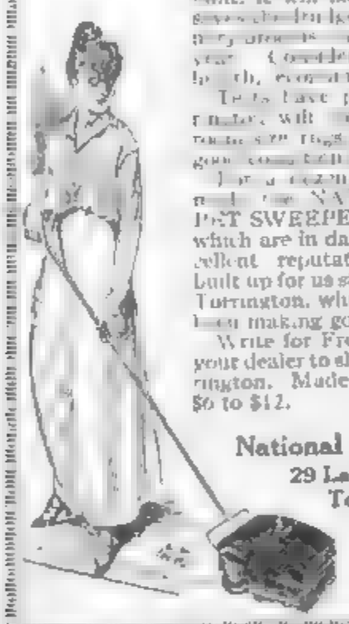
is just such a gift.

No dirt or dust can go so deep into the carpet covering that a Torrington cannot get it out. No electric or other power is used—the wheels on which it easily runs operate three sweeping brushes which pick up all litter. It scatters no dust, it leaves no lint to do. Clean cut, simply built, it will last for years. It saves the drudgery of using ordinary brooms and almost pays for itself each year. Consider these points before you invest.

Tests have proved the Torrington will clean over 12,000 square feet of rugs and still be an good condition for further use.

For twenty years we have made the NATIONAL CARPET SWEEPER, thousands of which are in daily use. The excellent reputation they have built up for us stands behind the Torrington, which for years has been making good.

Write for Free Booklet. Ask your dealer to show you the Torrington. Made in three grades, $6 to $12.



National Sweeper Co.
29 Laurel Street
Torrington, Conn.
or 52 Bruce Ave.
Westmount
Montreal
Canada

New Idea

A new kind of Electric lamp—a wonderful invention that overcomes [illegible] Lamp troubles. Now [illegible] powerful light you need wherever you need it.

FEDERAL
Electric Lamp

[illegible] new feature [illegible] enamel. [illegible] No. 6 dry cell.

A Thousand Uses

Great for indoors and out—lighting your way [illegible] for the first time a big lamp for little money—[illegible]

Money Back-Low Price

FEDERAL SIGN SYSTEM (Electric)
644 West Lake Street
CHICAGO

\$3,170,993.60. We do not, however, show in the receipts all the fines and penalties, which ought to be added to the license fees; so we may safely say that the balance of American sports is just barely on the right side of the ledger.

Comparing commercialized sport—such as baseball, horse-racing and so on—with the amateur and individual sports of the field, what are the assets and appurtenances derivable from the latter as against the former? When you pay your money to see a baseball game you get nothing but your sight of the game. You do not take home anything to eat; you do not take home any added vigor of physique or mind. You are just about where you were before you went to the game. And the money you pay does not benefit the state, the birds, the game or the fish of the country. In other words, baseball is good for baseball promoters, just as horse-racing is for racers, and prize fighting for fighters

As a business proposition it does not compare with the amateur outdoor sportsmanship of the country.

Of course when we come down to serious comment there is no intent on the part of any of us to criticize any other man for following such a system of amusement as best pleases him. That is his business, not ours. It is safe, however, to present all the facts to the jury before the jury retires—to get in all one's facts before one makes up one's mind.

Perhaps some of these facts may be curious and interesting to some of the five million outdoor sportsmen of America.

The Law in Illinois

The interest of intelligent men in this business proposition of outdoor sport apparently increases. Even many of the great metropolitan dailies, devoted as they are to the more commercialized side of sport, and offering as they do sport by proxy as chief matters of interest, now begin occasionally to pay attention to that other and, as it seems to many, more important side of recreation—that of the open-air sports, practiced not en masse but individually. Thus, a leading Chicago daily not long since printed the following editorial:

"The Illinois statute prohibits the sale of game killed in Illinois. It does not prohibit the sale of game killed elsewhere. The result is that Chicago is a market for virtually all the game killed beyond the legal bag limit in neighboring states.

"Selfishly and shortsightedly this profits us; but it is not fair, and in the long run we shall suffer with all other communities through the destruction of our American game. When we consider the years of unthinking waste which have cost us the wonderful resources of preservable wild life in the Mississippi Valley, we ought to make haste to do our part toward saving what remains.

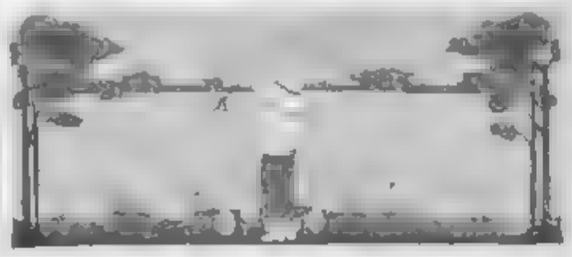
"New York prohibits sale of all protected game, and St. Louis has a very strict law. Chicago alone remains to tempt the killing for commercial purposes of game in Southeast Missouri, in Northeast Arkansas and in the Gulf States.

"We ought to set that right, and it is hoped that the Assembly will make our law comprehensive and strict. Let us help save what we have left."

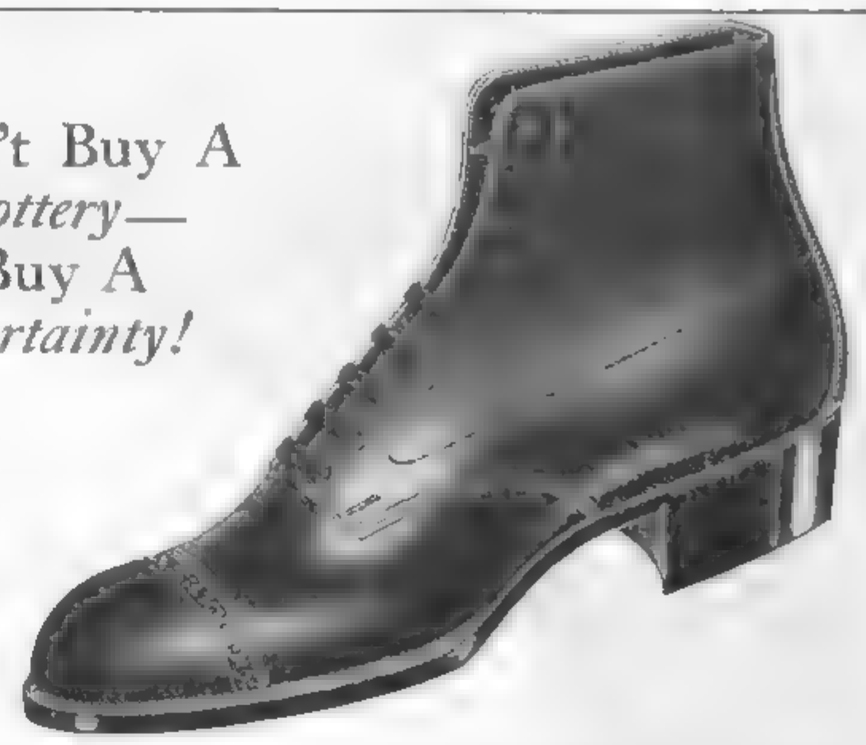
That sounds very much like business, coming from a paper which employs half a dozen cracks on baseball and the other professional sports. It is only by considering our sports and sporting resources as a business proposition that we can hope to get our showing on the right side of the ledger and keep it there.

It is the great periodical circulations which have done and will do most toward that. Let us hope the great dailies will get into the game along with the great weeklies and monthlies which have so long done yeoman service in a good cause.

We all ought to abandon the class idea. Sport is not good for American sportsmen alone. It is good for all American citizens, and it has a vast financial value to the American people. It is a business proposition.



Don't Buy A *Lottery*— Buy A *Certainty!*



WHAT do *you* know about Shoes? The differences in material and workmanship are so easily disguised that sometimes even an expert shoeman is deceived by mere appearance.

All the more reason why you should put your money into a *certainty* like REGAL SHOES, with their established reputation and national distribution.

In this standard-quality merchandise you are not getting shoes that *may* be all right, but shoes that *must* be good, or they would not have maintained their leadership for 25 years and been most successful where competition is keenest.

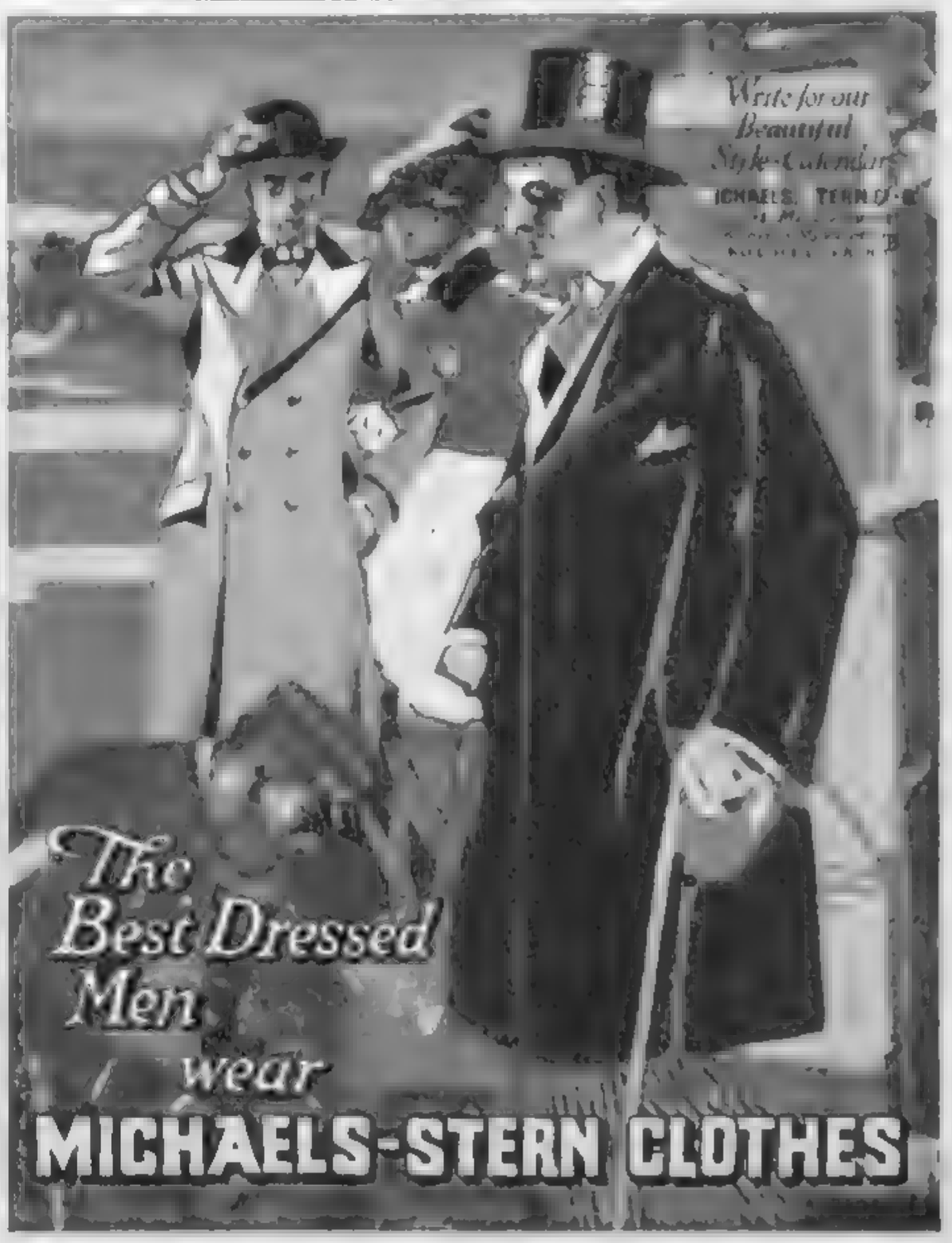
GOTHAM—$4.00

A universal favorite in all Regal Stores from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Black Calf Blucher Boot; Full, Round Toe; Medium High Arch; Substantial Sole.

100 Exclusive Regal Stores and 1000 Accredited Regal Agents. Fall Style Book free. Shoes sent prepaid by Parcel Post on receipt of price.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
270 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



A Columbia Grafon

Yes—but see yo

DOES it seem rather early to attend to that one most important gift? About three weeks from now it will be very difficult for your dealer to supply you with your Columbia Grafonola.

May we suggest that you will have cause to congratulate yourself if you call at once upon the Columbia dealer nearest to you? He will give you every facility in selecting your instrument, and will play as many records for you as you care to hear, to assist you in selecting your first outfit of records. He will give you a receipt for your payment of the purchase price or for your first deposit, set your Grafonola aside, and deliver it Christmas morning or the night before, or at any time earlier, as you instruct him.

All the music of all the world

$75 $110 $15 $25

Illustrated C
Columbia Gra
complete spec
secured from
dealer, or

Columbia
Records
on sale on the
month. A
beautiful new
pement of

Columbia Graph
Box 683, Woolworth

ola this Christmas!

ur dealer early!

WHETHER you intend to invest a modest fifteen dollars, or to secure the finest instrument that can be produced, here you have the one best gift, the one ideal gift for all the family for all the year around.

You are wise in insisting on a Columbia Grafonola. Some of the proof of that is visible—like its tone-control "leaves" at the front of the cabinet, constructed and operating similarly to the tone-control of the great pipe-organs. Most convincing of all is the proof that is invisible, but no less recognizable and unmistakable—its rich, round, open brilliance of tone.

This is an important purchase. Your Grafonola is to be the center of the amusement activities of your home for years.

We urge you to see your dealer early.

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ey Columbia
by dea

Double-Disc
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dealer for the
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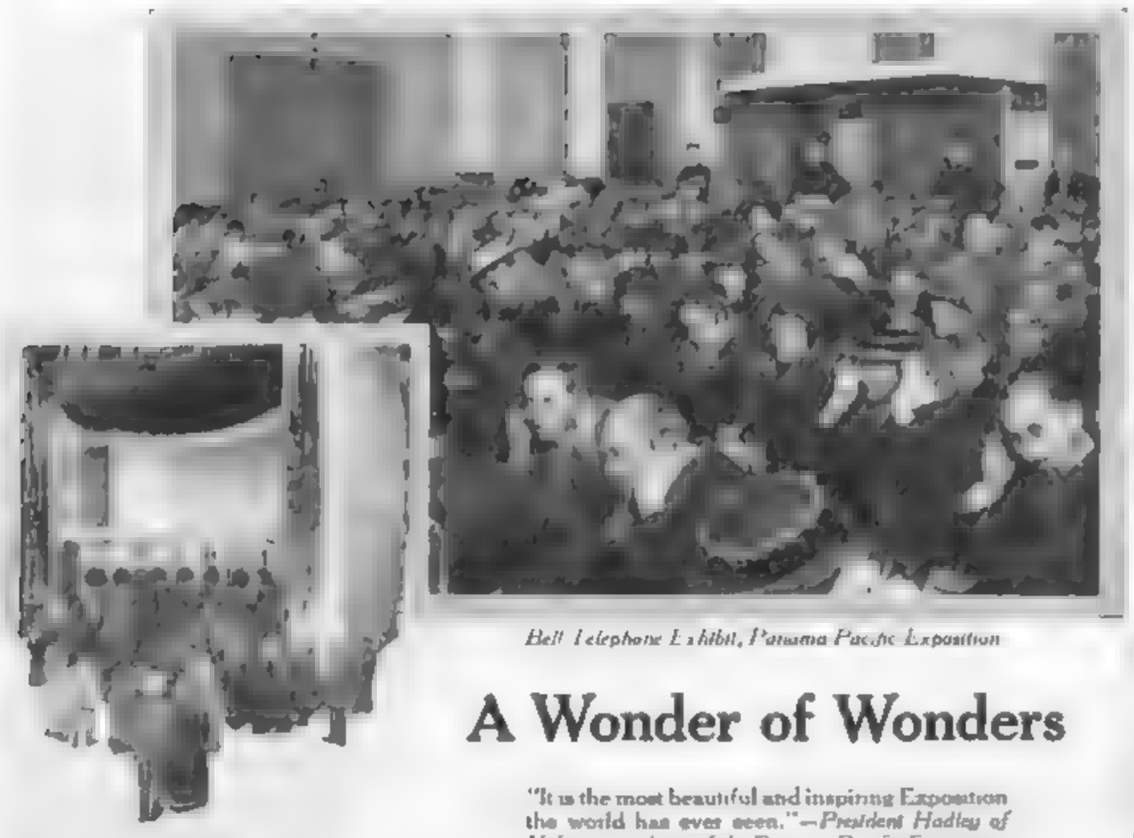
hone Company
Building, New York

and most of the fun of it too!

$55 $50 $150 $200



Bell Telephone Exhibit, Panama Pacific Exposition

A Wonder of Wonders

"It is the most beautiful and inspiring Exposition the world has ever seen."—*President Hadley of Yale, in speaking of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.*

EVERY American should feel it a duty as well as a privilege to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition and view its never-equaled exhibits of achievements in Art, Science and Industry.

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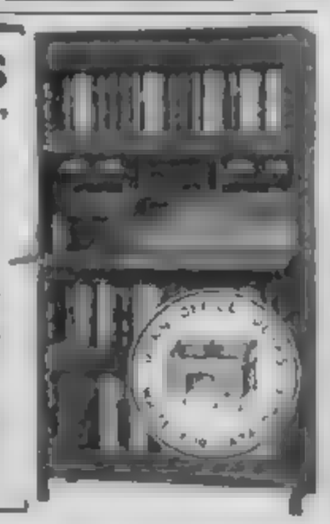

SWAN SONGS OF THE SHOW SHOPS

(Continued from Page 17)

reference to, we turned them away at both performances, and that was just a few days after the annual State Fair had closed. Speaking in a general way, the new route, which covered a period of about two weeks, was as profitable as the most optimistic showman could have desired.

On another occasion we played Galveston, Texas, on the day before a big rival was billed to arrive. Our business was very bad.

"It's a mistake to play a town the day before the big one," croaked a brother director. "We should have played a day behind them."

Well, we went up to Houston the following day, reaching the lot about the time the opposition were leaving it, and played to miserable business. One would naturally suppose that a record could be established from this experience; but no. The very next season we went back, played against opposition on the same respective dates, and got the money.

No one could tell anything about it except to say that sometimes, perhaps, a whole community appeared to be inoculated with the show-going bug; and when you go back the following season, expecting to find them in the same state of mind, everybody tells you that one circus a year is enough. In the main, however, every man you meet who has had anything to do with the managerial side of the show business can give you an alibi for the lack of interest which in a general way has lately been manifested throughout the country. He will probably tell you that the moving-picture show or the automobile is responsible; but, candidly speaking, I cannot subscribe to any of those arguments, because we all know that whenever you give the people what they really want, whether it be in the tents or the theaters, you will play to something like capacity.

So far as the circus is concerned, the apparent apathy may, I think, be traced directly to two sources; the primary one being aptly hit off by the little boy who said that when you saw one circus you saw them all. The lack of originality and the persistence with which they duplicate each other's acts, continuing to do so as they have since the first wagon show took the road, are absolutely appalling when one comes to consider the bid the circus makes for public patronage. The same might be said of the Wild West shows, each being framed along the lines of the first one promoted in this country, more than two decades ago, by Buffalo Bill and his associates.

The Wrong Breed of Bloodhounds

In the world of the stage, old men who are actually grandfathers still persist in playing the parts which made them famous in their prime; and, perhaps at the risk of being called ungallant, it might be hinted that the distaff side of the stage frequently forgets Juliet's chiefest charm was emphasized by the fact that the heroine of the balcony scene was still in her teens.

Not long ago I was debating this point with Mr. Henry Miller, and that gentleman sized up the situation in his usual epigrammatic way.

"Well, you see," said he, "the fact of the matter is, there are very few children nowadays and positively no grandmothers."

Trooping up through Michigan a few years ago, I met an old gentleman on the train who told me he had an Uncle Tom's Cabin tent show on the road. The top was pitched at a jerkwater junction, where I had to change cars, and my professional brother invited me over to visit.

"I'm a-goin' to show you somethin' you never seen before," said he, making the announcement with considerable importance.

He led me behind the women's dressing tent and pointed with pride to a child's washtub, with washboard and other accessories. On an adjacent clothesline, suspended a few feet from the ground, hung an elaborate display of a doll's lingerie.

"There!" exclaimed my guide proudly. "What do you know about that?"

I confess I hardly followed his argument and replied accordingly:

"I don't get it; you'll have to give it a name."

"You don't, eh?" he snorted in disgusted tones. "You don't, eh? An' you a trooper! Why, them doll's clothes belongs to Elsie, my granddaughter. An' lemme tell you somethin'—she's the only gen-u-ine Little Eva in th' business."

And speaking about Uncle Tom shows calls to mind a friend who once figured that an attraction of this kind would form for him real stepping stones to wealth. He was a believer in intense realism and started out with one of the best-equipped road shows I ever saw; but after fighting Fate for three months he sold out and went back to the mines. I met him the other day and asked him to account for his failure, as most Uncle Tom shows have been uniformly successful.

"That's easy," he replied without hesitation. "It was the bloodhounds crabbed my attraction."

"The bloodhounds?" I interrogated.

"Yep," he droned sorrowfully. "You see, I wanted the real thing; so I sent to Lexington and got five thoroughbred man-trailers. That settled it. From th' first day we paraded to th' last I heard one salient and everlasting criticism: 'Say, mister, why ain't you got no bloodhounds?'

"I could not explain or make my patrons understand that these dogs were th' real article. The people of the tall-grass towns have for generations been used to seein' immense great Danes, led round by chains big enough to anchor a battleship, an' they wouldn't stand for realism in this connection. Neither, for that matter, would they patronize a show that had instituted such a drastic departure from the time-honored conventions of the drama."

The Clown Who Made the Show Go

Strange as it may seem, a "Tom show," with a first-class colored band, has invariably been a winner; but in exploiting one does not try any experiments. No one knows much about the show business—that is, enough to tell you what you should do—but a whole lot of experienced showmen can speak with authority concerning things that are absolutely suicidal.

I do not believe that any manager is wise enough to weigh the public fancy in the balance and appraise it at its absolute worth from the box-office standpoint. I recollect one particular occasion, and quoting again from the experience of the circus world, when we signed one of the best aërial acts that ever came to this country. We paid these people in actual money four hundred dollars a week, the promulgations of the press agent to the contrary notwithstanding. Well, we had a cheap clown who was just a natural boy possessing that peculiar witchery of laughter-provoking youth.

On the opening day, and just before the big act was staged, I accompanied the owner of the circus into the tent and we took seats amid the audience. We were looking for prima-facie evidence concerning the enthusiasm with which the new act would be received; but as the performers were working it dawned on me that there was a singular lack of appreciation among those members of the spectators who were nearest us.

"That's a great act," I hazarded to a man who was sitting beside me. "I have heard that these aërial acrobats are the most wonderful in their line of business."

"Uh-huh!" he retorted nonchalantly without looking up. "Are they?"

"Yes, indeed," I persisted. "They are said to be the most marvelous performers that ever appeared in any circus. Just watch that fellow up there. He turns three somersaults in the air before his companion catches him! It's a death-defying feat, brother."

"I guess it's all right," returned the man who sat beside me; "but say, stranger, that clown there, down on the hippodrome track, is the funniest guy I ever saw. That feller is worth the price of admission."

So there you are! A four-hundred-dollar act against a fifteen-dollar-a-week clown, and the jester had the best of it. Go on away, man! Tell me something about the show business.

Another experience I recollect was when I was advance agent for a certain theatrical

production that was among the best—if indeed not the very best—drawing cards of the season in which it was produced. I think I am correct in stating that the profits were ninety thousand dollars. Well, everybody thought it was a gold mine, and we sallied gayly forth the next season practically assured that we should duplicate the success of the year before. But of all the miserable failures! Jiminy Christmas! I hate to think of it.

Only the other day I asked a prominent manager how to account for the obvious decline of interest in minstrel shows.

"That question is easily answered," he replied; "because in the old days the average black-face show had a corking good first part and wound up its entertainment with several vaudeville acts of merit. But nowadays the vaudeville houses themselves are out gunning for the best talent available and pay the leading people all kinds of prices, the result being that no minstrel show can afford to stand the expense of an after part which would be able to compete with the acts offered by the ordinary vaudeville circuit. Again, a singer like Banks Winter, or some of the old stars of minstrelsy, could now command four times as much money as any burnt-cork manager could possibly pay him."

Coming down strictly to the theater itself, I am reminded of a remark passed by an actor of ability I happened to meet the other day.

"Business is going to the dogs!" he lamented. "Why, do you know that in the last year I only worked twelve weeks?"

"You had a long season," retorted a brother professional. "I only drew salary for nine weeks and played with three different productions."

But be not discouraged by this tuneless Swan Song of the Show Shops. The world do move and showmen are being born every minute. The woods are full of them. Why, only this morning I came on a band of youngsters who had congregated on a vacant lot. They were grouped in close formation, evidently intensely interested. I therefore approached and investigated.

In the center of the crowd stood an urchin certainly not over ten years of age, and on the front of his jacket was pinned a placard bearing the following announcement:

JOHNNIE JONES WILL EAT A BUG FOR ONE CENT!
JOHNNIE JONES WILL EAT A WORM FOR TWO CENTS!
JOHNNIE JONES WILL EAT A SNAIL FOR FIVE CENTS!

EXTRY SPESHUL!
JOHNNIE JONES WILL EAT A WOOLLY CATERPILLAR FOR A QUARTER!

Why, certainly the drama will be dallied with so long as the Johnnie Joneses of the country are allowed to roam at large! I stopped and listened.

"Huh!" exclaimed one youngster in protestation. "He wants twenty-five cents to eat a woolly caterpillar. What does anyone know about that? 'Tain't worth it!"

Two Bits, or Nothing Doing

"'Tis too!" piped he of the placard. "How do you know it ain't? Them woolly caterpillars ain't like bugs, an' it takes a lot of swallerin' before you get 'em down. It's two bits or you don't see nothin'."

And this little happening or incident, whatever you will, brings us right down to the milk of the coconut, brethren—the question of price. At the time of writing, one set of managerial uplifters in New York has taken a butcher's knife and wielded it manfully on a price list that, in the opinion of most of us, sadly needed pruning. Then there rose in the land and from the other interests sundry and divers wailings and gnashings of teeth; most of the more intimate articles of the week's wash were hung out on the line, the old internecine warfare being commenced over again.

It has already been proved in hundreds of instances, however, that managers have been miserable failures when it comes to a question of appraising their patronage. The truth of the matter is, the Great American Public has turned its thumbs down on the two-dollar show. There are exceptional cases, of course; but, in the main, most folks have about arrived at the conclusion that when one pays two dollars to see any kind of presentation he is apt to expect more than he gets. The best recommendation a show can possibly get is the good word passed from mouth to mouth. Outside of a few isolated instances, the opinion of the modern dramatic critic is of little value from the box-office standpoint.

I almost forgot to say anything about press agents. Taking them by and large, as real writers say, they are a wonderful army of optimists. The publicity man is in a great measure responsible for the success of his show; but whenever the management starts handing out blankets and tobacco he usually draws about a quarter of what he is worth. Some of the men on the road get a hundred dollars a week and those of the first flight get a hundred and fifty; but these are regarded with awe and admiration by their brethren. The average third-rate actor would scorn any salary that did not double the latter figure.

If the house is crowded on opening night the star, after reconnoitering through the peephole in the curtain, turns to one of his coworkers and says something like this:

"Aha! I thought we'd pack them in tonight, old chap. You know I've always had a tremendous following here."

If, on the other hand, the attendance is slim, the timeworn alibi is taken down from its shelf and carefully dusted.

"What a rotten advance man we must have!" the irate leading man will exclaim. "Must have been drunk all the week, I suppose. It does not seem as though a single soul knew we were in town."

Light on Wild Bill Hickok

I never think of the insatiable demands of the conventional theatrical star that I am not reminded of a little anecdote told me by my friend, Col. W. F. Cody.

"When I made my start professionally, as you know," said he, "it was in a Western melodrama depicting the old free days of the frontier, and many members of our company were men who had been actual scouts and pony-express riders. Among them was Wild Bill Hickok.

"On the opening night Hickok had a severe case of stage fright, being totally ignorant regarding the ways and workings of the theater. After the performance was over he came to me looking particularly grave.

"'Cody,' said he, 'I noticed when you came on the stage a feller up in the gallery throwed a light on you, an' kep' twistin' it round so's it follered you while you was performin'.'

"'Oh, yes,' I replied; 'that's the regular thing, Hickok. It's the spotlight, and they focus it on the leading actor so that his work and action may be more closely discerned by the audience.'

"Wild Bill nodded solemnly and walked off apparently satisfied; but next morning he waylaid the property man.

"'Is that there spotlight you played on Bill Cody last night expensive?' he queried.

"'Why, yes, Mr. Hickok; it costs a little something, like all things of the kind,' replied the man.

"'Well,' responded the budding actor as he reached down into the pocket of his chaps, 'I ain't got a hell of a lot of change, but here's five dollars; an' when I come on to-night I want you to play that light on me till th' bill is melted.'"

Lastly we come to the nomenclature to which we are asked to subscribe. The names of certain plays quoted are, of course, fictitious; but in seasons past we look back on offerings with equally ridiculous cognomens. Take, for instance, Roast Pork, Underdone, Boyle's Bottled Beer; Turnips; or, Maggie Sit-on-the-Roof—and other equally original and highfalutin expositions of brain storm. Most of these ran true to the form of their titles, but it goes to show how some producers rate the intelligence of audiences.

But be neither deluded nor downcast. The play will still live and rattle gayly along. The carburetor needs adjusting—that's all. Common sense, originality and appreciation of real values, together with absolute fairness to the people who pay the freight, and absence of all misrepresentation, will win back the satellites of the show shops.

The spoken drama will live and the sorcery of the circus will come back, with added and compelling charm. There will always be Wild Bills and Johnnie Joneses to keep the ball rolling. All we need is a little pep and a realization of the fact that whenever we sally forth to bamboozle the Great American Public we are only adding to the chorus of Swan Songs of the Show Shops.

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THE BLUE-SKY COMPANY

(Continued from Page 15)

your bill." And with the most innocently amiable grin he turned briskly away, aware that the banker would hate him implacably until death.

Meanwhile, Albert Lamb, arriving in San Francisco, had gone to the Gold National Bank, where he had ten thousand dollars, as evidenced by that institution's certificate of deposit. Going up to an assistant cashier, with the deposit certificate in hand for the purpose of identifying himself, he explained, with the persuasive urbanity that was habitual to him, that he had agreed to sell some mining stock within a certain period, but was going out of town for several days. He wished to leave his stock in the bank's hands with instructions to deliver the same to whoever paid down the stipulated price. The assistant cashier readily agreed to that arrangement, took the mining stock, and wrote Lamb a receipt for it in the form he desired.

"I wonder if I can't just drop him a note right here?" Lamb inquired, looking about as though in search of a writing desk. Whereupon the good-natured officer handed him a sheet of note paper and an envelope, and told him he could write the note over at the customers' desk. Lamb paused a moment at the desk, but when he left the bank the note paper and envelope were unspotted and uncreased beneath his coat.

The Potter family was breakfasting next morning when Billy Wiggins strode into the dining room with his usual air of trying to burst through his clothes. His right hand clutched three unopened letters which he had evidently just got at the desk. Cares of business seemed far from his mind, but he was, in fact, wondering rather anxiously whether Molly's long-distance telephone call from Los Angeles would reach him at the right time. He halted, cheerfully agrin, beside the Potter table.

"Just been down to the stables, you know, to see about a mount for you," he gurgled to Celestia, whereat Mr. Potter's hand convulsively gripped a knife-handle.

"Have you had breakfast, Mr. Wiggins? Won't you sit with us?" asked Celestia.

"Sure! Fine!" he answered promptly. "Big bore to eat alone." But he swung the vacant chair round and sat down at Mr. Potter's right hand, even though that arrangement crowded the old gentleman a bit. Sitting down and continuing the horse talk, he laid his letters on the table. So Mr. Potter noticed—with an inevitable little prickle of respectful interest—that the top envelope bore the return card of the great Gold National Bank of San Francisco.

After a moment Billy ripped open the envelope and read the inclosure.

"Those guys are still trying to string me on that mining stock," he said to Mr. Potter, shaking his head as though the ways of the guys were past all understanding. "Just look at that." He handed over the neatly typewritten communication, on the letterhead of the Gold National Bank, and Mr. Potter read as follows:

"*My dear Mr. Wiggins:*—I learn that ten thousand dollars of San Sebastian Gold Mining stock have been deposited here with instructions to deliver the same any time up to three P. M., April 9th, on payment of thirty thousand dollars. No doubt you know that Mr. Goodman took an option on this stock for you three months ago. I have trustworthy information that a deal is pending which will make this stock worth considerably more than three dollars a share. In fact, certain persons are buying up control of the mine to turn it over to an English syndicate. I advise you, therefore, to exercise your option and take the stock, but this cannot be done after the ninth.

"You may think I am butting in on what does not concern me and, of course, I have no direct interest in the matter, but I knew your father for many years and trust you will consider this merely a friendly tip.

"Please regard it as strictly confidential.

"Yours very truly,"

Lamb had made the signature a mere undecipherable scrawl, but the words "Vice President" were typewritten beneath it.

"They're the great little flirts, ain't they now?" Billy gurgled as Mr. Potter handed back the letter. "But they won't catch me—not in a hundred years. No mining stock for mine!"

He then calmly tore up the vice president's letter, giving the pieces to a waiter to throw away.

"I'll go down there with you after breakfast and look 'em over if you like," Billy resumed, addressing Celestia. "I think the sorrel is the one for you, but you can see for yourself."

"That's awfully kind of you, Mr. Wiggins," Celestia replied meltingly. "But you see—well, I didn't expect to ride, so I brought no riding habit."

"Oh, that's all right," Billy assured her breezily. "There's a branch of one of the swellest concerns in San Francisco right here in the hotel—down the west corridor, you know. They'll telephone up to the main store and have a cartload of riding things sent down here and you can pick out what you want."

It was only soft-boiled egg that Mr. Potter was eating, but his throat contracted so he thought for a moment he would strangle—while Celestia murmured gratefully.

Billy proceeded to the second envelope, which was also typewritten and postmarked San Francisco. A long strip of paper fluttered out as he unfolded the letter. He read the letter with great amusement, and the strip of paper provoked a hearty laugh.

"Here's the chap that thinks he's going to sell me that mining stock," he chuckled to Mr. Potter. "He writes me a whole rigmarole about Mr. Goodman's option and my having to take the stock by April ninth or I can't get it at all. Great little come-along game, ain't it now? You see he's put the stock in the Gold National Bank and he sends me a receipt for it. Those guys think they've got an easy mark to deal with."

Hugely amused, he handed the strip of paper over to Mr. Potter. It was a receipt, as the banker saw at a glance, and it read:

"Received from Albert Lamb ten thousand shares San Sebastian Gold Mining stock, to be delivered to the bearer of this receipt, any time up to three P. M., April 9th, on payment of thirty thousand dollars.

"Gold National Bank,

"By A. B. SMITH, Assistant Cashier."

"Can you beat it?" Billy demanded, chuckling.

Thus directly questioned, Mr. Potter felt constrained to reply:

"Well, it might be worth looking into."

At that amusing suggestion Billy's snub nose turned again to the ceiling and he roared.

"Not any for me!" he declared. "Not in a hundred years! You can have it if you want it," he jeered at the banker. "I'll will it to you!" Considering the disparity in their ages his jocularity was really rather rude. He carelessly tore the letter, heaping the pieces beside his plate. The receipt, however, lay on the table at Mr. Potter's right hand, where the banker had dropped it. After a brief and breezy interval of conversation with Mrs. Potter, Billy opened the third letter.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "That's corking! You see, a couple of bully good pals of mine are starting on a hunting trip," he explained earnestly to Mrs. Potter. "They want me to go along. That'll be corking. I'm really needing to get out-of-doors. Let's see"—he consulted the letter again—"this is Tuesday, the eighth. I'll have to take that train south in the morning."

While the ladies, especially Celestia, expressed polite regrets at losing his company so soon, he plunged into an excited description of the hunting trip.

"Excuse me," Celestia interrupted presently, "but I'm quite sure that page is calling your name."

Billy frowned and instructed the page: "Find out who it is that wants me"; and immediately resumed his talk of hunting. Returning in a moment, the page handed Billy a card upon which was written, "Weeks & Warren, Los Angeles."

Having studied the card an instant, Billy exclaimed: "Oh, I remember those ginks! They're some broker sharks down at Los Angeles—mining stock. They wrote me a letter and sent me a telegram yesterday about this San Sebastian stuff. By Jove, I guess the whole state is trying to ring me in on that! You tell 'em," he instructed the page, handing over a half dollar that hurt Mr. Potter like a blow in the face, "that I've gone out and won't be in till night. Cheeky beggars!" he added irritably as the page withdrew.

When they left the breakfast table he saw in one swift, sure glance that the Gold National Bank's receipt for Lamb's mining

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to commence to think about Christmas.

At the last minute—too late—you remember the friend for whom you have not provided.

Just send us a letter enclosing $1.50 (or $1.75 for a Canadian subscription). Give your friend's name and address and we'll do the rest.

Fifty-two times he will be reminded of your kindness.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BOX 154, PHILADELPHIA

stock no longer lay on the table cloth. He had no doubt Mr. Potter had put it in his pocket.

During the day he was busily making preparations for his hunting trip—preparations, it appeared, of the most elaborate and expensive nature. Toward noon he was with them in the lobby when a page brought him a telegram.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he exclaimed with astonishment, handing Mr. Potter the wire. It was dated Los Angeles and read:

"Will give four and a quarter for ten thousand shares San Sebastian Gold. Spot cash. Wire us at once, or call up on long distance. "WEEKS & WARREN."

"Four and a quarter for ten! Why, say, those lobsters must think I'm a lunatic!" he declared, and tore up the wire.

At six o'clock he dove into the elevator in which the Potters were about to ascend to their rooms for the purpose of dressing for dinner.

"Well, I got things just about fixed up," he announced, wiping his brow. "Be all ready for that nine o'clock train in the morning. It's kept me hustling too," he added with a genial grin. "I say, you know"—he turned to Mr. Potter, grinning more broadly—"those pelicans are still after me. See what I got now." He handed over a wire dated Los Angeles and reading:

"No answer to previous wire. Will give five for ten thousand San Sebastian, if delivered by the tenth. Have deposited money in the First National Bank here with instructions to pay same on delivery of stock. Holds good including tenth.

"WEEKS & WARREN."

"Great little con men, eh?" he commented, wiping his brow again and thrusting the wire into his pocket; and with scarcely a breath between he began talking horse to Celestia.

"Your floor, sir," said the elevator man.

"Oh, yes; well, see you this evening; see you in the morning," said Billy hastily.

In fact, he saw only Mr. Potter that evening—saw him in the writing room immersed in a railroad time-table. Having seen him and noted his occupation, Billy discreetly withdrew without attracting the banker's attention. If he had lingered he might have observed that Mr. Potter presently laid down the time-table, crossed his lean legs and gave himself up to meditation. From the expression on his face, from the way he wagged the top foot up and down in slow rhythm, and from the thoughtful manner in which he plucked at his chin whisker, his meditations seemed more agreeable than any he had indulged in since arriving at Hotel Los Idolos. He was, in fact, multiplying ten thousand by five, then multiplying it by three and subtracting one sum from the other.

Billy's southbound train left at nine o'clock in the morning. Thus Mr. Potter was able to bid him good-by dryly in the lobby, then fight a short, sharp campaign with his surprised family, throw a few things into a bag and catch the nine-forty train north for San Francisco.

Three days later Albert Lamb, stretched on the warm sand of the beach before the huge Hotel Baloa, was lazily admiring the sea. "That was a bully swim," he murmured blissfully.

Young William Wiggins beside him—his bathing suit still dripping, and taking long, deep breaths as he recovered his wind—was vigorously burying himself in the sand. "Great!" he panted, scooping up another double handful and pouring it over his ankles.

He then looked cautiously round and observed that Molly was out of hearing. So Billy tipped his snub nose to the cerulean sky and roared.

"Aw, we didn't do it right!" he declared when the laugh was over. "We missed the whole show! Why, I'd have given a leg to stand round and see Abram Potter when he drilled into the First National Bank of Los Angeles with an armful of blue wall paper that he'd just paid thirty thousand dollars for in San Francisco and tried to get fifty thousand for it. Can't you imagine him when he went over to Weeks & Warren's? Why, it would have been worth more than the money!"

"Be satisfied, be satisfied!" Lamb chided mildly. Abruptly he sat up and shook his head. "And now see here, Billy, if you try to get me out of this inside of two weeks I'll take you into the surf and drown you!"

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THE BOOBY PRIZER

(Continued from Page 11)

one and only tennis tournament I ever butted into. This clock, sir, is symbolic. It conveys to me the message: 'Wake up, rub your eyes, and get a move on you!' I have not yet followed this excellent advice. Now this gilded coconut ——"

He was hauling forth another trinket, when I burst forth.

"Young man," I demanded, "do I get this straight? Is that trunk full of booby prizes?"

"And they're only the best of my collection!" Berriton waved largely, in cynical imitation of an English lord exhibiting his rare tapestries. "I had to leave a hundred-pound pumpkin behind, also a pair of stilts that was awarded to me in my senior year at college for the most remarkable exhibition of stilted English."

"You're quite some wonder," I laughed, though perhaps I should have wept.

"Well, rather!" he sneered at himself. "Mr. Higgins, I'm the biggest fizzle on earth. I'm a natural-born simp. I'm ——"

"Come! Come!" I protested, for I saw that the boy was getting into a dangerous mood. "It's not so bad ——"

"Everything I tackle I botch!" He slumped into a chair and dropped his big, shaggy head on his hands. "Five years ago I squeaked through college at the bottom of my class. I put five thousand dollars into a garage business, and when the receiver was through he handed me eighty-seven dollars. Three more flings like that, and the plump little fifty-thousand-dollar wad my grandmother left me took an obesity cure that brought it down to ten thousand. Any ordinary idiot would have quit at that, wouldn't he? But what do I do? Fall in with an elderly citizen on a Pullman one day. He wears a black frock and talks like an assistant curate. He gives a lame boy on the train a ten-spot. And a week later he is writing to me about the wonderful Far Hills proposition and asking if I wouldn't consider serving as the American secretary of the company. The pay, says he, is poor—only twenty-five hundred a year. But they will give me a block of preferred stock, which will some day be worth a fortune. What does smart little Jimmie Berriton do? He does the only thing he can do. He's got the habit of drawing booby prizes. So he takes the job, and inside a month he's urging all his friends to buy Far Hills stock—and there you are!"

"And here you are! But why?" I contemplated him with all my professional curiosity. "Why did you strike Zamboanga?"

James Berriton lifted his head from his hands and, looking at me unsteadily, flushed like a spring rose.

"I might as well tell you"—he was talking chiefly to himself—"you can't think me a sillier ass than you do already, Mr. Higgins. I came to Zamboanga to make a ten-strike—with the Nortons ——"

"I don't get you," I said.

"Louise had been hunting for years for a quiet, healthful place in the tropics—for her parents ——" he mumbled foolishly. "I thought I'd found it—and I'd show her how smart I was—and then—and then—maybe she'd come to believe—some day, a long time from now—that I'm not an utter fool—and she'd marry me ——"

As his voice trailed away into a whisper of dull despondency I piped up.

"Well, son!" said I, throwing a big bluff at being cheerful. "This is my busy day. So let's get that rakish eight-cylinder lie framed up in a hurry. Now, how does this yarn strike you?" And I outlined to him the following stunt for making the Nortons accept his money. "I'll go to Louise," said I, "and tell her I'm Mr.—say, who's one of the officers of the Far Hills Company?"

"Caleb Adams—he's their Philippine manager."

"I'm Caleb Adams then," I went on enthusiastically. "And I'll inform the young lady that the provincial government has condemned the lands of the Far Hills Company. The government is building a great prison and penal farm out there—and, knowing how it would ruin real-estate values in the vicinity, the government has done the noble deed and taken over the whole tract as part of the prison farm."

"Smooth!" James Berriton whooped, with a lightning change of mood. "That'll blind them if they insist on running out to San Ramon ——"

"Wise youth!" I grinned. "Next, Caleb Adams will say that the Far Hills Company is this week dividing up among its stockholders the proceeds of the condemnation sale—hm, I'll say the sale took place a month ago—and I, supposing that the Nortons were still in Allandale—that's their town, isn't it? Same as yours? Sure—well, I had their check sent to them there. Hm—and, to be sure, I sent it care of the Allandale bank—what's the name of it?"

"First National. Say, Mr. Higgins, you are a wizard." The booby prizer grabbed my two hands and pumped them madly. "Gee! If I could only work my custard brain like that!"

"And, right now, you'll come with me to the wireless station," I continued. "And somehow we'll fix it up with the First National to sell—say, what have you got your money in, stocks or bonds, or what?"

"Why!" The booby prizer scratched his head. "I don't remember. They're all little pieces of paper—in an iron drawer at the bank—and I left the key in my collar box, back home, in mother's house. No use bringing it along, was there?"

"Ouch! Help!" I wailed. And honest to Mike!—if I hadn't been practicing at the uplift for fourteen years I'd have knocked the big simp flat. My nice little Moros are lame ducks at handling the mazuma, but this booby prizer made them look like the turkey-trotters of high finance. "Well, my boy! I'm going to give you another prize to stick in that trunk of yours! You've earned it! You'll tell the bank to mm-m yes, that's it!—to sell your securities and deposit the proceeds to the credit of Mr. Norton—and say that the money comes from you as American secretary of the Far Hills Company. See? That covers your trail, I guess."

"I can never repay you for this." Berriton glowed.

"No, you can't," I admitted without mercy. "But you can accommodate me by hustling over to the wireless with me. I've got to get back to my job on the dock—saving suckers, you know!"

I didn't mean to make the poor devil wince, but that last remark hit him like a hot wire in a sore tooth.

"You've started the day well!" He tried to grin but didn't succeed.

Well, we sneaked out through a side door of the club while the Nortons weren't looking; and in a few minutes Billy Sayres, our wireless operator on the town's edge, was squirting the message through his sparking tubes to the world's farther side.

"Thank heaven, that's done!" breathed the booby prizer as we left the crackling little room. "And now it's up to you to stuff Louise with that wonderful lie."

"Let's go over the figures," said I. "You say Mr. Norton dropped eight thousand dollars in that fake farm and bungalow?"

"Yes." The booby prizer nodded, then went gray as ashes. "Why! Why!" he chattered. "I forgot! That's more than I've got in the bank. I've only seven thousand five hundred there! And—and I've got to pay the Nortons' passage home too! And—Mr. Higgins, I've only eighty dollars cash with me! What shall I do?"

"Huh!" said I. "If you've got only seventy-five hundred you can pay them only seventy-five hundred. They ought to be glad to get that much ——"

"I shall pay them every cent they've lost through me ——" He halted in his tracks and balled his fists at me as if I had insulted him. "Have you forgotten that those poor people have only four thousand dollars left? Four thousand! And here they are, stranded halfway round the world from Allandale—old, feeble, without friends or ——"

"Look here!" I retorted. "We're not heathen down here in Zamboanga. This is the United States of America, even if it is next door to Borneo. We don't let any old folks go stranded and starving. I can fix it up with the governor so that the Nortons can get back to Allandale half price, say, for three hundred dollars and odd, for the three of them. They've surely got most of that in their pockets, and what they haven't the governor will lend them ——"

"None of that!" the booby prizer thundered. "I don't welch, I don't. I'm a poor, miserable chump, and I'm the ruin of my best friends; but I won't get out from under. I'll stand for all the damages I do, Mr. Higgins. I'm going to raise those three

hundred dollars—in a hurry too! See here! If I get a job here in Zamboanga, do you suppose I could borrow against my future salary?"

I almost hooted in his big, honest face, I did! To think of that booby prizer picking up a job in Zamboanga! A chap who didn't know a word of Spanish, nor a syllable of Malay, nor the A B C of simple business, breaking into a Chinese hemp-trader's office, maybe, or into a Japanese hardwood company, and, second day at the desk, touching the boss for three hundred! Did you ever hear the like of that?

But did I tell him the truth? No, sir! I dodged. For I had his future figured out better than a Manila astrologer could. While he had been talking away I had framed it up to pass the hat for the Nortons at the Empire Club and over at the Capitol. Three hundred isn't much to pick up for two helpless old Americans and a beautiful daughter, stranded under the eyes of a thousand and odd Yankees, army, navy, church, school and state. So I sidetracked the booby prizer by saying:

"Oh, sure! Anybody as honest as you could raise money that way as soon as people got to know you. Now come on back to the club, while I spin my yarn to Miss Norton ——"

"No," he smiled happily, "I'm goin' to start looking for a job."

"But, drat you!" I protested. "To-day's the biggest holiday of the year. All the shops are closed, and everybody, from the governor down to the Moro babies, is out hullabalooing and losing his money to the slick ones."

"Oh, well," he kept on, grinning as if he'd found a wallet full of greenbacks, "I'll pick up friends on the streets and get a line on the town."

And from that there was no budging the blithering idiot. He left me at the Empire Club door; and the last I saw of him that morning he was strolling down street, contemplating the bamboo arches and the judges' stand buried beneath a dome of fresh-cut palms, and the thickening rabble which streamed past.

"Son," I yelled after him, "you earned that trunkful all right, all right!"

Miss Louise, lazily rocking in a deep wicker chair on the veranda overlooking the bay, heard me through with never a word. She didn't even lift those sweeping eyebrows of hers when I told her that the Far Hills Company had deposited seventy-five hundred dollars in the Allandale First National to the credit of her father. She gave me two thrills at once, that girl did. The looks of her thrilled me, and the razor-edged wit of her thrilled me—I don't know which the more. A clear-cheeked, swift-eyed daughter of the Ohio Valley is a cheering sight down here on this fringe of perdition, where we see tiny Filipino women, narrow-chested, lop-sided, tricked out in brass jewelry, picking their teeth at dinner, and chattering like monkeys with much noise but saying nothing. And a girl you can talk to as man to man is more refreshing than the first slap of the cold north wind in your face when you're coming out of the tropics. Louise was all of that—and more.

"This is very remarkable"—she whipped out a tiny memorandum book and made me repeat the gist of the guff while she jotted it down—"and so sudden! What made the government hurry so?"

"Well, you see, ma'am," I explained, "speaking confidentially, I'll tell you that—er—there's been a couple of nasty little insurrections on the island, and we've got two hundred life prisoners on our hands and no place to put them—so there was a big rush for lodgings ——"

"We've got two hundred prisoners?"—she scanned me with not a flicker of those brown eyes—"you mean the Far Hills Company ——"

"We, the people of the United States," I shot back at her. "Editorial we. Not you and I, you understand!"

"Oh"—she tapped her firm coral lips with her forefinger meditatively—"and so you sent our check back to Allandale. A New York draft, I suppose?"

"Of course, ma'am," I answered, as boldly as I could.

I know the *kris pandak* and the *badik* and the *tumbuk lada* and the other ten knives of the Malays; and I know the difference between the opium that is *madat* and the opium that is *chandu;* and I know how to train the big short-tailed monkey called *brok* to gather nuts for me; but whether a New York draft is an east wind up Long Island Sound, or just the stale air that blows out of the Subway, I do not know. And it got on my nerves a little to hear Louise Norton babble about it as if she carried the stuff round in her vanity box like talcum papers.

"I suppose, then"—the young lady considered me with a kindly gaze—"that the bank of issue was here in Zamboanga?"

"Sure thing, ma'am," I wagged my fool head; and I'd have given a bag of betel nuts to have been told that minute what a bank of issue was. When I went to school back in old Vermont they never taught us such things.

"I'm so glad," she cried with relief. "Then you can fix it up so that we can draw some money there—right away. Just have them cancel that draft—I'll stand the costs of cabling—and you draw a new check for us and deposit it in the bank here."

"Uh—uh!" I gagged, "er—ma'am that'll be very awkward to manage—can't be done, in fact—not quickly ——"

"Oh, it's perfectly easy to cancel a draft"—the omniscient young lady smiled—"I've often done it. And you'll have to, Mr. Adams. You see"—she faltered for a millionth of a second—"we're very short of cash—and we'll need quite a little. Traveling out here in the Orient is pretty expensive, you know!"

"I'll do what I can, Miss Norton," said I. "You know, banking out here isn't what it is back in Ohio—very slow, and lots of formalities. But I'll poke 'em along, miss! Give me a couple of days, won't you?"

"Yes, if you will ——" A ripple of red flitted across her face, and she stopped sharply, as if she wanted to take my measure before speaking further.

"Yes, I will!" I chuckled, putting up a bold front. But I was afraid she was going to spring some more high finance on me.

"You're a nice man"—the girl studied me as if I were a strange bug under a microscope—"will you promise never, never to tell anybody what I'm going to ask you?"

I held up my right hand in oath.

"Thanks!" She leaped from her wicker chair and led me to the end of the veranda, out of everybody's sight and hearing. "See here! Did you send Jimmie's money back to Allandale too?"

Maybe I didn't do some lightning calculating, while she scanned my lips for an answer to that! It took me about the span of two winks to see through that question. She was dead broke—the poor thing was—and she was figuring that there might be a bad delay in getting her money, so that she'd have to touch Jimmie for a roll. If Jimmie had his money, or if I had not sent it off yet, she could get it from him.

"Miss Norton," I said quickly, "I mailed his draft in the same mail with yours—to Allandale, Ohio"

"Oh, dear!"—she shook her head faintly—"well, then, one more question: Has Jimmie decided how he's going to spend his money?"

"How should I know that?" I stared at her.

"Maybe you don't," she retorted with a tightening of her lips; "but—you took Jimmie out for a stroll not ten minutes after we reached the club. If he had gone to see the sights he'd have asked me to come along. So of course he must have gone on business, and"—she hesitated—"I don't know what other business Jimmie could have besides spending his money!"

"Ahem! Ahum!" I sputtered, "you seem to know the young man pretty well."

"I know him all the way through," she answered quietly. "What scheme is he in now?"

"Scheme? He isn't in any scheme," I almost shouted in my haste.

"Oh, yes, he is"—her frown was quite terrible—"and let me tell you something, Mr. Adams! Between you and me, you understand?"

"Between you and me," I nodded solemnly.

"You are not to sell Jimmie any lots, farms, standing timber, stocks, bonds, or other properties." She rattled off the list like a lawyer, and as she did so she stepped up close to me and glittered dangerously. I swear there was in her glorious face the look of a mother tigress defending her first-born. Power! Power and will! Power and will and a fierce tenderness! It was beautiful. It would have made me shout for joy, if she hadn't called me a crooked promoter.

"I am not ——" I blurted. But she rushed on like a mad *carabao*.

"Jimmie's not a business man," she said. "He's—different. He's a dear, but he's

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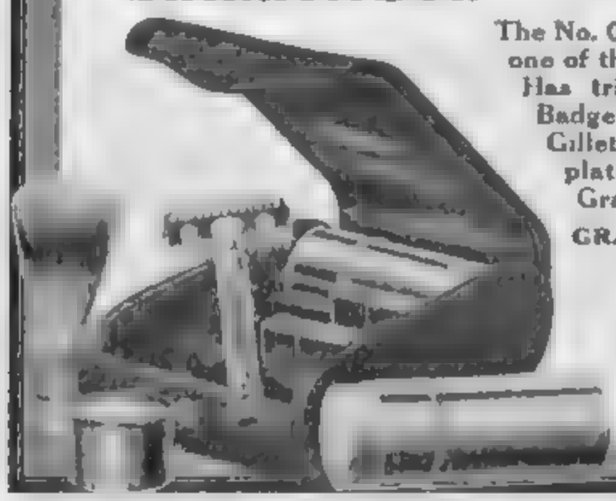

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too good-natured to make money—or to invest what he's got. I don't know what you're up to, Mr. Adams. But I know you're up to something. And I give you fair notice! If you get Jimmie into a scrape I'll get you into a worse one—and you won't forget it as long as you live. That's all! Now, if you don't mind, you can run along and find Jimmie for me. I want to see him at once."

"You misjudge me cruelly ——" I tried again.

"Drop the stage talk"—the terrible girl shrugged her shoulders. "I'll wait for Jimmie here. Good morning, and thanks for putting us up at this lovely club!"

"Oh, don't mention it!" I cackled, and nearly fell down the steps in my hasty retreat from the creature who watched me sneak down street with that godlike smile on her determined lips. If ever in my life I felt like a spanked schoolboy it was then and there. "So help me Allah!" I groaned. "I'll never help a booby prizer again!"

Well, I looked up and down a dozen streets for Jimmie; but the crowds were so thick and there was so much coming and going that, of course, I didn't find him. So I hurried back to my job on the steamer dock, spotting grafters.

That morning I plucked fewer slick ones than ever before on the *fiesta*—only one opium peddler and a Chinaman with a folding roulette wheel disguised as a big umbrella, and three old-timers escaped from San Ramon. A poor haul it was, but I was to blame for it. My mind was on the booby prizer and the Nortons. I saw tragedy ahead, tragedy headed for poor Jimmie on high gear and not blowing its horn as it came.

"This Berriton boy is a white man all the way through," I observed confidentially to a pair of wicked dogfish which were loafing on the sand bottom forty feet below where I was dangling my feet over the dock's edge—"white as the whitest. He's ruining himself to save the Nortons. The Nortons need the money, and no mistake; but there's no law that'd make him give it to them. They went into this Far Hills swindle with open eyes. And *caveat emptor*, say I! How that Louise didn't catch on to the crooks is more than I can make out. She's as smart as she is pretty, but that time she fell down. Trusting Jimmie, I suppose! She's head over heels in love with him, or may I be fired from Secret Service!

"There's act one of the tragedy. Now for act two! This young lady smells a trick. That darned fool, Jimmie, blundered. He ought to have told her he and I were going out to buy a box of toothpicks, or a set of Lamb's Essays, or something. That'd have thrown her off the track. But he botched things as usual. So, mark my words, she's going to discover his trick! And what'll she do? Why! What any high-spirited Yankee girl in love with a good-natured youngster would do! She'll refuse every cent he tries to force on her. She'll tell him it was up to her to spend her father's money wisely. She'll say she made the mistake, and she's going to take her medicine like a man. Jimmie will yelp at that, but she'll beat him into submission. What a power that girl is! He'll never worst her in that argument! All right then! He loses. The three start back to the States with four thousand dollars to their name. Pretty rough hoeing for poor Louise! She'll have to go to work in a store.

"But," I informed my audience, "that won't hurt her much. She's got brains. She'll make ends meet. But this poor Jimmie kid—what'll happen to him? That's what's worrying me most. He's the original and only booby prizer! Going out to look for a job. Hoping to pick up a job in this Spanish-Malay-Chinese port! Dreaming of borrowing three hundred dollars on his face! Leaving his safety-deposit key home in his collar box! Not knowing whether he has stocks or bonds or wrapping paper in his bank! Forgetting how much money he has on deposit! And, worst of all, paying cash in advance for a bungalow which he's never seen, nine thousand miles from Allandale! Say, you darned dogfish"—I shook my fist at the blue depths beneath my feet—"don't squeal! Don't let my nice little Moros know there's a white sucker in town with that record behind him! If they found it out, Uncle Sam and I would have to give up running them."

Five in the afternoon! I marched off the transport, where I had been lapping up malted milk with real cracked ice in it, through the *siesta* hours, and discussing the Nortons with the captain. My work on the dock was over, for all the big looters and card sharks come early and avoid the rush; and those who haven't the sense to be on the job before the brass band contest begins don't deserve to be spotted and trailed by James Higgins. Picking up Mississippi at his post I started uptown to mix with the crowds. Often, just drifting along with eyes and ears busy, I've netted some of the biggest fish. Ten strides into the stream of celebrants, and I said to Mississippi:

"Whew! This is the liveliest *fiesta* our thriving metropolis has ever seen! What prime pickings for the slick ones!"

And it was even so. Up and down the cooling streets, under the bamboo arches and through the tunnels of palms and bunting, there struggled yellow, brown, white, yellow-brown, brown-white, and yellow-white; old and young, rich and poor, tinseled and ragged—all sorts except melancholiacs and dead folks. The Filipino dandy strutted by, under his arm his favorite gamecock. The Chinese sailor shuffled past, scanning the hilarity through his mask of a leather face. The pathetic, dwarfish native lady, sagging on one hip and edging crabwise through the throngs, aired her new embroidered *camisa*, carefully maladjusted so as to reveal a patch of bare shoulder. There came, aglitter with a thousand brass buttons on his sea-green jacket, a *datu* from Tawi-Tawi, thumping his heavy cane of exquisite *kamuning* wood, while close behind him pattered a slave boy lugging the big silver box of betel nut and lime whereof his master frequently partook, to the despair of all dentists. Naked babies by the regiment scuttled between the elder multitude's legs. Five-foot-two merchants, newcomers from Manila, stalked about in tight black frocks and under tile hats of the vintage of '73, doing their noblest to look like our leading citizens. Down along the shore, on the shady side of the *nipa* huts, mobs of ecstatic Moros were shooting craps. Back of the big hemp warehouse five Chinamen had spread five patches of red plush on the ground; and on each patch two mighty black Sumatran cocks were slicing open each other's throats with their whizzing silver razor spurs, while the five Chinamen aforesaid were kindly consenting to act as bookmakers for those who desired to back up their opinions of the birds with negotiable securities. A hundred spectators shrieked and shook their puny fists at the fighters, when they were not jamming dollars into the bookmakers' hands. Oh, yes, things were happening!

"I wish," said I to Mississippi, "that the Thousand Holy Martyrs could look down upon the joy they are causing. I wonder if ——"

Right there I ceased speculating on transcendental affairs, and came back to earth with a jolt. For some fingers closed round my forearm, and a voice hissed in my ear:

"What have you done with him? You—you ——"

"Mother tigress," I babbled, "what are you saying?"

"Where have you taken Jimmie?"

It was the terrible voice of Louise Norton. And the eyes of her burned with fury.

"What are you driving at?" I blustered.

"He's gone—left the club!" she cried. "A man came and took away his trunk—while I was waiting for you to come back with the poor boy. Oh, you wicked man! You were loafing on the dock just to trap him, I know! You're not Caleb Adams of the Far Hills Company! I asked at the club, and they said there isn't any Caleb Adams in town, and never was! You've some black trick up your sleeve—and you've led poor Jimmie away—into some trap. Help! Police! Police!"

And with that, what does the mother tigress do but lock five fingers in my hair with a grip of a woman who's been winning tennis tournaments for ten years. Wow! But the spunk oozed out of my knees, while the tears came to my eyes. Mississippi howled. The street buzzed like a million beehives. Moros circled us, chattering. Then up charged a bunch of constabulary, and, next thing I knew, that hulk of a blustering sergeant, Bill Sudds, Company B, came up grinning at me like a jack-o'-lantern and asking politely:

"Well, well, Higgins, ain't you been paying your alimony regularly?"

"Oho, so your name is Higgins, Mr. Adams!" Louise blazed; "and you're

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The hand of business or society is not gladly extended to people who have sallow, cloudy complexions. We all prefer to deal and mingle with people of clean, pleasing looks. Consider

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Say, fellows! Here's the boss of 'em all!

THE AMERICAN MODEL BUILDER contains 15% more new and novel parts—builds *more* practical working models—370 shown in our 1916 manual—builds many models that no other outfit can build. Every part highest grade cold-rolled steel, double plated. *Powerful, high grade electric motor given free with even medium-priced sets.*

Write for "New Story of Steel" and catalog showing a [illegible] and dozens of other models you can build. Big prize contest for new models, with 155 prizes valued up to $100 each. Write now. The American Mechanical Toy Co., 411 E. First St., Dayton, Ohio.

See the American Model Builder at Your Dealer's

known to the police! I knew it! You couldn't fool me! Officer! Lock this scoundrel up ——"

"Hold on, lady!" howled Bill Sudds. "If this ain't a family party there's some mistake. Lemme introduce you: Jim Higgins, this is—Boss of the Pirates of Jolo, King of Little Palangao, Inspector in Chief of the League of Mindanao Grafters ——"

"I know he's a grafter—I caught him in the act," cried Louise, while I fell to laughing like a fool over the vaudeville, with me in the limelight as vaudevillain.

"Grafter? Higgins?" Sudds gurgled, while the crowd took to screaming as if the soles of their feet were being tickled. "You're in wrong, lady! He's ——"

"Hold your tongue, Bill!" I snapped—for I don't allow anybody to call me head of the Secret Service in the presence of all the yellow and brown thugs in Zamboanga—"I'll save my own life. Miss Norton ——"

"All right, Jim," muttered Sudds, "but I'm glad to meet you anyhow." He stuck his big mouth close up to my ear. "The captain's been looking for you all afternoon. He wants you to look over some grafters who drifted down from Manila on the transport this morning. They're strangers, and working some new game. You'll find 'em down the east beach. They're raking in the dough something awful. There must be something black back of their stunts, says cap."

"I'm on the job, Bill!" said I with joy, for all that awful five-finger hold on my hair hadn't eased up yet. "Now see here, young lady! You're needlessly excited. I'm no crook. I'm—well, I'm Mister Somebody, and I've got a hurry call to the other end of town. So please relax the tension!"

"You don't get away from me!" Louise panted. "You'll take me to Jimmie! If you don't, I'll—I'll ——"

"I can't take you to Jimmie!" I seized her wrist with considerable energy. "Where he is, I don't know. But he's in no danger, I'll bet. He's big enough to look out for himself."

"He's gone—with his trunk—and I've waited all day for him ——" The poor girl's temper broke all of a sudden, and she dropped her head limply, while a torrent of bright tears rushed down her cheeks. "You—you haven't hurt him, have you? You're somebody awful—that soldier said so. I'm afraid! I—I ——"

"You come along with me, child!" I let go of her wrist, and in the same move she let go of my hair. "I'll take care of you and maybe I'll find your Jimmie if"—I whispered to her, while the crowd strained its impudent ears in vain—"if you aren't afraid to trot round with Uncle Sam's Secret Service man while he's rounding up a bunch of crooks down on the east beach."

"Oh! You're that?" she gasped, half afraid in another way now. "But why—why did you call yourself Caleb Adams? Why did you slip away with Jimmie? Oh, I know something's happening to the dear ——"

"Rubbish!" I hooted, and took her shaking arm. "That youngster's foolish, but he'll bob up for dinner all right."

"He's not foolish!" she flashed indignantly. "He's—well, he's not smart in business, but he's pure gold! So kind, and thoughtful, and tender! I've known him ever since he was ten years old—and I've never seen him hurt a soul nor tell a lie nor play sharp. He's too good for this world, Jimmie is!"

"Aha!" I cried; "I begin to see through him! That's how he comes to be the champion booby prizer ——"

"He called himself that—to you?" She shrank from me aghast. "Oh! He must stop that! It isn't fair to himself! He's always running himself down. It hurts him, that talk ——"

"As for the rubber doll, and the alarm clock, and the pair of stilts ——"

"Oh! He told you even that?" Her eyes filled with tears again. "The foolish boy!"

"As I said a minute ago, miss!" I chipped in. It was mean, I know, but I had to get even for that hair pulling, didn't I?

She had to smile, and she did—honestly but sadly. Then I headed her toward the east beach. We had gone but the length of a tarpon line when she demanded sharply:

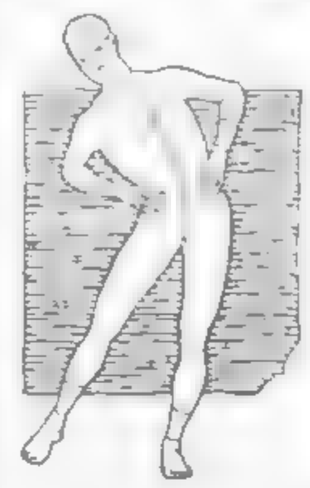
"Why did you tell me that the Far Hills Company had sent father seventy-five hundred dollars?"

"Miss Norton"—I frowned as hard as I could—"I'm sick of this game. I butted into it as a favor to Jimmie. I've had my

(Continued on Page 53)

A Now Heavy Underwear for Men

Here come cold days



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Why the warmth of Mayo Underwear is Superior

You jump out of bed, slam down the window and get right out of the cold Fall air into the warm Mayo Underwear.

"Make room there!" say your arms and legs and waist and chest as they feel the warmth of the fleeced inner surface. And the Mayo 10-rib fabric answers with a wonderful elasticity—a snug, true fit.

Why shouldn't it? Mayo is the 50c underwear that's knit in the warm dollar way. It has 10 ribs to the inch instead of 8.

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Men's Single Garments **50c** *Men's Union Suits* **$1.00**

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Those who prefer the old style 8-rib garments will find Mayo 8-rib Underwear an excellent value.

Now for Mayo Underwear! Now for economy, durability and fit! Now for warmth that never fails!

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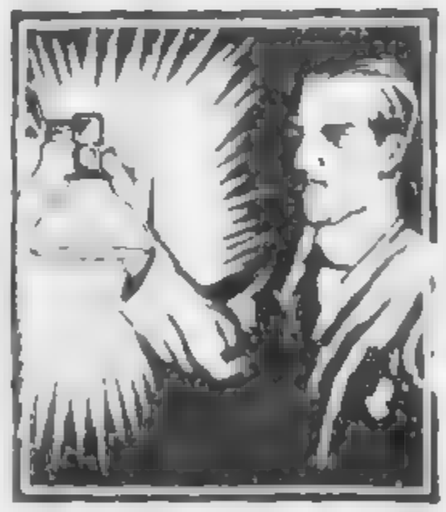

Electricity under proper control is the safest kind of light. Proper control means that the wire throughout your house, hidden within the walls, must be perfectly insulated.

Good insulated wire is absolutely safe. It keeps the current where it belongs.

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Is it good or bad? If your lighting bills are too high, you are paying for electricity that leaks. If your lights are dim in wet weather, your wire is leaking. If your fuses blow out continually, your wire is leaking badly—and that means danger—time to investigate.

ECCO Insulated Wire

doesn't leak, and won't leak even after years of use.

It is made of good materials, of rubber, and with infinite care. ECCO is given eight different tests. Every inch must pass rigid requirements before we feel justified in saying to you, "This ECCO Wire is Safe."

Play Safe when you build or re-wire

Put in ECCO and insist that everything else connected with the wiring be just as high in quality. We have a book telling about good wire and how to have it put in right. It is yours for the asking.

Electric Cable Company 17 Battery Place New York City

"Control"—the Big Factor in Safety—is Turning Thousands of Families to the Franklin Car

A GREAT insurance actuary cites the enormous increase in motor traffic, and says that many accidents attributed to reckless driving are really caused by *difficulty of control.*

As a car owner you can avoid reckless driving on your own part, but you cannot prevent it on the part of others.

With the ever-increasing number of vehicles on the road, the quick response and control of your own car becomes a matter of vital importance.

At Sacramento, California, W. I. Elliott recently demonstrated the Franklin low friction and easy control by drawing a Franklin Car through the streets with *an ordinary fish-line.* Here is a demonstration that has never been made before, nor anything approaching it. It is full of significance for the motorist who realizes the friction drag of the average car, and how much friction limits the control of his car.

Safety comes when operation is easy.

There is no other car that "handles" like the Franklin—owing to its balance and distribution of weight, and its *freedom from drag and friction.*

It is of the very elements of mechanics that a car which is hard to steer out of a straight course is also hard to steer back into it.

The locomotive builders discovered this fact long ago. With all the advantages of tracks built as level as engineering science could achieve, they found that a stiff, rigid engine is likely to climb the track when it slams against the curve or straightens out into the tangent.

Flexibility is the word in locomotive building, and it has always been one of the *basic principles of the Franklin Car.*

Consider the security obtained by the use of a chassis-frame of shock-absorbing wood *(instead of rigid steel)* with full elliptic springs front and rear, doing away with the need for strut and torque bars.

As for control, think what the Franklin reversible steering gear means to the man who drives his own car!

A slight turn of the hand steers the car from the straight-ahead position to the extreme right or left; and around the corner the car *automatically* straightens itself out again.

No cramp or tension, no jar or vibration to tire the muscles and nerves—but *complete relaxation.*

Automobile users are at last getting at the truth about car flexibility, car safety, car control.

They are getting the facts *by riding in the Franklin Car*—and there is no other way to get them.

You know how your own car rides and handles.

If you have ever come back with muscles sore and nerves on edge from driving a stiff, rigid car—you are the man who can appreciate the Franklin *ease of control.*

The way to know the difference is to *drive the Franklin for an hour* over all kinds of city streets and country roads.

Any Franklin dealer will be glad to extend you the privilege.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Franklin Touring Car weighs only 2,675 pounds. The price is $1950.

(Continued from Page 51)

fill of it. I crawl. I abdicate. I exit. I have nothing to say on the subject of Far Hills, or condemnation sales, or New York drafts. I am willing to sleep in *nipa* swamps and eat fricasseed snake in the Secret Service of Uncle Sam. But when it comes to doing odd jobs in the secret service of a guy named Cupid, I welch! Now, this squatty white building on our left is the new tobacco warehouse ——"

I kept up the guidebook business all the way down to the east beach. There I had to cut it out, for the crowds were the worst ever. They made the interior of an unopened sardine tin look like a ballroom floor two hours before the band arrives. On the upper road, which runs well back from the shore, I had to elbow a way for Louise; and the farther we advanced, the harder the elbowing was. The entire population of Malaysia seemed to be headed for a little clump of palms on the outermost fringe of the town; that is, everybody except a ragged stream of returning merrymakers, all of whom were grinning and chuckling and whooping as if each man's rooster had won the Inter-Island Main.

"This is certainly some new wrinkle!" said I to Louise. "I smell a white man. Our yellows and browns are conservative. They haven't invented a new way of separating folks from their funds since the first rooster was hatched."

But Louise wasn't listening. Her eyes were racing over the multitude, and I knew what they were seeking. The sight of her made me groan; for I saw that the curtain was soon to rise on act three of the tragedy. By nightfall the booby prizer would drift back to the club, discouraged, penniless, and ready to drop in his tracks. His sweetheart would worm from him the whole story about Far Hills and his feeble bluff. And then ——

Now, why the deuce must a perfectly sensible girl lose her head when she loses her heart? If ever there was a shrewd young woman of the new school, Louise was It. And yet look at the way she let Jimmie lead her halfway round the world by the nose! Look how he wheedled her to sink her aged father's savings in the wildest, flimsiest proposition ever cooked up in the back room of a saloon! Wouldn't it make a man sick? Wouldn't it make you vote against woman suffrage? When Cupid comes in at the front door Dun and Bradstreet sneak out through the back exit.

"Poor old man!" I muttered, thinking of the heart-breaking days ahead of Mr. Norton. "Poor old woman"—meaning of course his wife, who was doomed to penury for the rest of her declining years—"and may all grafters who play on people's heartstrings be minced up alive and fed by inches to the crocodiles!"

Saying which I lunged up to the palm grove with murder in my heart.

It was a hard shove up to the front, but I managed to drag Louise up to within a few yards of the performance, which was plainly hypnotizing the crowd. I looked over the yellow and brown heads between us and the barker, and saw a sight that made me homesick. A skinny little Filipino was throwing lemons at the head of a colored gentleman. The colored gentleman's head was thrust through a large canvas, across the top of which was printed in sprawling English and Spanish: "Biff the Boob! Three shots for a quarter. Boob, the Artful Dodger, gives a rare prize to every man who hits him two times out of five with an orange, or once out of five with a banana! Look over the trophies! Then step up and try your skill!"

There was a really-truly God's-country barker, too, and by hooky, he brought the tears to my eyes, he did! In rotten Spanish he was shrieking to the crowd: "Step up, *señores!* The world-renowned Artful Dodger, just arrived from San Francisco, invites you to test your eye and arm against his head. He will not remove his cranium from the hole. He will take what is coming to him. Never has there been offered in Zamboanga such a marvelous array of prizes as we offer to the men of skill. Only twenty-five cents, *señores!* A mere pittance! And you may win any of these splendid objects. Step nearer and consider them, *señores!*"

Whiz! Went another orange from the toothpick arm of the little Filipino. The Artful Dodger grinned, ducked, and the canvas three inches from his craning neck was spattered with yellow juice. The frenzied mob behind us yelled like fans at a tie in the ninth. Then the hurler retired sulkily, and up stepped a fat Malay *dato*, forgetful of his dignity and heedless of his aging joints. He began well—two shots within a foot of the bobbing skull—then the years began to tell, and the distinguished gentleman retired wearily. Then another striver pressed up to the rope and received three ripe ones from the barkers, with a little invocation thrown in for good measure.

"I'm back in the good old county fair," I dreamed aloud to Louise. "It's Montpelier, and September! The old folks are driving into the fair grounds with their prize Berkshires. I smell the hot dogs sizzling on the gridiron. And the popcorn!—say, Miss Norton, 'Westward the star of empire takes its way'! Excuse my crying like a kid, but this hits me hard. Fourteen years Uncle Sam and I have been trying to uplift these little brown and yellow cusses. And at last we've won out! The uplift has come, when you can biff the boob at three shots for a quarter, my dear! Glory be to the Goddess of Liberty! By hooky, I'm going to celebrate! Hey you, barker, I'm next in line. Gimme six nice, hard oranges, the kind you can grip like a baseball without squashing. Watch me swat him, Miss Norton! And you be taking your pick of the prizes. For as sure as I used to pitch on the Rutland nine, I'm going to land two or better out of five! Look out there, artful one!"

My first went wild, and the bunch behind me yuddy-yuddied at me like the mob in Julius Cæsar. Then my arm caught its stride, it being in good form from much swimming; and my second orange exploded with a dull, liquid thud on the side of the Dodger's black proboscis.

"*Kena-kan Tuan sasaran!*" howled Mississippi and a pack of my nice little Moros. "Master has hit the target!"

"Miss Norton!" I chuckled over my shoulder at her. "Got your prize picked out yet? One more shot, and it's yours! Now, boys, this time I'll clip the nigger on the cain ——"

Up went my arm—and stopped stiff, as if a thousand-mule-power electric current had short-circuited down it. For Miss Norton had let out a scream that cut clean through to my marrow, and before I could even turn to look at her she had scrambled under the rope and dashed past the astounded barker.

"Now what the dickens ——" I gasped weakly. And then I saw. For, spread out on an old table beside the barker I saw the prizes I was to win. I saw a rubber doll with a whistle in the middle of its back. I saw a dollar alarm clock. I saw—no, right then and there I quit seeing them. I saw only Louise kneeling in front of the canvas, wiping the exploded orange off the Artful Dodger's face. And, as her handkerchief wiped, the charcoal rubbed off and laid bare and white the pale cheeks of Mr. James Berriton, late of Allandale, Ohio.

When I reached the canvas the girl was saying: "Oh, my dear, my dear, why did you do it? What's the matter ——" And, between her words, the booby prizer was crying sullenly:

"Go away! You're spoiling the show! I've only made a hundred and five dollars ——"

"But why? Why? Did this man make you do this?" Louise pointed at me savagely, and I saw again the mother tigress glowering. "Oh! You brute! You struck him, and you haven't the decency even to apologize! You—you ——"

That was too much for me—and anyhow I saw that act three of the tragedy was on, and I wanted to have it over and done with in a hurry. So I said:

"Jimmie! Our little eight-cylinder lie turned turtle on the first lap. Our tires are blown up and our brake lining is all burned. Pull your noodle out of that hole, and let's get down to honest facts, all three of us."

Jimmie withdrew his head. Louise and I went round to the rear of the canvas. And there, out of the crowd's sight, I made the wretched booby prizer tell his whole pitiful story.

"You let these men throw things at you so as to pay our fare back home?" the girl asked in a shaky voice.

"I got you into this trouble," Jimmie answered stubbornly. "Thanks to my stupidity your father has lost all but four thousand dollars of his whole fortune ——"

"What do you mean?" Louise's eyebrows lifted.

"How can you ask that?" Jimmie cried almost in anger. He suspected her of

Take your cue from these firms, Mr. Purchasing Agent:

United States Steel Corporation
Westinghouse Electric Company
United States Navy
Western Union Telegraph Company
New York Central Railroad
New York City

Consider the number of pencils that are used annually in concerns of such size. Consider the number of people using these pencils who are on the payroll. Viewed in this light buying pencils has considerable possibilities both for profit and for loss. This is recognized by the great organizations named above. They go at their pencil buying like everything else, **scientifically.** They make tests and comparisons. And they buy Blaisdell pencils in large quantities, with a flattering abundance of repeat orders.

Isn't this your cue, Mr. Purchasing Agent? Doesn't it mean that you should at least write to us and ask us to prove to you that Blaisdells in your organization would be as satisfactory and economical as in the companies listed above?

Blaisdells will do your work easier, quicker, and at lower cost. They possess features of convenience (in sharpening, etc.) peculiar to them alone. Quality, convenience, economy! Satisfaction, time, money! That is the Blaisdell story in six words. They will save ¼ to ½ of your wooden pencil costs, clerks' time, and temper, too.

Blaisdell 202 is a "general utility" office pencil with an eraser and a lead as smooth as velvet. Price 55c per dozen; $5.40 per gross. Order by number from your stationer.

At last! A *real* ink eraser—the Blaisdell—made of spun glass that takes out blots like a breeze. 10c for three times as much eraser as you usually get for more money!

Blaisdell is a complete line of pencils—every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness. Sold by leading stationers everywhere.

The modern way to sharpen a pencil or ink eraser

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

Beech-Nut
Tomato Catsup

WHY not serve a *natural* tomato catsup at your table?

Natural Catsup is made from *tomatoes ripened on the vines*—taken *direct* to the kitchen, no hauling long distances—the catsup made, bottled and sterilized while the tomatoes are *fresh*, with all their full rich flavor intact.

We located the Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup plant in Rochester—for the reason that Rochester is in the heart of the region producing the finest catsup tomatoes in the world.

Taste Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup. Notice the *fresh-from-the-vine* tomato flavor, so different from the ordinary catsups.

Yet the price is the same—two sizes, 15c and 25c (in the extreme West a little more).

Makers of America's Most Famous Bacon—
Beech-Nut Bacon

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.
Catsup Plant at Rochester, N. Y.

Send 10 cents in stamps for the newest, most fascinating game—"Going to Market"—amusing and instructive and sure to interest the whole family

Well "Heeled" on every walking trip

The Foster Plug wont let you slip

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

Should be on your shoes, because—

The Foster Friction Plug not only makes them wear longer, but stands between you and dangerous, slippery sidewalks—you simply can't slip—makes each step sure.

Thousands of people are wearing Cat's Paw Heels today who tried other kinds first.

No holes to track mud and dirt.

The little "click" of the Foster Friction Plug takes you out of the "gum shoe" class.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—and they are easy to find—all dealers—50 cents attached—black or tan.

Get a pair today.

Do you have weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floor walkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75c attached at your dealer's—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c and outline of your heel.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping

Any boy can be independent

Upon request we will send you everything needed to start.

You can earn fifty cents the first Thursday.

Sidney Gay Doesn't Ask for Money

He is in business and makes money for himself. Thursday and Friday afternoons he sells *The Saturday Evening Post*. Last year he earned about $100.00. He is in the ninth grade and stands high in his studies. His work does not interfere with school duties.

In addition to his cash profits, he received a lot of prizes for good work.

Sales Division, Box 157
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

tricking him in an argument, I guess. "Your father had only twelve thousand dollars to his name. You told me so yourself ——"

"I? When?" Louise fought down a broad smile. "Oh, I remember now! When we were thinking of buying Far Hills stock you asked me if we could afford to take the chance. You asked—I remember your exact words—if father had enough to live on comfortably ——"

"And you said he had twelve thousand dollars!" Jimmie shouted at her.

"Right"—the girl twinkled like a sky full of stars—"he has twelve thousand—a year. That's what he has to live with! I thought, of course, you were asking about his income."

"Oh!" The booby prizer's jaw fell, and he looked round him wildly as if he were seeking a deep, dark hole to crawl into where my haw-hawing wouldn't reach his ears. But there was no hole except the one in the canvas of the Artful Dodger—and Jimmie didn't favor that one. So he resorted to his second line of trenches. "I'm glad," he muttered. "You'll not suffer through my blunders, thank God! But that doesn't change the facts, Louise. I've made you lose eight thousand dollars."

"How so?" The young woman straightened and tilted her head quizzically.

"How so? How so?" The booby prizer stared like a crazy man. "W-why, didn't I talk you into buying that bungalow—and that Far Hills stock?"

"You certainly did, dear!" Louise murmured between a laugh and a sob, "but I paid only ten per cent in advance. So father loses only eight hundred dollars, and I'm willing to pay that much—I've got our money's worth out of the venture."

"How the deuce you've got eight hundred dollars' value ——"

Louise then did something pretty and bold. She stepped up to the booby prizer, took his dirty charcoaled cheeks between her hands and, quite forgetful of old James Higgins in the foreground, whispered half aloud: "Jimmie dear! I've gotten thousands and thousands of dollars out of —what you've done. I've seen the most wonderful thing in the world—a heart of pure gold, Jimmie. You'd ruin yourself, leave yourself stranded out here in Mindanao, just to keep us in comfort, would you? You'd humiliate yourself in that awful canvas hole, so that we might go home in fine style, eh? And you'd make up whopping lies with this old scamp Higgins, would you, just to spare our feelings? Why, Jimmie dear, I can never repay you for what you've shown me, but let me pay as much as I can—on the installment plan—a little every day through the years ——"

"You're crazy, Louise!" Jimmie babbled madly at her while she held out her arms to him, trembling. "I'm a fizzle. I'm the booby prizer. I'm no use in the world. Everything I put my hand to goes wrong. You go back to Allandale, Louise! Leave me alone! I'm not fit for you. I'm a brainless beggar, and ——"

"Jimmie Berriton"—the girl quivered with holy wrath and she strode imperiously toward him—"you're no business man, and you never will be, but what do I care? You're not a tight-rope walker, either, nor a dentist, nor a balloonist, but what do I care? I don't have to marry a bank account, and I don't want to marry one, and I won't! I want—a heart of gold, Jimmie! And you've got to give it to me! Mr. Higgins"—she wheeled suddenly upon me as I was edging off between two palms—"arrest him! He's cheating me—out of what I've prayed for all my life!"

"Son," I yelled back without looking round, "consider yourself handcuffed! This is a bad day for grafters! If you don't behave you'll land in Cell 13 of the Far Hills Development Company's main building at San Ramon."

Then I dusted through the grove, just in time to see Jimmie's barker making off for the foothills with the hundred and five dollars of artful-dodging money. I ran him down in a patch of bamboo, round midnight. So I was late getting to the wedding at the Methodist Mission next morning. But I made up for it. A month later I laid the corner stone of the new bungalow of the James Berriton family, out San Ramon road. And into the corner stone I put one rubber doll with a whistle in the middle of its back, and one alarm clock. It took the whole Secret Service of Mindanao five days to get these commodities away from the thieves who lifted them after the barker had skipped out, but it was time well spent; for it was all uplift, wasn't it?

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

FROM JASON WEILER & SON,

Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 39 years the house of Jason Weiler & Son of Boston has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done direct by mail with customers at importing prices! Here are three diamond offers direct to you by mail with [illegible] rare [illegible] at [illegible] prices on diamonds that should [illegible] interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.

1 carat $95.

Ladies' or Men's Style Setting as desired

¾ carat $65.

This 1 carat genuine diamond in [illegible] style 14k solid gold setting [illegible] direct to you [illegible] $95.

If you can duplicate this diamond for less than $115.00 send it back and money will be refunded.

½ carat—$43.

This ½-carat genuine diamond in [illegible] and perfectly cut. Mounted in [illegible] 14k solid gold setting

This ¾-carat genuine diamond [illegible] of great brilliancy [illegible] Mounted in [illegible] 14k solid gold setting, our price, direct to you by mail [illegible] $65.

If you can duplicate this ring or [illegible] for less than $90.00, send it back and money will be refunded.

Money refunded if you can duplicate it for less than $60.00. Our price, direct to you by mail $43.

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston.

If desired rings will be sent to your Bank or any Express Co. with privilege of examination before delivery, and guaranteed for 5 years' full value [illegible] every year, or [illegible]

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS VALUABLE CATALOG ON HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to [illegible] buy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Clothes with Style and Staying Power for $17!

Style in clothes is the *outside,* Quality is the *inside.* Style is *looks,* Quality is *service.* Like the "beauty which is only skin deep," style without inward quality soon vanishes, leaving your clothes limp, without shape, and hopeless of much real wear.

Styleplus Clothes have Style correct to every fine detail. Style which expresses in every line, curve, button and seam the splendid, sturdy quality of cloth and workmanship beneath. Styleplus have attained astonishing nation-wide popularity because, for $17, they give *honest* Style plus the Quality that rings true in the actual hard service of every day.

Styleplus Clothes $17

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The same price the world over."

Formerly Style was only for those who could disregard expense. We have changed this. We saw a need, took the initiative, broke a new field, had the courage of the Originator. We said: "We will achieve Style for $17!" We approached the problem scientifically and we solved it. We specialized, invented short cuts, pared down manufacturing expense, bought woolens and made clothes on a gigantic scale, never omitting a single refinement necessary to produce the utmost Style. And today our colossal plant, its thousands of workers, our army of enthusiastic merchants throughout the nation, and, above all, the host of American men who are wearing our clothes stand as the monument to an Ideal-Come-True—the Ideal to give to American men Clothes with Style and Clothes with Wear for $17.

Style plus through-and-through quality (all-wool fabrics)
Style plus perfect fit (for every man of every age and physique)
Style plus economy (you save $3 to $8 on each suit)
Style plus guaranteed wear (a written guarantee with every Styleplus)

Worth seeing—look for them in the store window! Worth a try-on—step inside! Worth wearing and splendidly worth the money—wear home a suit of Styleplus! One leading clothier in virtually every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, write us and we will refer you to one nearby.

Write for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Inc.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Trade Mark Registered

This is the portrait of Mr. Henry Sonneborn, the founder of this organization.

Look for this Trade Mark on the coat sleeve. It protects you against substitution.

Copyright, 1915, by Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

DURING the months of July, August and September, 39,177 complete equipments for starting, lighting and ignition were produced at the Delco factories in Dayton.

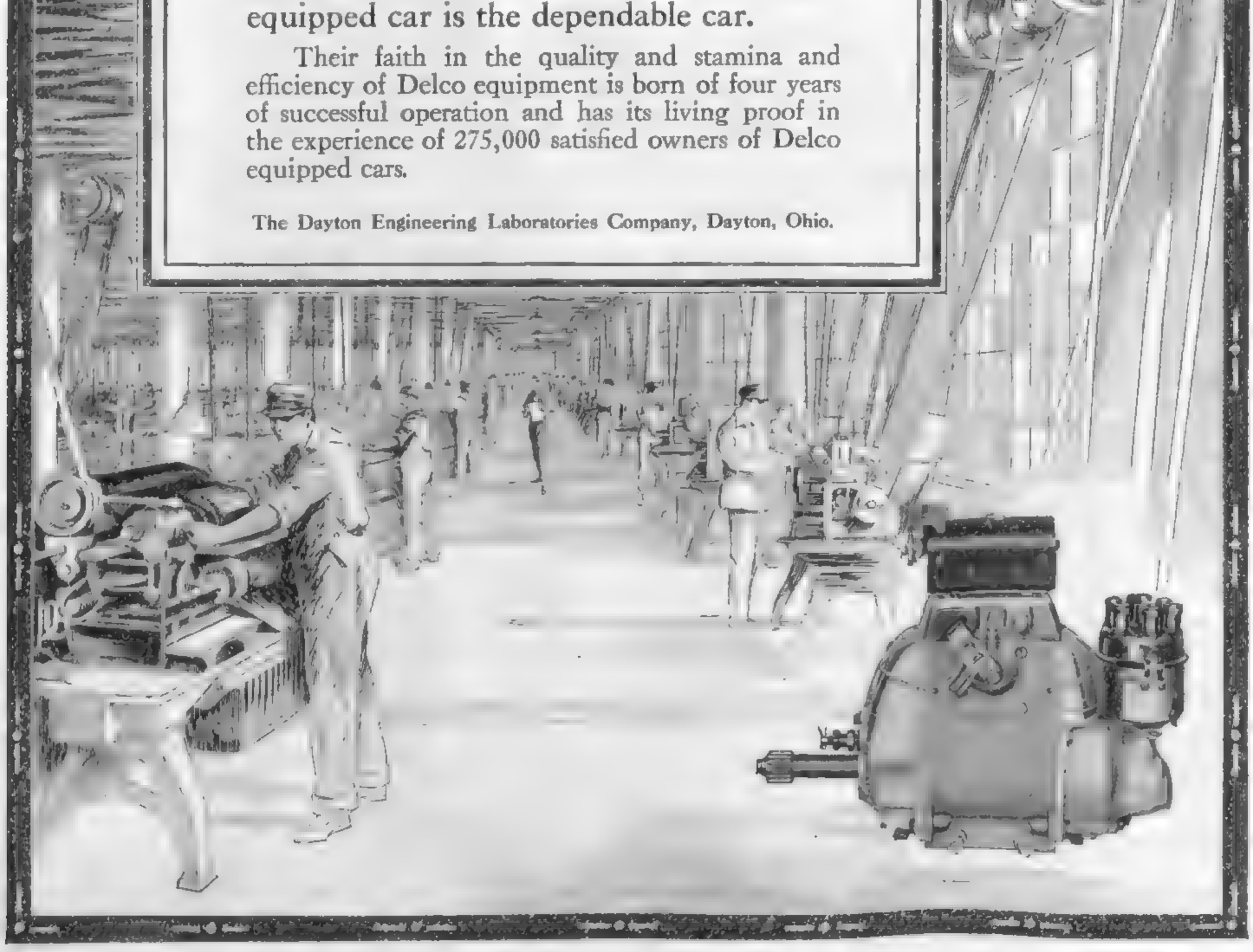
The production for the last quarter of the year will fully equal this phenomenal record.

There is just one reason for Delco success—and that is Delco performance.

Manufacturers, dealers and owners alike have come to realize that the Delco equipped car is the dependable car.

Their faith in the quality and stamina and efficiency of Delco equipment is born of four years of successful operation and has its living proof in the experience of 275,000 satisfied owners of Delco equipped cars.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio.



Have We Ever Said a Word That You Doubted?

Our claim is that, by selling cigars by the box from our factory direct to the smoker, we can sell him a better cigar for the same money than he can buy in the usual retail way.

That was the idea behind this business when we started this method of sale nearly fourteen years ago.

In all these years we have made no claims that we could not back, and none that *would not stand to reason.*

Today we have many thousands of customers who buy from us regularly. This advertisement is for the man who has not yet tried our cigars.

We could call our Panatela a Havana cigar—but we do not. It is a Havana-filled cigar, with a Sumatra wrapper. It is a hand-made cigar. We sell it at $5.00 a hundred.

It is the usual 10c or 3 for a quarter goods of the over-the-counter trade. The difference in cost is part of what we save by selling to smokers direct instead of to stores.

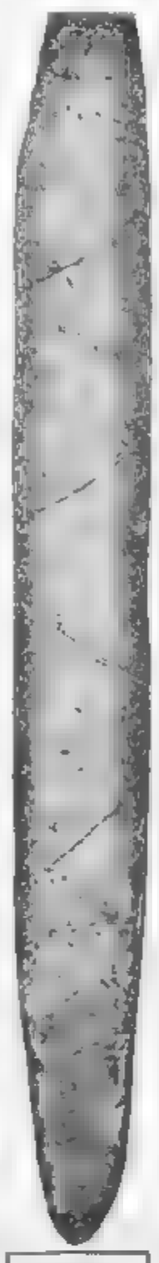
We do not ask you to buy; we do ask you to let us send you a box on trial.

Our Offer is: We will, upon request, send *fifty* Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Even if you accept this offer, like the cigars and pay for them, we do not make a profit, unless you begin to buy your cigars regularly from us. This you will probably do. It is in just this way that our large list of regular customers has been built up.

We make other cigars besides the Panatela, including a line of clear Havana cigars. All these cigars are shown in our catalog, which is sent on request.

In ordering please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.



Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, INC.
21st and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

$1 DOWN

Play Billiards and Pool on a Burrowes Table of your own. $1 or more down, according to size and style. Small amount each month. Prices from $15 up. Full equipment of Balls, Cues, etc., free. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard). The Burrowes Table is portable—placed on any room or on any home table or on its own legs of folding stand. Great experts say that the Burrowes Rex-Ball High-Speed Rubber Cushions are the best made.

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table
FREE TRIAL

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and it will promptly be refunded or deposit. Then rent it you a free trial. Write today for Burrowes catalog.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.
204 Center Street Portland, Me.

Mfrs. Burrowes Rex-Ball Inverted Steel-Cushion Billiard Tables and Folding Card Tables.

If you're a live boy
we want to hear from you

Thousands of boys are making money selling *The Saturday Evening Post* after school hours and on Saturdays. Besides the profits, we're giving thousands of the sort of premiums that a boy wants. If you want to try it send us a line.

Sales Division, Box 155
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

The Last Charge of Forrest's Cavalry

(Continued from Page 9)

"Listen, boys, for the engines—they ought to be startin' now in a minute."

They listened; but, though the fire bell in the City Hall tower, two blocks away, was sounding in measured beats, no clatter of hoofs, no clamor of fast-turning wheels, rose in the street below or in any neighboring street. Only the red flare widened across the northern horizon, deepening and brightening, and shot through in its center with lacings of flame.

"That's funny! I don't hear 'em. Well, anyway, I'm a-goin'."

"Me too, Press."

The windows were abandoned. There was a rush for the corner where overcoats had been swung on hooks and overshoes had been kicked back against the baseboard. Various elderly gentlemen began adjusting earmuffs and mufflers, and spearing with their arms at elusive sleeve openings. The meeting stood adjourned without having been adjourned.

"Coming, Billy?" inquired Mr. Nap. B. Crump in the act of hastily winding two yards of red knitted worsted about his throat.

"No; I reckin not," said Judge Priest. "It's a mighty bitter night fur folks to be driv' out of their homes in this weather. I'm sorry fur 'em, whoever they are—but I reckin I couldn't do no good ef I went. You young fellers jest go ahead without me—I'm sort of gittin' along too fur in years to be runnin' to other people's fires. I've got one of my own to go to—out there in my old settin' room on Clay Street."

He rose slowly from his chair and stepped round from behind the table, then halted, canting his head to one side.

"Listen, boys! Ain't that somebody runnin' up the steps?"

It surely was. There was a thud of booted feet on the creaking boards. Somebody was coming three stairs at a jump. The door flew open and Circuit Clerk Elisha Milam staggered in, gasping for breath. They assailed him with questions.

"Hey, 'Lisha, where's the fire?"

"It's that construction camp down below town burning up," he answered between pants.

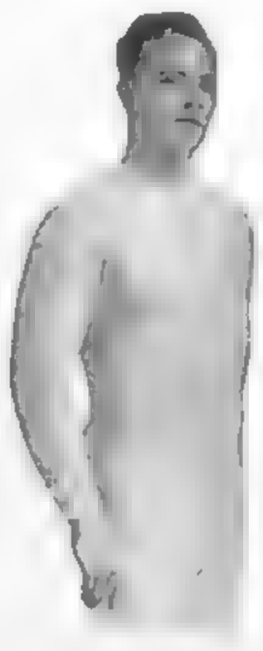
"How did it get started?"

"It didn't get started—somebody started it. Gentlemen, there's trouble beginning down yonder. Where's Judge Priest? . . . Oh, yes, there he is!"

He made for Judge Priest where the Judge still stood on the little platform, and all the rest trailed behind him, scrouging up to form a close circle about those two, with hands stirruped behind faulty ears and necks craned forward to hear what Mr. Milam had to say. His story wasn't long, the blurting way he told it, but it carried an abundant thrill. Acting apparently in concert with others, divers unknown persons, creeping up behind the barracks of the construction crew, had fired the building and fled safely away without being detected by its dwellers or by the half-frozen watchers of the police force on the hillock above. At least that was the presumption in Mr. Milam's mind, based on what he had just heard.

The fire, spreading fast, had driven the Sicilians forth, and they were now massed under the bluff with their weapons. The police force—eight men, all told, constituted the night shift—hesitated to act, inasmuch as the site of the burning camp lay fifty yards over the town line, outside of town limits. The fire department was helpless. Notice had been served at both the engine houses, in the first moment of the alarm, that if the firemen unreeled so much as a single foot of hose it would be cut with knives—a vain threat, since all the water plugs were frozen up hard and fast anyhow. The sheriff and his only able-bodied deputy were in Hopkinsburg, eighty miles away; and an armed mob of hundreds was reported as being on the way from its rendezvous in the abandoned plow factory to attack the foreigners.

Mr. Milam, essentially a man of peace, had learned these things at first hand, or at second, and had hastened hotfoot to Kamleiter's Hall for the one man to whom, in times of emergency, he always looked—his circuit-court judge. He didn't know what Judge Priest could do or would do in the face of a situation so grave; but at least he had done his duty—he had borne the word.



Safe Underwear that protects you

against winter colds—against getting overheated and then chilled—against exposure that leads to nose-and-throat trouble, pneumonia, and doctor's bills.

Duofold

is that safe underwear. It maintains the natural heat of the body under all conditions, indoors and outdoors.

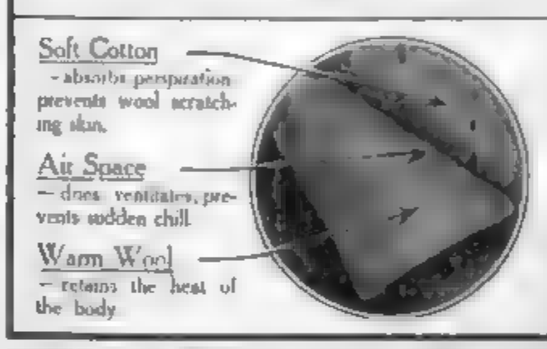
Duofold is two fabrics—cotton and wool—knitted together with air-space between. The cotton absorbs excessive perspiration. The air-space dries it. And the wool keeps you warm.

You have warm wool to keep in the natural heat of the body—but no uncomfortable "woolly" feeling, because fine soft cotton is next the skin.

Duofold is about half the weight of average winter underwear. It gives all the advantages of cotton and wool, with none of their disadvantages.

Duofold doesn't shrink.

Made in Union and Two-Piece Suits for Men, Women and Children. Write us for free sample of the fabric, and our "Comfort and Health Underwear" Booklet which tells about preventing unnecessary colds.


Soft Cotton
– absorbs perspiration prevents wool scratching skin.
Air Space
– does ventilates, prevents sudden chill
Warm Wool
– retains the heat of the body

Duofold Health Underwear Co
69 Elizabeth St Mohawk N Y

With Erector boys can build strong models that are regular "giants"—skyscrapers 8 feet high, bridges 21 feet long.

There's a lot of fun in building these big Erector models; they're not flimsy and weak like the models built with flat strips. Notice the *square* columns of this model—they're just like the columns and beams of actual skyscrapers.

ERECTOR
The Toy Like Structural Steel

Remember, Erector is the *only* construction toy with girders like structural steel.

The electric motor, free with most sets, runs many of the models. This powerful motor will lift 100 pounds.

Write for free 3 months' subscription to my boys' magazine, *Tips*, including the holiday issue in colors, which contains full details of $3000 prize offer. I'll also send free my 24-page illustrated Book. Please give your dealer's name.

Be sure you get Erector for Christmas. Dealers everywhere sell it, $1 to $25 per set. Look at Set No. 4 for $5—the most popular set.

A. C. Gilbert, President
The Mysto Mfg. Co., 119 Fox St., New Haven, Conn.

DODGE BROTHERS
WINTER CAR

Substantially built to withstand the roughness of winter driving; these tops are so light that they add nothing to the cost of operating the car

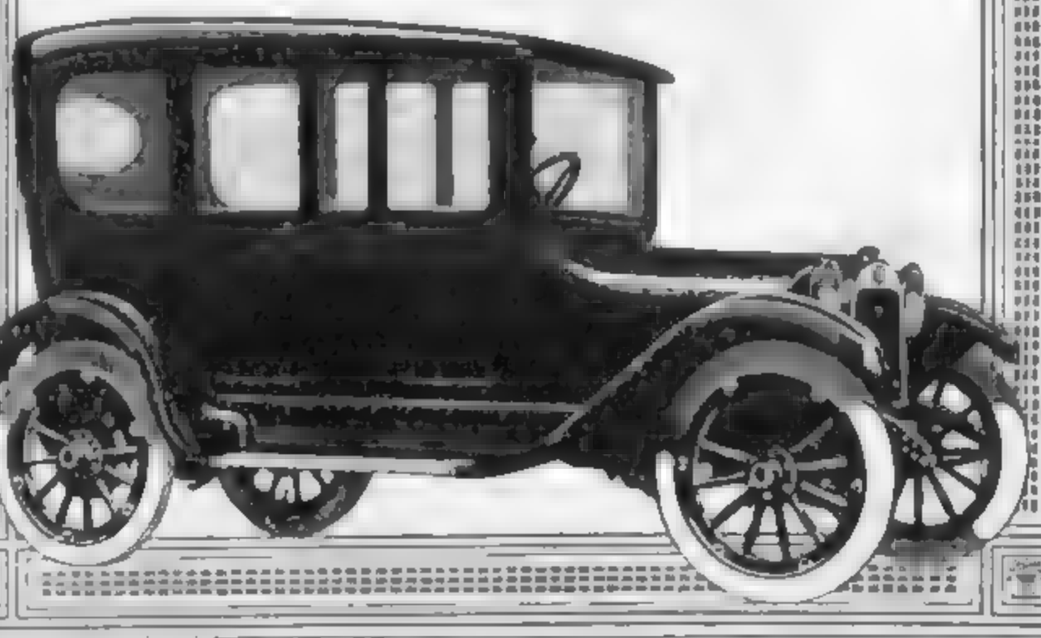
The protection from the weather is complete The finish outside and inside is in keeping with the finish of the car The tops are cloth-lined and are electrically lighted

The motor is 30–35 horsepower

The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster complete, including regular mohair top, is $950 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Self-Reliant Boys

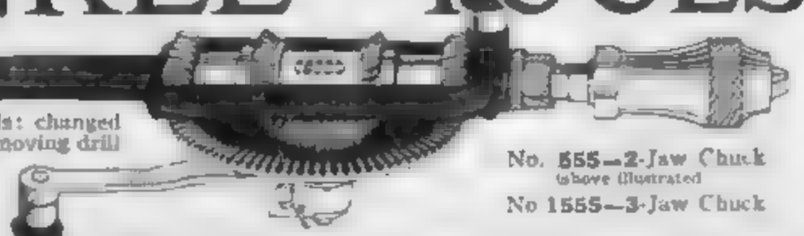
who are real salesmen and who understand business principles are wanted by employers everywhere. Master Salesmen in the Curtis League are qualified to fill such positions, and we guarantee to provide them.

Write for the booklet "Salesmanship—a Vocation for Boys."

BOX 153, VOCATIONAL SECTION

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA

"YANKEE" TOOLS



Two Speeds: changed without removing drill from work

No. 555—2-Jaw Chuck (above illustrated)

No 1555—3-Jaw Chuck

Five adjustments

made with Shifter between the small gears: (1) Plain drill; (2) Left-hand ratchet; (3) Right-hand ratchet; (4) **Double ratchet;** (5) Gears locked.

In **Double Ratchet** any movement of crank to or fro, and no matter how slight, causes drill to feed continuously

Ratchet Breast Drill

Price, $5.25 Your dealer can supply you

"YANKEE" TOOLS Make Better Mechanics

Write us for "Yankee" Tool Book ... the "Yankee" metal- and wood-boring and screw driving tools

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

In a dozen hasty gulping sentences he told his tale and finished it; and then, by way of final punctuation, a chorus of exclamatory sounds—whistled, grunted and wheezed—rose from his auditors.

As for Judge Priest, he, for a space of seconds after Mr. Milam had concluded, said nothing at all. The rapping of his knuckled fist on the tabletop alongside him broke in sharply on the clamor. They faced him then and he faced them; and it is possible that, even in the excitement of the time, some among them marked how his plump jaws had socketed themselves into a hard, square-mortise shape, and how his tuft of white chin beard bristled out at them, and how his old blue eyes blazed into their eyes. And then Judge Priest made a speech to them—a short, quick speech, but the best speech, so his audience afterward agreed, that ever they heard him make.

"Boys," he cried, lifting his high, shrill voice yet higher and yet shriller, "I'm about to put a motion to you and I want a vote on it purty dam' quick! They've been sayin' in this town that us old soldiers was gittin' too old to take an active hand in the affairs of this community any longer; and at the last election, ez you all know, they tried fur to prove it by retirin' most of the veterans that offered themselves ez candidates fur reëlection back to private life.

"I ain't sayin' they wasn't partly right neither; fur here we've been sittin' this night, like a passel of old moo-cows, chewin' the cud of things that happened forty-odd year' ago, and never suspicionin' nothin' of what was goin' on, whilst all round us men, carried away by passion and race prejudice, have been plottin' to break the laws and shed blood and bring an everlastin' disgrace on the reppitation fur peace and good order of this fair little city of ourn. But maybe it ain't too late yit fur us to do our duty ez citizens and ez veterans. Oncet on a time—a mighty long while ago—we turned out to pertect our people ag'inst an armed invader. Let's show 'em we ain't too old or too feeble to turn out oncet more to pertect them ag'inst themselves."

He reared back, and visibly, before their eyes, his short fat figure seemed to lengthen by cubits.

"I move that Gideon K. Irons Camp of United Confederate Veterans, here assembled, march in a body right now to save—ef we can—these poor Eyetalians who are strangers in a strange and a hostil land from bein' mistreated, and to save—ef we can—our misguided fellow townsmen from sufferin' the consequences of their own folly and their own foolishness. Do I hear a second to that motion?"

Did he hear a second to his motion? He heard twenty-five seconds to it, all heaved at him together, with all the blaring strength of twenty-five pairs of elderly lungs. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby forgot parliamentary usage.

"Will we go?" whooped Sergeant Bagby, waving his pudgy arms aloft so that his mittened hands described whizzing red circles in the air. "You betcher sweet life we'll go! We'll go through hell and high water—with you as our commandin' officer, Billy Priest."

"You betcher! That's the ticket!" A whoop of approval went up.

"Well, then, ef that's the way you feel about it—come on!" their leader bade them; and they rushed for the door, sweeping the circuit clerk aside. "No; wait jest a minute!"

He singled out the jostled Mr. Milam:

"'Lishy, you've got the youngest, spriest legs of anybody here. Run on ahead won't you?—and find Father Minor. He'll be at the priest house back of his church. Tell him to jine up with us as quick as ever the Lord'll let him. We'll head down Harrison Street."

Mr. Milam vanished. With a wave of his arm the Judge comprehended those who remained:

"Nearly everybody here served one time or another under old Nathan Bedford Forrest. The rest would 'a' liked to. I reckin this here is goin' to be the last raid and the last charge that Forrest's Cavalry, mounted or dismounted, ever will make! Let's do it regular—open up that there wardrobe-chist yonder, some of you, and git what's inside!"

Eager, hurried old hands fumbled at the catches of a weather-beaten oaken cabinet on the platform and plucked forth the treasured possessions of the Camp—the dented bugle; the drum; the slender, shiny, little fife; the silken flag on its short, polished staff.

"Fall in—by twos!" commanded Judge Priest. "Forward—march!"

Half a minute later the gas jets that lighted Kamleiter's Hall lighted only emptiness—an empty chest in a corner; empty chairs, some overturned on their sides, some upright on their legs; an empty hall doorway opening on an empty patch of darkness; and one of Judge Priest's flannel-lined galoshes, gaping emptily where it had been forgotten.

From the street below rose a measured thud of feet on the hard-packed snow. Forrest's Cavalry was on the march!

With bent backs straightening to the call of a high, strong impulse; with gimpy, gnarled legs rising and falling in brisk unison; with heads held high and chests puffed out; with their leader in front of them and their flag going before them—Forrest's Cavalry went forward. Once and once only the double line stopped as it traversed the town, lying snug and for the most part still under its blanketing of snow.

As the little column of old men swung round the first corner below Kamleiter's Hall the lights coming through the windows of Tony Palassi's fruit shop made bright yellow patches on the white path they trod.

"Halt!" ordered Judge Priest suddenly; and he quit his place in the lead and made for the doorway.

"If you're looking for Tony to go along and translate you're wasting time, Judge," sang out Mr. Crump. "He's out of town."

"Is he?" said Judge Priest. "Well, that's too bad!"

As though to make sure, he peered in through the glassed upper half of the fruit-shop door. Within might be seen Mrs. Delia Callahan Palassi, wife of the proprietor, putting the place to rights before locking it up for the night; and at her skirts tagged Master Antonio Wolfe Tone Palassi, aged seven, only son and sole heir of the same, a round-bellied, red-cheeked little Italian-Irish-American. The Judge put his hand on the latch and jiggled it.

"I tell you Tony's not there," repeated Mr. Crump impatiently.

If the Judge heard him he paid no heed. He went through that door, leaving his command outside, as one might go who knew exactly what he was about. Little Tony Wolfe Tone recognized an old friend and came, gurgling a welcome, to greet him. Most of the children in town knew Judge Priest intimately, but little Tony Wolfe Tone was a particular favorite of his; and by the same token he was a particular favorite of Tony's.

Whatever Judge Priest said to Mrs. Palassi didn't take long for the saying of it; yet it must have been an argument powerfully persuading and powerfully potent. It is possible—mind you, I don't make the positive assertion, but it is possible—he reminded her that the blood of a race of fighting kings ran in her veins; for in less than no time at all, when Judge Priest reissued from the fruit shop, there rode pack-fashion on his back a little figure so well bundled up against the cold that only a pair of big brown Italian eyes and a small, tiptilted Irish nose showed themselves, to prove that Judge Priest's burden was not a woolly Teddy-bear, but a veritable small boy. No; I'm wrong there. One other thing proved it—a woman standing in the doorway, wringing her apron in her hands, her face ablaze with mother love and mother pride and mother fear, watching the hurrying procession as it moved down the wintry street, straight into the red glare on ahead.

The flimsy framework of resiny pine burned fast, considering that much snow had lain on the roof and much snow had melted and run down the sides all day, to freeze again with the coming of nighttime. One end of the barracks had fallen into a muddle of black-charred ruination. The fire ate its way along steadily, purring and crackling and spitting as its red teeth bit into the wetted boards. Above, the whole sky was aglare with its wavering red reflections. The outlines of the bowl-shaped flat stood forth distinctly revealed in the glow of that great wooden brazier, and the snow that covered the earth was channeled across with red streaks, like spilt blood.

Here, against the nearermost bank, the foreigners were clumped in a tight, compact black huddle, all scared, but not so badly scared that they would not fight. Yonder, across the snow, through the gap where a

(Continued on Page 61)

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Delivery Car, three-speed transmission, $395.

Saxon Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

SAXON

200

(Continued from Page 58)

side street debouched at a gentle slope into the hollow, the mob advanced—men and half-grown boys—to the number of perhaps four hundred, coming to get the man who had stabbed Beaver Yancy and string him up on the spot—and maybe to get a few of his friends and string them up as an added warning to all Dagos. They came on and came on until a space of not more than seventy-five yards separated the mob and the mob's prospective victims. From the advancing mass a growling of many voices rose. Rampant, unloosed mischief was in the sound.

Somebody who was drunk yelled out shrill profanity and then laughed a maudlin laugh. The group against the bank kept silent. Theirs was the silence of a grim and desperate resolution. Their only shelter had been fired over their heads; they were beleaguered and ringed about with enemies; they had nowhere to run for safety, even had they been minded to run. So they would fight. They made ready with their weapons of defense—such weapons as they had.

A man who appeared to hold some manner of leadership over the rest advanced a step from the front row of them. In his hand he held an old-fashioned cap-and-ball pistol at full cock. He raised his right arm and sighted along the leveled barrel at a spot midway between him and the oncoming crowd. Plainly he meant to fire when the first of his foes crossed an imaginary line. He squinted up his eye, taking a careful aim; and he let his trigger finger slip gently inside the trigger guard—but he never fired.

On top of the hill, almost above his head, a bugle blared out. A fife and a drum cut in, playing something jiggy and brisk; and over the crest and down into the flat, two by two, marched a little column of old men, following after a small silken flag which flicked and whispered in the wind, and led by a short, round-bodied commander, who held by the hand a little briskly trotting figure of a child. Tony Wolfe Tone had grown too heavy for the Judge to carry him all the way.

Out across the narrow space between the closing-in mob and the closed-in foreigners the marchers passed, their feet sinking ankle-deep into the crusted snow. Their leader gave a command; the music broke off and they spread out in single file, taking station, five feet apart from one another, so that between the two hostile groups a living hedge was interposed. And so they stood, with their hands down at their sides, some facing to the west, where the Italians were herded together, some facing toward the east, where the would-be lynchers, stricken with a great amazement, had come to a dead stand.

Judge Priest, still holding little Tony Wolfe Tone's small mittened hand fast in his, spoke up, addressing the mob. His familiar figure was outlined against the burning barracks beyond him and behind him. His familiar whiny voice he lifted to so high a pitch that every man and boy there heard him.

"Feller citizens," he stated, "this is part of Forrest's Cavalry you see here. We done soldierin' oncet and we've turned soldiers ag'in; but we ain't armed—none of us. We've only got our bare hands. Ef you come on we can't stop you with guns; but we ain't agoin' to budge, and ef you start shootin' you'll shorely git some of us. So ez a personal favor to me and these other gentlemen, I'd like to ast you jest to stand still where you are and not to shoot till after you see what we're fixin' to try to do. That's agreeable to you-all, ain't it? You've got the whole night ahead of you—there's no hurry, is there, boys?"

He did not wait for any answer from anyone. By name he knew a good half of them; by sight he knew the other half. And they all knew him; and they knew Tony Palassi's boy; and they knew Father Minor, who stood at his right hand; and they knew the lame blacksmith and the little bench-legged Jewish merchant, and the rich banker and the poor carpenter, and the leading wholesaler, and all the other old men who stretched away from the Judge in an uneven line, like fence posts for a fence that had not been built. They would not shoot yet; and, as though fully convinced in his own mind they would bide where they were until he was done, and relying completely on them to keep their unspoken promise, Judge Priest half-turned his back on the members of the mob and bent over little Tony.

"Little feller," he said, "you ain't skeered, are you?"

Tony looked up at his friend and shook his head stoutly. Tony was not scared. It was as good as a play to Tony—all this was.

"That's my sandy little pardner," said Judge Priest; and he put his hands under Tony's arms and heaved the child back up on his shoulders, and swung himself about so that he and Tony faced the huddle of silent figures in the shadow of the bank.

"You see all them men yonder, don't you, boy?" he prompted. "Well, now you speak up ez loud ez you can, and you tell 'em what I've been tellin' you to say all the way down the street ever since we left your mammy. You tell 'em I'm the big judge of the big court. Tell 'em there's one man among 'em who must come on and go with me. He'll know and they'll know which man I mean. Tell 'em that man ain't goin' to be hurt ef he comes now. Tell 'em that they ain't none of 'em goin' to be hurt ef they all do what I say. Tell 'em Father Minor is here to show 'em to a safe, warm place where they can spend the night. Can you remember all that, sonny-boy? Then tell 'em in Eyetalian—quick and loud."

And Tony Wolfe Tone told them. Unmindful of the hundreds of eyes that were upon him—even forgetting for a minute to watch the fire—Tony opened wide his small mouth and in the tongue of his father's people, richened perhaps by the sweet brogue of his mother's land, and spiced here and there with a word or so of savory good American slang, he gave the message a piping utterance.

They hearkened and they understood. This baby, this *bambino*, speaking to them in a polyglot tongue they, nevertheless, could make out—surely he did not lie to them! And the priest of their own faith, standing in the snow close by the child, would not betray them. They knew better than that. Perhaps to them the flag, the drum, the fife, the bugle, the faint semblance of military formation maintained by these volunteer rescuers who had appeared so opportunely, promising succor and security and a habitation for the night—perhaps all this symbolized to them organized authority and organized protection, just as Judge Priest, in a flash of inspiration back in Kamleiter's Hall, had guessed that it might.

Their leader, the man who held the pistol, advanced a pace or two and called out something; and when Tony Wolfe Tone, from his perch on the old Judge's shoulders, had answered back, the man, as though satisfied, turned and might be seen busily confabbing with certain of his mates, who clustered about him, gesticulating.

"What did he say, boy?" asked Judge Priest, craning his neck to look up.

"He say, Mister Judge, they wants to talk it over," replied Tony, craning his neck to look down.

"And what did you say to him then?"

"I say to him: 'Go to it, kiddo!'"

In the sheltering crotch of little Tony's two plump bestraddling legs, which encircled his neck, the old Judge chuckled to himself. A wave of laughter ran through the ranks of the halted mob—Tony's voice had carried so far as that, and Tony's mode of speech apparently had met with favor. Mob psychology, according to some students, is hard to fathom; according to others, easy.

From the midst of the knot of Sicilians a man stepped forth—not the tall man with the gun, but a little stumpy man who moved with a limp. Alone, he walked through the crispened snow until he came up to where the veterans stood, waiting and watching. The mob, all intently quiet once more, waited and watched too.

With a touch of the dramatic instinct that belongs to his race, he flung down a dirk knife at Judge Priest's feet and held out both his hands in token of surrender. To the men who came there to take his life he gave no heed—not so much as a sidewise glance over his shoulder did he give them. He looked into the Judge's face and into the face of little Tony, and into the earnest face of the old priest alongside these two.

"Boys"—the Judge lifted Tony down and, with a gesture, was invoking the attention of his townsmen—"boys, here's the man who did the knifin' this mornin', givin' himself up to my pertection—and yours. He's goin' along with me now to the county jail, to be locked up ez a prisoner. I've passed my word and the word of this whole town that he shan't be teched nor molested whilst he's on his way there, nor after he gits there. I know there ain't a

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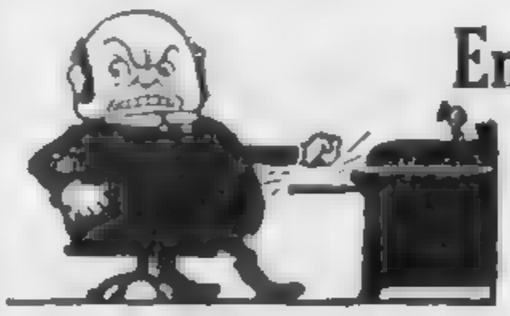

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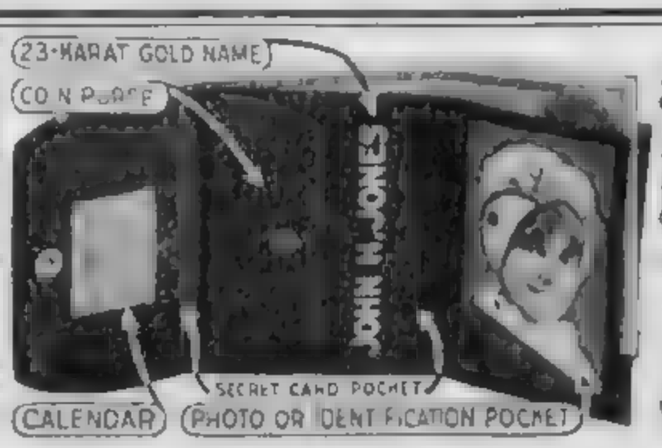

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For Ladies and Gentlemen

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single one of you but stands ready to help me keep that promise. I'm right, ain't I, boys?"

"Oh, hell, Judge—you win!" sang out a member of the mob, afterward identified as one of Beaver Yancy's close friends, in a humorously creditable imitation of the Judge's own earnest whine. And at that everybody laughed again and somebody started a cheer.

"I thought so," replied the Judge. "And now, boys, I've got an idee. I reckin, after trampin' all the way down here in the snow, none of us want to tramp back home ag'in without doin' somethin'—we don't feel like ez ef we want to waste the whole evenin', do we?

"See that shack burnin' down? Well, it's railroad property; and we don't want the railroad to suffer. Let's put her out—let's put her out with snowballs!"

Illustrating his suggestion, he stooped, scooped up a double handful of snow, squeezed it into a pellet and awkwardly tossed it in the general direction of the blazing barracks. It flew wide of the mark and fell short of it; but his intention was good, that being conceded. Whooping joyously, four hundred men and half-grown boys, or thereabouts such a number, pouched their weapons and dug into the drifted whiteness.

"Hold on a minute—we'll do it to soldier music!" shouted the Judge, and he gave a signal. The drum beat then; and old Mr. Harrison Treese buried the fife in his white whiskers and ripped loose on the air the first bars of Yankee Doodle. The Judge molded another snowball for himself.

"All set? Then, ready!—aim!—fire!"

Approximately two hundred snowballs battered and splashed the flaming red target. A great sizzling sound rose.

Just after this first volley the only gunpowder shot of the evening was fired. It came out afterward that as a man named Ike Bowers stooped over to gather up some snow his pistol, which he had forgotten to uncock, slipped out of his pocket and fell on a broken bit of planking. There was a darting needle of fire and a smart crack. The Sicilians wavered for a minute, swaying back and forth, then steadied themselves as Father Minor stepped in among them with his arms uplifted; but Sergeant Jimmy Bagby put his hand to his head in a puzzled sort of way, spun round, and laid himself down full length in the snow.

It was nearly midnight. The half-burned hull of the barracks in the deserted bottom below the Old Fort still smoked a little, but it no longer blazed. Its late occupants—all save one—slept in the P. A. & O. V. roundhouse, half a mile away, under police and clerical protection; this one was in a cell in the county jail, safe and sound, and it is probable that he slept also. That linguistic prodigy, Master Tony Wolfe Tone Palassi, being excessively awearied, anored in soft, little-boy snores at his mother's side; and over him she cried tears of pride and visited soft kisses on his flushed, upturned face. To the family of the Palassis much honor had accrued—not forgetting the Callahans. At eleven o'clock the local correspondent of the Courier-Journal and other city papers had called up to know where he might get copies of her son's latest photograph for widespread publication abroad.

The rest of the town, generally speaking, was at this late hour of midnight also abed; but in the windows of Doctor Lake's office, on the second floor of the Planters' Bank Building, lights burned, and on the leather couch in Doctor Lake's inner room a pudgy figure, which breathed heavily, was stretched at full length, its hands passively flat on its breast, its head done up in many windings of cotton batting and surgical bandages. Above this figure stood old Doctor Lake, holding in the open palm of his left hand a small, black, flattened object. The door leading to the outer office opened a foot and the woebegone face and reddened eyes of Judge Priest appeared through the slit.

"Get out!" snapped Doctor Lake without turning his head.

"Lew, it's me!" said Judge Priest in the whisper that any civilized being other than a physician or a trained nurse instinctively assumes in the presence of a certain dread visitation.

"I jest natchelly couldn't wait no longer—not another minute! I wouldn't 'a' traded one hair off of Jimmy Bagby's old gray head fur all the Beaver Yancys that ever was whelped. Lew, is there a chance?"

"Billy Priest," said Doctor Lake severely, "the main trouble with you is that you're so liable to go off half-cocked. Beaver Yancy's not going to die—you couldn't kill him with an ax. I don't know how that story got round to-night. And Jim Bagby's all right, too, except he's going to have one whale of a headache to-morrow. The bullet glanced round his skull and stopped under the scalp. Here 'tis—I just got it out. . . . Oh, Lord! Now look what you've done, bursting in here and blubbering all round the place!"

The swathed form on the couch sat up and cocked an eye out from beneath a low-drawn fold of cheesecloth.

"Is that you, Jedge?" demanded Sergeant Bagby in his usual voice and in almost his usual manner.

"Yes, Jimmy; it's me."

Judge Priest projected himself across the room toward his friend. He didn't run; he didn't jump; he didn't waddle—he projected himself.

"Yes, Jimmy; it's me."

"Are any of the other boys out there in the other room?"

"Yes, Jimmy; they're all out there, waitin'."

"Well, quit sniffin' and call 'em right in!" said Sergeant Bagby crisply. "I've been tryin' fur years to git somebody to set still long enough fur me to tell 'em that there story about Gin'ral John C. Breckenridge and Gin'ral Simon Bolivar Buckner; and it seems like somethin' always comes up to interrupt me. This looks like my chance to finish it, fur oncet. Call them boys all in!"

Sense and Nonsense

Not Old Enough Yet

MARGARET ILLINGTON was making a coast-to-coast tour as the star in Within the Law two seasons back. She had reached the far land of the one-night stands out in the Southwest. To break a long jump she was to play in a new community that expects to have fifty thousand inhabitants some day.

As the lady, in the early morning, dismounted from the through train, with her maid and her manager and the supporting company, an aged darky laid hold on her hand baggage and led the way, bowing and scraping, to where the hotel bus waited. Following him, Miss Illington emerged from the station shed on an expanse of one-story stores flanking each side of a dusty road.

"Uncle," she asked, "is this the principal street?"

"Dis yere one? Nome," he said. "Dis yere town ain't got no principal street."

The Pace That Kills

GRANTLAND RICE, the poet laureate of sporting writers, has a friend, a well-known baseball player, who last summer followed the example of so many other stars of the diamond and took up golf. One morning, as Rice came out of the clubhouse at Englewood, he met the novice returning from a round of the links with his clubs swung over his arm.

"Well, old boy," inquired Rice, "how did you make out to-day?"

"Well," said the beginner, "I did the first hole in nine and the second hole in ten—but after that I went all to pieces."

Very Difficult

APROPOS of some rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission with regard to the conduct of the New Haven Road, Howard Elliott, the head of the line, told a story recently.

"The average board of directors of the average railroad these times is in the same distressful fix as was the old negro who fell ill," said Mr. Elliott. "The attending physician warned the patient he must go to bed early every night, and then prescribed a certain diet.

"When the doctor had gone the old man raised his voice in protest:

"'How does dat white man spect me to eat chicken breas' oncet a day, ef I ain't got my evenin's free to go out and git de chicken?'"

An S-V Truck Tire Free

If it Fails to Cost Less per Mile than Any Other

The Guarantee

Equip opposite wheels—at the same time—one with a Goodyear S-V, one with any other standard truck tire of like rated size, bought in the open market.

If the Goodyear S-V fails to cost less per mile than the other, we will refund you its full purchase price—making the Goodyear S-V free.

If you were to say to us:—

"You run no risk in offering to give a Goodyear S-V free if it does not outwear any other";

We would be bound to answer:—

"No, we do not."

But our offer was, and is, none the less sincere.

And the proof of Goodyear S-V superiority is none the less positive and final.

We picked out the one test which would give the other tire every fair chance.

We said, "Put it on the same truck as the Goodyear S-V, where it will run under the same identical conditions."

And we added:—"If the Goodyear S-V does not show a lower cost per mile you can have it without a cent of cost."

Let us grant that we knew that the Goodyear S-V would win—isn't that what you are trying to find out?

You want to know the truck tire of longest life and lowest cost—and this test provides the one definite, positive way of getting that information.

The Goodyear S-V has won out under these conditions in scores of cities.

We have not yet been called upon to refund the money for a single tire.

Some day a tire as good as the Goodyear S-V may force us to make a refund.

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That is why we extended the offer a second time—for six months from October 1.

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Briefly, the guarantee which will be given you in writing upon application is this:

The price you pay for a Goodyear S-V Truck Tire will be refunded if the Goodyear S-V doesn't show a lower cost per mile than any other tire subjected to exactly the same wear and tear.

Get in touch with our local branch and find out where you can get Goodyear S-V Tires under this signed warrant.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

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There! I knew he would give me none but the genuine

Every girl who receives a "Bob-o-link" is sure to look on the back for the mark of the genuine. It's human nature to do it. One can't help it any more than a person can help looking for the karat mark on jewelry. It's the customary method of appraising the value of jewelry.

When you present a friend with a link engraved with your initials on the face, mark you well what message the back carries. If the name "Bob-o-link" is there, your friend will find it and value your gift accordingly. The name "Bob-o-link" is more than a guide to quality; it's a safeguard against disappointment. Every genuine "Bob-o-link" will match and fit every other "Bob-o-link." It's "Bob-o-links" your friends are wearing; and it's "Bob-o-links" they *want*.

"Bob-o-links" Are the Universal Emblems of Friendship

The newest!—a "Bob-o-link" Friendship Ring

This is sure to be one of the most popular pieces of "Bob-o-link" jewelry. The "Bob-o-link" lends itself admirably to a ring that is both beautiful and distinctive as a *link of friendship*.

Ideal for school, class or fraternity ring

Your school, school class or fraternity ought to have a distinctive piece of jewelry; because jewelry is permanent and makes a lifelong keepsake. The "Bob-o-link" ring is just the thing—appropriate for both boys' and girls' wear; handsome, and so inexpensive that any scholar can afford to "chip in" for one. Your local jeweler will arrange with us for a special die of your school initials if your schoolmates will agree to buy 36 or more "Bob-o-link" rings, or other pieces of "Bob-o-link" jewelry.

The "Bob-o-link" ring can be had with plain link, to be engraved with any initials desired; also with raised Greek letters of any fraternity, and with other raised letters, names, words, etc

See the "Bob-o-link" ring today at your jeweler's—sterling silver only 50c, solid gold $4.50.

The most popular girls have the most "Bob-o-links." You will see them with a group of bracelets on the arm, a band of them around the neck, a "Bob-o-link" ring on the finger; "Bob-o-link" hat pins in their hats, bar pins on their dresses, etc. You will find young men wearing "Bob-o-links" as watch chains, fobs, cuff links, scarf pins, sport scarf rings, finger rings, etc.

Each "Bob-o-link" is engraved with some initials, date or emblem that makes its sentimental value immeasurable.

How to start "Bob-o-link" jewelry

Arrange with a friend to exchange "Bob-o-links"; then go to your jeweler and buy the first "Bob-o-link," engraved with your initials. Present it to your friend, who will reciprocate; and you both will have a start. With your first "Bob-o-link," for bracelet, neckband, etc., your jeweler will give you a narrow black velvet ribbon, so that you can wear your "Bob-o-link" at once. Friends will see it and other "Bob-o-links" will come quickly.

"Bob-o-links" are made of sterling silver at 25c each; also in gold-filled at 25c and 50c, according to quality; in 10k gold at $2.00 each and 14k gold at $2.50, and can be set with precious stones if desired. Jewelers will engrave and clamp them without extra charge.

Insist on the genuine and accept none unless the name "Bob-o-link" is on the back. This will avoid disappointment and a "marked down" appraisal of your gift. If your jeweler can't sell you the genuine "Bob-o-links" write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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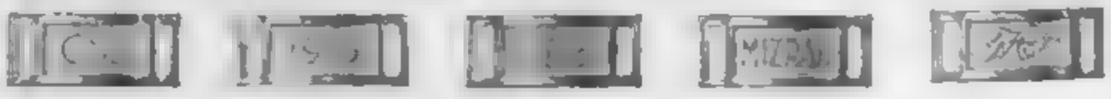

Give "Bob-o-links" for Christmas

The "Bob-o-link" breathes the very spirit of Christmas—*friendship* and *remembrance*. It just fits Christmas giving as if it was specially gotten up for that purpose. In sentiment, in beauty, in cost, nothing could be more ideal for gifts. Solve your Christmas problems with "Bob-o-links"—they'll be welcome to every one.

Whoever you want to remember—whether it be friend, relative or sweetheart—whether it be man, woman or child—you can buy "Bob-o-links" to suit; for "Bob-o-links" are made in a great variety of jewelry for every wear and every one.

THE THUMB-TWIDDLERS

(Continued from Page 5)

disgrace—us at our time of life and never saw Europe! We're about the only folks in town who haven't been abroad."

"See America first!" was his dishonorable dodge.

"Well, what have you seen in America?" she retorted.

"Oh, I've seen N'York, Sh'cawgo, Worsh'n'ton, Sent Loous, Denver, Kans' City, Dee Moin—I been round quite consid'able."

"Yes, and what part of those towns did you see?—the union depot and the business blocks! Could I get you to the Metropolitan Art Gallery, in Noo York? No! Not even to the Aquarium. And, in Chicahgo, would you go to the Art Institoot or the Field Museum? Would you?"

"Well, I was there on business."

"You've been everywhere on business. When you die I suppose you'll ask Saint Peter for a good hotel not too far from the post office. Well, I'm going to make it my business to get you out of business. I'm going to take you abroad and not leave any address, so's you can't get any mail. You're just wearing yourself out. If you can't see it I can! You're so tired you don't know it."

It suddenly occurred to him that he was tired. It was evening anyway, and the day had been hard, and the year had been long and anxious. His work had increasingly become a problem of sustaining other men and their problems through hard times that would never be better until they were worse.

His wife, by some accident or inspiration, said just the right thing. There is nothing more fatiguing than being told that one must be tired after all one has accomplished.

Wilber slumped comfortably.

Having reduced him to pulp, his wife appealed to his self-mercy:

"You've earned the right to a good long rest and to a little luxury. Other men with half your brains have traveled all round the world. Other men take big vacations. Some of them borrow money from you to take them on; but you've never had a real vacation. It's not as if we had the children dependent on us. They're all married off, safe and sound. You've got all the money we need and I'll be very economical if you'll just quit."

He was tempted beyond his own belief to embrace her advice; but he sat aghast at the earthquake she was trying to send through his life. Time had retired her from her occupation and left her idle in a haunted house; but Time had enriched him in experience, resources, opportunities, temptations, responsibilities. He would have said that he had never felt so well or been so capable or so ambitious.

"Good Lord, Fannibelle," he groaned, "how could I quit? How could I give up my business? I'm so tied up in so many things—got so many people dependin' on me."

"They'd get along somehow if you died, wouldn't they?" she answered vigorously. "Your bank and the mill wouldn't close up just because you died, would they? Well, then, supposin', instead of dyin'—suppose you just begin to live! And you haven't even begun to live if you don't see the big sights of the world and Europe. Do you own the mill or does the mill own you? Are you one of the directors of the bank or one of the bookkeepers? What do you want with more money when you're not spendin' what you got?"

He did not answer. He was thinking of the tremendous effect of that deracination. He had his grip on everything in town. To uproot and transplant a giant tree like him was an appalling task. He would leave a big hole in the community, and he wondered whether he could live with his roots torn up! Big trees were frail things when they were lifted from their native soil.

His wife shifted the point of attack:

"I've got some rights too. I've been a faithful, hardworking wife all my days and I don't want to end them in this old town. I want to travel and see the Seven Wonders and the big people of the Old World. I don't think you ought to deny me that."

She appealed to a gallantry she had not appealed to for ages. It was the early courtship mood come back again, and the mood of the first blithe year, before the first child came and made her as much of a fanatic for her business as he had ever been for his.

She removed the last obstacle and gave him the last push toward surrender when she put it on the ground of pleasing her.

"I want to see Europe before I die, Wilber. I want to go to London and see Westminster Abbey, and Shakspere's home town. And I want to see Paruss, and the Loover, and the Jardon de Toolery, and the—the ——"

He interpolated merrily:

"And the Moolon Rooj, I suppose!" showing that he had read, after all.

"Yes, and that too," she smiled, "if that's any inducement to you."

"Me for Paruss!" he cried with a tang of the old devilishness of his that had been so fascinating in his youth.

"And roouns—I want to see some roouns!" she sighed with the inborn American yearning.

"Meaning a lot of barons and dooks, I suppose," he roared.

And she laughed so hilariously that the old cook, who had not heard such a carousal in fifteen years, peered in at the door to reassure herself that she was not hearing things.

V

THEY discussed details earnestly and he forgot all about his appointment with Herpers and Teele until she mentioned how their wives would envy her because she had a sensible husband.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed, "I got an engagement with both those men downtown."

He rose to his feet and she sank back in her chair.

"There you go! You can't drop business for one evening—let alone a lifetime. I knew I couldn't depend on you."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" he pleaded. "If I'm to give up business I got to find somebody to give it up to, haven't I? I been thinkin' I might turn over my bank stock to Teele and sell my sawmill to Herpers."

"Wilber!" she sighed in a luscious tone that implied a willingness to kiss him if he would come to her and bend over.

He did and she did. Then he bade her good-by—with an excellent imitation of Romeo tearing himself from Juliet as it would have been done if Romeo and Juliet had dwelt together for twenty-five years or more.

Cinnamon hurried down to the business part of town. He found Teele and Herpers seated outside the hotel. They were charter members of the Sidewalk Club. They were tilted back on the hind legs of their chairs, with their own hind legs propped high on a telephone pole. Cinnamon drew a chair alongside, set his feet as high as theirs, and couched perilously in midair, heels over head, in what was once the natural American posture. If only he had whittled a stick and spurted tobacco juice he would have been a perfect allegory of the old-fashioned Uncle Sam; but Carthage was civilized and Cinnamon neither chewed nor whittled.

The conversation was desultory for a time. The men were trying to mask their anxiety to know what it was that Cinnamon had promised to "let them in on." They were determined that he should not let them in too deep. When he spoke at last, his words were bewildering; for he said:

"Say, Teele, you ever see the Loover?"

"The who-ver?" said Teele.

"The Loover—Paruss, you know; the big gallery."

"Oh, yes! No," said Teele. "Why?"

"Did you, Herpers?"

"I don't think so. I've never been east of New York. Why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering!"

He was silent a long time until Herpers said, to his own great amusement and Teele's:

"What you goin' to do with that old Loover? Organize a company and bring it over here on Main Street?"

Cinnamon answered solemnly:

"No; but—well, I think it's a man's duty to see the Loover, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Herpers. "It wouldn't help me much in the pole-and-shaft business."

"Not in your business," said Cinnamon; "but I been thinkin' we spend too much time on our business. If any of us was to go to heaven, the first thing we'd ask Saint Peter would be: 'What's a good hotel near the post office?' I tell you, this American

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rush is the ruination of our national character. We never read good literatoor."

He had too much respect for his wife and for himself to acknowledge the outrageous plagiarism. He had too much fear of his old cronies to confess to them that his wife had succeeded in wresting from him a promise of permanent retirement.

The manner and the matter of his speech, however, were enough to fill Herpers and Teele with perplexity. Teele bent so far forward to study Cinnamon's face, and Herpers leaned so far backward to see round Teele, that Teele's chair and his heels came down with a head-snapping jolt; and Herpers lost his balance and brandished his arms and feet in the air like an inverted Granddaddy Longlegs. He barely saved himself from going over backward by throwing himself over forward.

But these accidents were a constant feature of the chair-tilter's life and no attention was paid to them, save that Teele had bitten his tongue painfully and spoke with a somewhat drunken effect:

"Shay, Shinnamon, whash aw zhish Loover bizhnish leadin' up to anyway? Shpit it out, man—shpit it out!"

Cinnamon lacked the courage to tell the whole truth. He compromised:

"Oh, nothin'! I just been thinkin' I'd take a little trip across the Pond. The wife says she'd kind of like to see a couple o' roouns; and maybe, while she is visitin' a few cathedrals, I might take a little peek at the Moolon Rooj."

The other two men grinned at him with the best mimicry of latent rakishness they could achieve, and Teele said:

"Oh, you rashcal!"

It was a pretty strong word, at that.

Cinnamon blushed and felt flattered. Herpers said:

"But say, who's going to run your sawmill while you're gallivantin' all over Eur'pe?"

Cinnamon said slyly:

"I was thinkin' of closin' it down. There's nobody else in town knows enough."

Herpers snapped at the fly.

"Oh, I don't know!"

"Well, who is there?" Cinnamon sneered.

Herpers shifted cautiously on his uncertain perch.

"I hate to talk about myself."

Cinnamon laughed uproariously.

"You! You old goat, you'd set on the buzz saw before you'd been there half a day!"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Herpers. "I guess I could run that mill about as good as some folks. Fact is, you're not gettin' half out of it that's in it. You got old ideas. That mill needs young blood."

Cinnamon laughed—Herpers was within a year of his own age.

"Young blood, eh? Well, it would get yours the minute you begun to monkey with the sharp things."

"What'll you bet?" said Herpers, who was not brilliant at repartee.

"I'll bet you the mill!" said Cinnamon

"What you mean by that?"

"I mean just this: I'll sell you the business cheap."

"What's the matter with it?" Herpers snapped; and now Cinnamon felt impelled to let out a little more.

"Nothin' at all—only I'm gettin' too old. I'm ready to step aside in favor of some of you young upstarts."

He said it with a challenging impudence that tormented both Herpers and Teele. Their suspicions were alert and quivering; yet they knew the mill was in splendid financial condition and that the diminishing of the output, due to the hard times, had been skillfully met with retrenchments. There was nothing in town more solid, unless it were Cinnamon's bank. They thought of that immediately, and Teele suggested:

"You want to shell out the mill so'sh to shave yourself for the bank, I guesh."

"No," said Cinnamon. "I'm gettin' out of the bank too."

This seismic shock brought the two chairs down again. The men peered at him with such fierce scrutiny that he told them the truth with a necessary sugar of falsehood to make it palatable:

"Fact is, I'm goin' to quit work. I've made enough. I'm no hawg! I'm goin' to see a little of the world before I'm asked for my resignation. I'm not as well as I might be. I'm wore out ——"

He would rather confess a shameful infirmity than the disgrace of being insane enough to make loafing his profession.

"Goin' to lay down, eh?"

"Got to!" he said. "Doctor's orders."

None the less, they suspected his sanity. No sickness or indolence could have taken that tireless hackney out of harness. A Farther-Westerner would have said that the old horse had eaten of the loco weed. They studied him with sympathy and anxiety, and a kindly feeling that if he went crazy his properties ought to be taken over by strong hands.

The wily Cinnamon thought he had said all he dared. It would not do to press the matter too hastily. He sighed, pulled down his feet with a rheumatic implication, heaved himself from the chair as if he were at least ninety, and tried to hint at locomotor trouble as he doddered home; but, once he rounded a corner that hid him from view, he began to laugh and to walk briskly.

Herpers and Teele stared after him; then went back to their reclination against the telephone pole. There was silence save for the anxious puffing of their cigars—the well-known My Own brand, homemade in Carthage, by Mr. Anzengruber himself, from the most carefully rejected tobacco imported from Connecticut.

They suspected Cinnamon and they suspected each other. Teele liked Herpers, but he was afraid of his ambition; and he feared he would try to get poor old Cinnamon's bank away from him. Herpers was fond of old Teele, but he knew Teele had a hankering to be the biggest man in town; and the sawmill was, in Herpers' eyes, the most important thing in Carthage. He could combine it with his pole-and-shaft factory to their mutual advantage and his own aggrandizement.

Herpers and Teele began to yawn ostentatiously and to pretend a mighty drowsiness. The Sidewalk Club disbanded. Neither man was sleepy, but both wanted to be alone with the new opportunity—so sudden and so dreadfully beautiful.

When Cinnamon reached home his wife anxiously asked him whether he had got rid of his property.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Do you think I went downtown to raffle it off? Or to give it away at the five-and-ten-cent store? Took me long enough to build up my business, and there's not many men in town big enough to take it over; but I got Herpers and Teele on the anxious bench."

"It will take you all the rest of your life to get rid of it," his wife moaned. "I know you! You'll never give it up. You'll never get out of this town."

"I take my oath to that," he insisted; but still she sighed profoundly:

"It's no use! I knew it wouldn't be."

"It will be, I tell you!" he stormed. "I promised to do whatever you say so." The old phrase slipped out, but he was inspired to add: "If I close up too quick I got to accept the other feller's price. The more time I take the more there'll be for you to spend."

That won from her the astonishing and unheard-of tribute:

"Well, of course you know best, Wilber dear. I'm only a foolish woman trying to save her dear husband from wasting his precious life on the treadmill."

"You're the smartest wife a man ever had, and you ought to 'a' been married to a king! We'll go over and take a look at those old monarchs. I don't know, though, as it's safe to let 'em lay eyes on you. They'll be throwin' me into some of those dungeons you read about and carryin' you off to their thrones."

"Oh, Wilber, how you talk!" she laughed, giving him an amorous push.

She was gigglesome and blushing. It was rather a tremendous thought, that: that some of those kings might imprison her husband to get her. Of course they would not—and if they tried it she would not let them; but it was thrilling. The fancy was as unattainable as a shooting star, yet it left a streak of white fire in the dark sky of her thwarted soul.

Her husband was not used to fantastic visions—especially of his wife; and he, too, was excited superbly by the thought of his treasure. He was a king in his own way—and more than that, for of course every American is a monarch, or better.

The next morning, however, he woke at his regular hour. His muscles had him up and dressed before he realized it. His wife still slept and dreamed, perhaps, that she was Madame de Maintenon, secret wife of Louis the Grand; but Cinnamon thought of his bank and his mill, and the yellow stream of lumber he had drawn from it.

(Continued on Page 69)

19,000 Eight-Cylinder Cadillacs constitute a larger ownership than any other high grade model in the world

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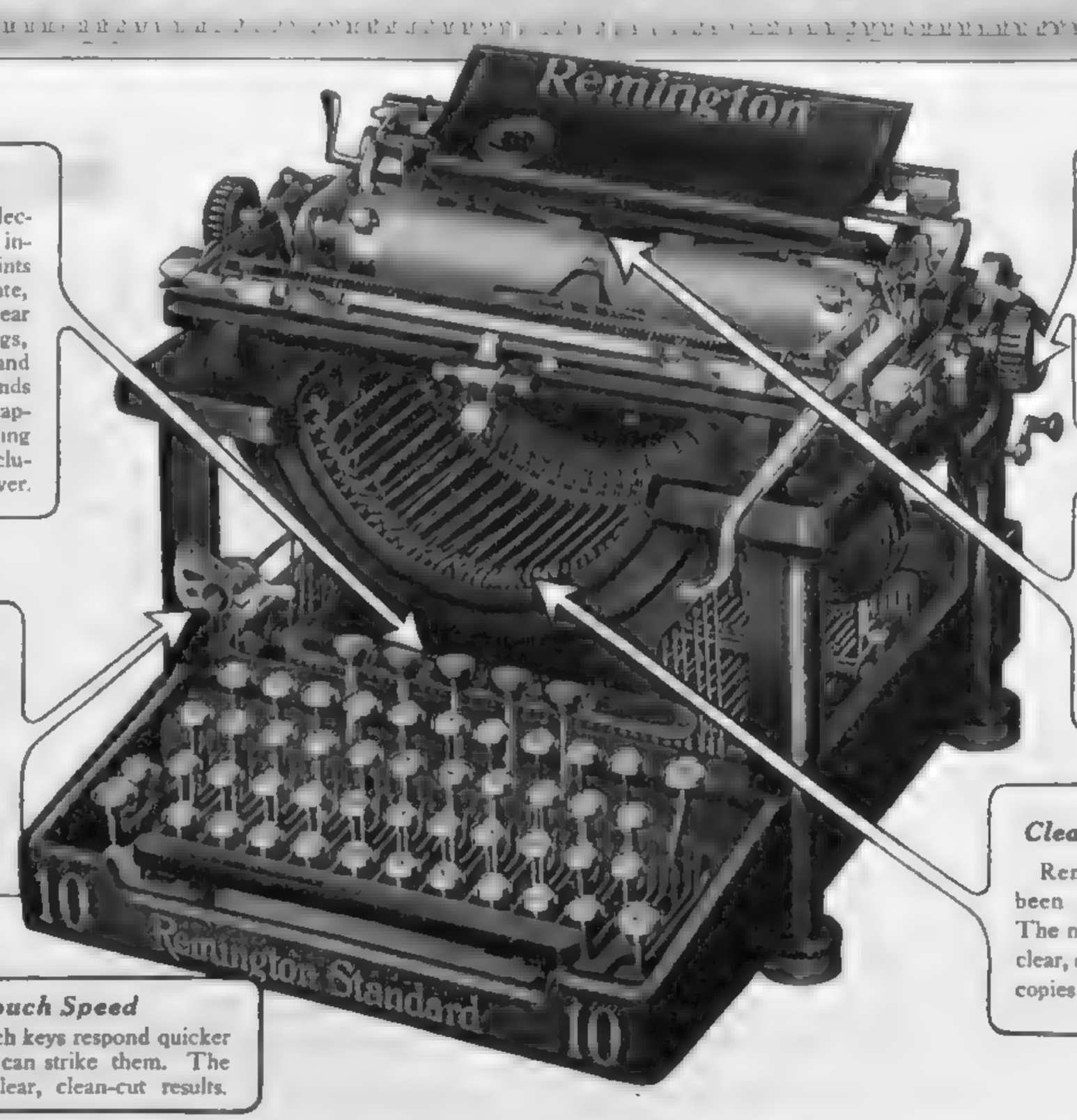

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(Continued from Page 66)

He was no longer to be a maker of things, a manager of people. He was to drift along the dwindling current of his money. Life was to be one long picnic—and he hated picnics.

Madame de Cinnamon arrived at breakfast finally and poured the coffee with queenly grace. She noted how wretchedly her consort drooped above the matutinal cup and she said:

"What's wrong, dear? Didn't I put in sugar enough?"

"You put in too much," he groaned. "But it ain't that. I been thinkin' what a terrible life I got ahead of me!"

"Terrible life? It's a beautiful life! It's the first life you will ever have had."

"I ain't so sure as I was. Things look differ'nt in the morning from what they do at night. I'm just realizin' that I'm goin' to loaf away the rest of my days. Good Lord! I got nothin' to do from now on but set back and twiddle my thumbs!"

VI

MRS. CINNAMON stared at her husband in his misery; but her affection took a motherly tone:

"It just shows how far you've sunk into the mire. You've sunk so far you like it. But just wait till you've got yourself free a while. You'll wonder how you ever endured your slavery so long."

"Maybe!" he sighed.

"Anyway, you've got to try it, for you gave me your word, didn't you?"

"Yes; I guess I did."

"And ever'body says that Wilber Cinnamon's word's as good as his signature."

"Yes; I guess it is."

"All right; then you go on about your business and settle it up, and I'll be layin' out our plans."

Wilber dolefully assailed his new task of unharnessing himself from the chariot. He went at it in such a sickly spirit that Herpers and Teele took a lively interest in helping to divest him. He gave them every advantage and saw that they took advantage of him with eagerness. He could not bargain with them as he ought to have done. They had not the cash to pay him for what he sold; but it was they and not he who wrung a profit from the situation. He made every concession and helped them to help themselves to his valuables. He accepted their notes and gave them all the time they asked.

When Mrs. Herpers and Mrs. Teele learned from Mrs. Cinnamon what her new plans were, they were frantic to follow suit; but Cinnamon had fastened their husbands to the town by unloading his properties and his responsibilities on them. And the two lorn disprized Mesdames sulked and hated Fannibelle Cinnamon to the most flattering degree.

Gradually Cinnamon stripped himself of power like a senile Lear who was yet not senile enough to be without forebodings; but at last the job was done and he was no longer a potentate.

He had certain funds in his coffers and a superabundance of more or less secure securities. The only property that was all his own was the house, and that was ready for evacuation.

He turned to his wife, who was increasingly assuming the direction of his soul:

"What we going to do with the old home?"

"Sell it, I suppose," she said.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "You're not thinkin' of that, are you?"

"No; I suppose not," she sighed. "The childern were born here or grew up here."

"Well, I should hope so!" he snarled. "Besides, there's nobody in town can afford a mansion like this."

"We can't keep it open, though," she said. "And I've arranged for the servants to get other places. I've even given away my dog. We ought to be able to rent the house for something. The rent will come in handy."

"No!" he thundered. "We won't rent it either. We'll just lock it up. It will be our future headquarters. I'm doin' what you asked about retirin' from business, but Carthage is my home and I don't intend to cut loose altogether. I got to have some home. I've lived here too long and all my friends are here. We'll keep it as a place to come back to when we get tired of traveling."

That pleased her as she reflected, because the town, which had grown so hateful to her as a prison, grew a little dearer when she came to take leave of it.

She drooped when they stood on the porch for the last time, with one of Hod Clum's hacks waiting for them at the curb. They had sold their own horses and carriages. The house looked forlorn and ill-treated with the curtains all drawn and the windows boarded up. Even after Wilber had locked the front door she made him turn the key again. She said:

"I want to see if I haven't forgotten something or left the water running, or something."

She ran back into the dark; but it was to bid the rooms farewell. They had a mournful, reproachful mien. The ghosts of children seemed to sit about, pouting and deserted. She returned to the outer day flourishing an umbrella. And she laughed:

"Good thing I went back or I wouldn't have found this." But her eyes were wet.

VII

THEY went first to Chicago. Wilber meekly allowed Fannibelle to lead him through the Art Institute and the Field Museum. He tried to take an interest in the pictures and the statues. He said they were "right pirty"; but he would have been more interested if they had been certificates of stock.

They drove about the town and he took his first lessons in landscape and architecture. He was fretful at the hotel—there were so many strangers in the lobby and on the street, and none of them had ever heard of him. None of them spoke to him with deference or looked to him for salvation from ruin.

On a vacation it would have been a luxury, but obscurity was his future. It is one thing to be a monarch traveling incog., and another to be a monarch deposed and exiled. There is no loneliness like that.

The size of the bill for their three days as tourists brought on a little private panic. The worst of the expenditure was that it was not a business expense for profit. Wilber was whittling now—whittling away his foundation timbers.

At New York they found two of the children married and living in apartments into which they squeezed their parents. Wilber found this not so unpleasant, being a guest. Somebody else paid the bills and there were no waiters to tip. Mrs. Cinnamon and the children made a noble effort to keep him busy, but he tired quickly of sights. In Carthage he was himself one of the sights.

In New York he overheard his wife trying to avoid confessing that she came from Carthage. This was at one of the receptions his children had dragged him to. He realized, with terror, that his wife was enjoying this sort of thing. She was planning a lifelong sequence of it. She was trying to talk like a New Yorker—cravenly smothering the honorable letter R; slavishly baa-ing the aquiline A.

Wilber felt himself weakening. He was afraid to assert himself; afraid to move lest he offend the mysterious code that distinguished a peer from a yokel. He was the yokel and he did not like it. He was used to being the mentor and the exemplar, and the one whom it was an honor to entertain. Here he was less than nobody. As he stood against the wall at his first reception one careless, garrulous woman took him for a whatnot and tried to leave a teacup on one of his shelves. He caught it before it fell, and she never knew the difference.

Fannibelle, however, would not be pushed. She fought in the forefront of the chatter. Her new intonations and pronunciations outraged her husband's sense of common decency. The smile she wielded seemed so insincere that he thought he ought to shoot her to save her soul.

Yet Fannibelle was never sincerer than now, and never happier. When she should go on to heaven and be invited to her first afternoon nectar at the home of one of the Astor angels, she would doubtless smile and talk with that same effort to mimic the highest flyers; and if Wilber were with her he would mistake for affectation that same anguish to conform, that exultation in arrival, which made her nervous now.

He struggled hard against his second reception, but he was forced to go. This was a late affair and his forward son announced that he was going to "blindfold the old boy and back him into full evening dress." Also, he took away his father's faithful old ready-made tie and dropped it down a fourteen-story well between the apartment houses.

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to the nation. Wilber had some difficulty in keeping awake until it came time to go. Everybody danced—even Fannibelle danced with her sons; everybody danced frantically except Wilber and a Mrs. Butler-Bascom who had sprained her ankle in getting out of her motor.

Being helpless she was abandoned, of course, by her escort on the reef of chairs, and left to Wilber to entertain. She was noisy, flashy and as vivacious as a threshing machine. Since Wilber was the only man who would pay any attention to her, she made love to him.

Mrs. Butler-Bascom was of those women to whom life is one long flirtation. She had flirted with her own first husband before he died. She flirted with her second after they were divorced. She flirted with her own reflection in the mirror when she was dressing. She flirted even with Wilber Cinnamon! She lost no time in finding out Wilber's origin and position. She expressed a passion for the Middle West. It was there that true manhood was found, she said. When she learned that Wilber was a bank president who had retired she almost embraced him.

Wilber was afraid of her at first, but as soon as she began to pay him homage he was hers. He was simply famished for some homage. He grew communicative. He perhaps exaggerated a little the importance of Carthage and the amount he had brought away. He was soon telling her some of Foster Herpers' best stories. He mangled them atrociously, but she laughed with magnificence—perhaps because of that fact.

She permitted him to ply her with punch. As he was returning with two cups he met his wife; she was scarlet and puffing from a dance. She put out her hand, saying:

"Just what I want!"

He dodged past her and flung over his shoulder:

"These are for Mrs. Butler-Bascom."

"And who is Mrs. Butler-Bascom?" she asked her son.

What he told her led Fannibelle to decide that it was time to go. She went to where Wilber and the widow were clinking glasses. Mrs. Butler-Bascom was one of the glass clinkers. She would clink teacups if nothing more festive were at hand.

Mrs. Cinnamon spoke to her husband three times before he heard her. Then he started to his feet and his smile changed to a look of disappointed guilt that appalled her. He tried to introduce the two women and was so confused that he said:

"Mrs. Cinnamon, I'd like to make you acquainted with my wife."

Fannibelle took him home and put him to bed. She had little to say and he had suspiciously less. She went to fewer receptions after that; and when she went she told Wilber that, out of consideration for him, she would let him stay at home. But he could not make himself at home in the guest room of a New York apartment. And every time he put his nose out of the door it cost him money; and the prices were piratical.

He had little to think about except his expenses. The hours of the empty day were eternities. Idleness made him fretful. He followed his wife around until she wanted to scream. He was as impossible to entertain as a child kept in on a rainy day that will not stop raining. Little ailments he had never noticed or mentioned became important now. He talked of his symptoms and his functions as if they were state news.

"Dad's getting to be a regular old woman!" his son protested.

Wilber began to fear an illness. The thought of his falling sick was intolerable to his wife. He was wearisome enough well. She decided that a complete change of scene was indicated. It was plainly time to push on to Europe. When she mentioned it her husband acquiesced with a sick meekness

They discussed the ships and the space. It was frightful how much it cost to ride on one of those boats, and it seemed impossible that two people could spend a week in such a clothes closet as they called a stateroom. All Wilber could say was:

"If other folks stand it I guess I can."

The sailing was a brilliant event. The mammoth boat; the jostling crowds going and staying; the flowers and farewells; the great emotion as the tugs chugged down the river, like ants lugging a caterpillar home; the majesty of progress when the big ship took charge of herself and marched confidently into the vasty deep these thrilling things made the Cinnamons glad they were alive.

The steamer passed Sandy Hook with all the passengers in fine fettle. The salt water gave the Cinnamons an appetite and they were the first at the table assigned to them. It was fascinating to watch the sea line rise and fall across the porthole. Then it was not quite so fascinating.

A long ground swell cradled the boat with an effect that was not in the least soothing. One or two of the passengers changed their minds about eating. Mrs. Cinnamon declined some odious thing that the steward viciously set before her. The dining saloon emptied with increasing rapidity, as if somebody had whispered "Fire!" But it was water that caused the trouble.

Mrs. Cinnamon decided that the sea voyage would be a good time to bant a little. She would begin at once. She advised her husband not to eat any more. He refused to bant. He dipped into a loathsome filet of sole with a relish that his wife could not endure. She left him in disgust.

As she made for the door of the seesawing room with quickening pace she encountered Mrs. Butler-Bascom, smiling and alone, and all dressed up. The creature insisted on detaining the anxious fugitive while she chattered:

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Cinnamon! I was so glad to find you were aboard that I had myself put at your table, though the captain usually insists on my sitting with him."

Mrs. Cinnamon wanted to urge her not to hurt the captain's feelings; but she feared to speak, lest she utter more than she intended. She hurried on and did not even speak to the stewardess. She just beckoned to her.

She felt better, though far from well, when her husband finally came rocking into the teetering room. The one thing on earth or sea that could have added to her pluperfect misery was the cheerful grin on her husband's face as he said, after a little perfunctory solicitude for her:

"Fannibelle, I'm a natural-born sailor. I and Mrs. Butler-Bascom were the only folks in our section of the dining room that lasted through the meal."

There were seven days of solitary confinement ahead of her! And her husband was a natural-born sailor—and that awful Butler-Bascom woman had come along to play Little Buttercup!

Mrs. Cinnamon had been afraid that if the ship kept on rolling it might roll over and sink. Now she began to fear that it might not.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Her Legal Status

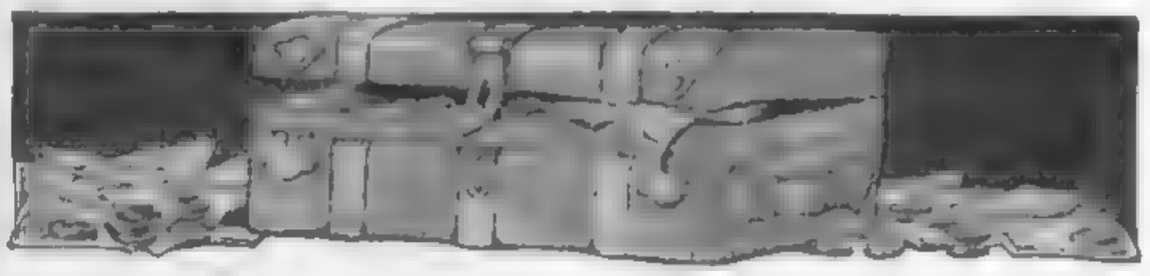
BEFORE the police judge in a small Louisiana city a young darky was on trial for disturbing public worship. It was alleged that he invaded a negro church during services, used loud and violent language, chased the pastor out of the pulpit, and hit a devout female member of the congregation with his clenched fist.

Several of the outraged flock had given evidence against the accused, when a comely yellow girl, whose right eye was swollen and black, switched her way forward and took the witness chair.

"Will someone tell me who this woman is?" asked the judge. "And what does she expect to testify?"

A colored lawyer, who had been especially retained to press the case, stood up impressively.

"Whut does she s'pect to testify?" he said. "Why, she s'pects to testify a whole heap. Your Honah, dis lady is de principal disturbee."



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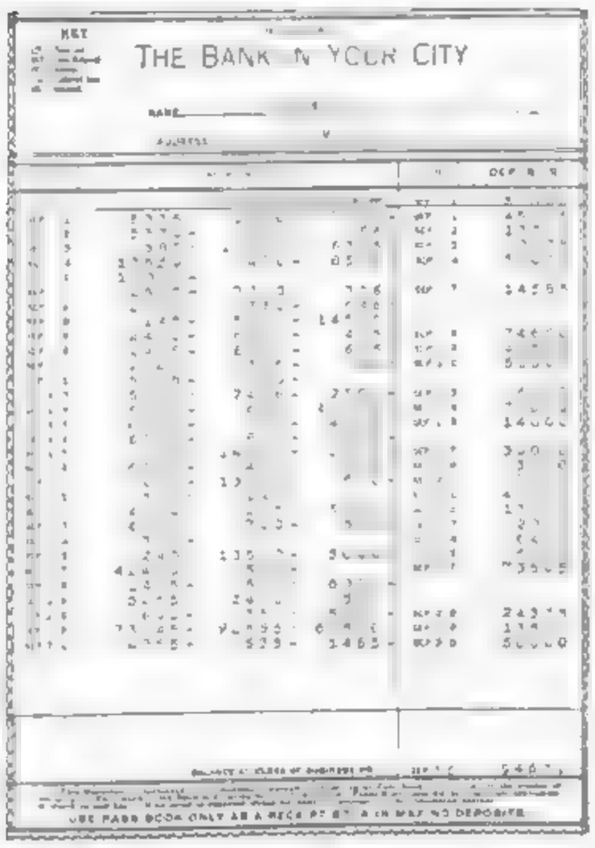

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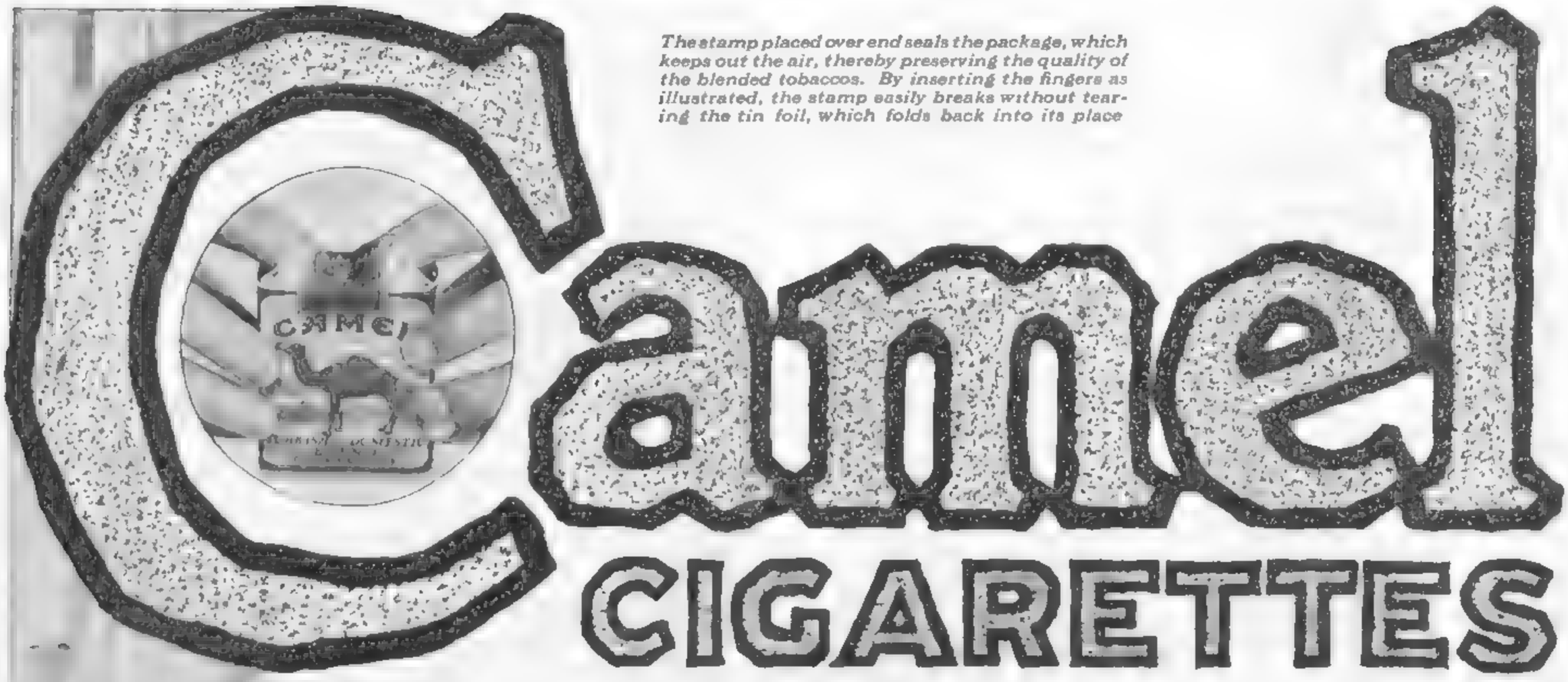

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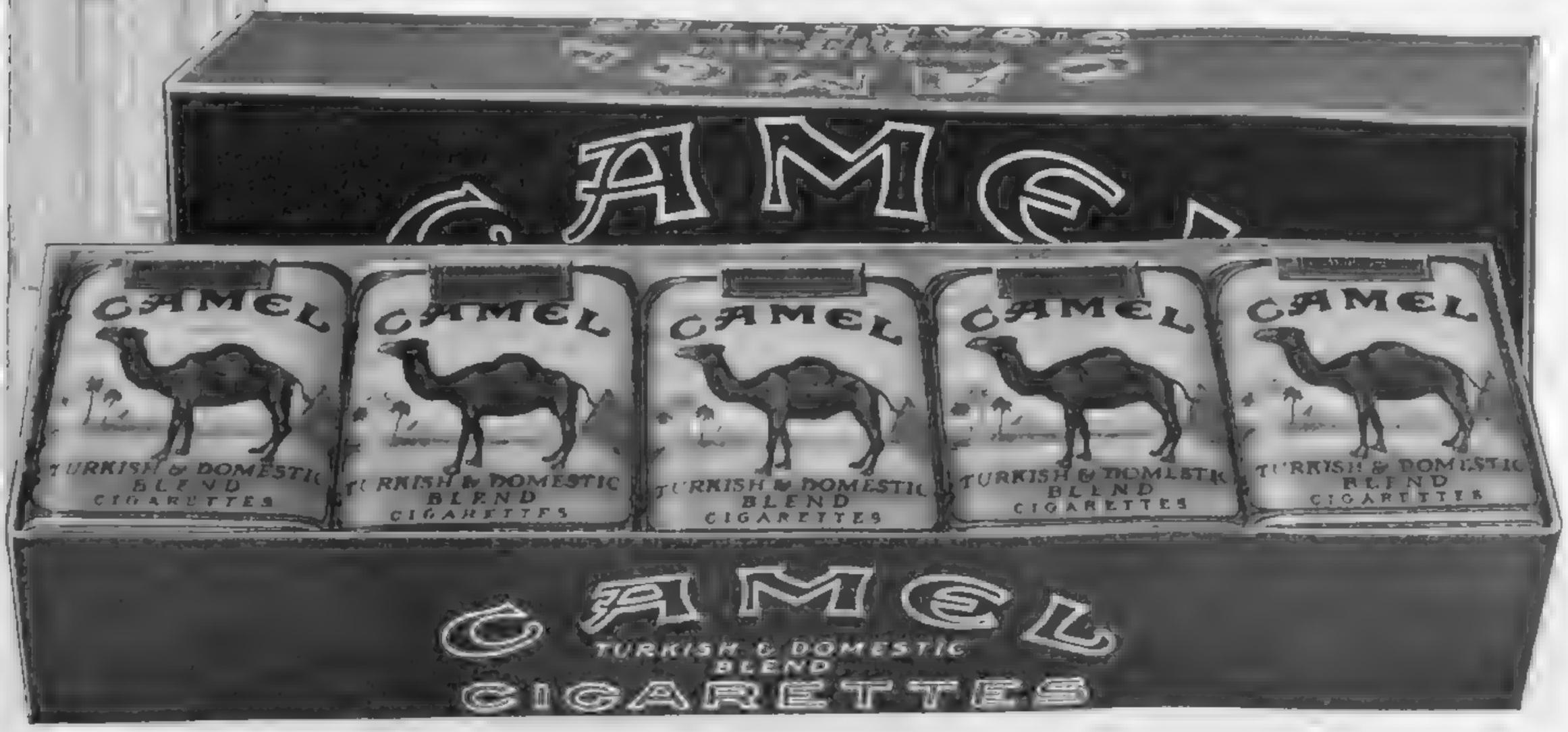

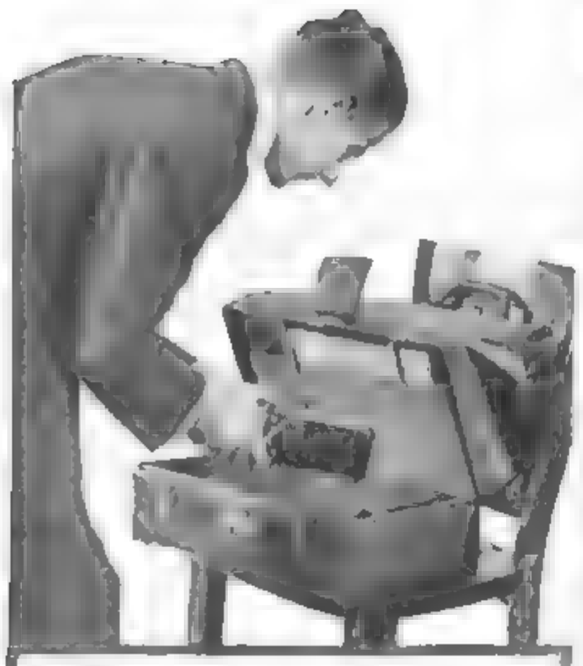

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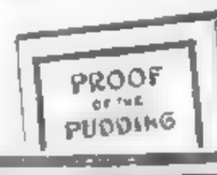

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RICH MAN, POOR MAN

(Continued from Page 23)

napery of Mrs. Tilney's dinner table. Varick, plunged in a reverie, awoke abruptly.

"I beg pardon?" he inquired.

"The relish," repeated Miss Hultz.

Like others at the boarding house, the lady had of late begun to regard Varick with a new interest, a feeling of sympathy tinged deeply with regret. It was as if something in his aspect had aroused this, and that her heartstrings, touched by it, twanged in a responsive chord:

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?

Not that Varick was either wan or pale, or that fortune had failed to smile on him. On the contrary, at the bank he had recently been promoted, his pay doubled as well. But Miss Hultz had her suspicions of what was in the air; and with her little finger elegantly extended, her manner nice, she was pronging into the relish jar when again she spoke.

The pickles, it appeared, had been merely a pretext, a preface.

"Seen the piece in the paper, Mr. Varick?" Varick said no, he hadn't read the evening paper; and hearing this Miss Hultz, her air now arch, impaled a pearl onion on her fork. The piece, she said, was in the society column; and she added: "It's all about a little friend of yours, Mr. V."

In brief, it was an account of Bab's dance that absorbed Miss Hultz. To-night was the night it was to be given.

"Indeed?" Varick remarked.

He sat listening idly while with a great particularity of detail, as if nothing were too trivial, nothing too insignificant, Miss Hultz related all she had gleaned from the newspaper's account.

"It's to be a dinner dance!" she announced. "You get me, don't you!" Then having let the table grapple with this compelling fact, Miss Hultz leaped to the next illuminating detail. "Covers"—it was the reporter she quoted—"covers will be laid for twenty couples!"

Nor was this all! As Varick sat there, his manner politely attentive but his wits far afield, there sounded dully in his ears all that plethora of sickly, silly inanities with which the society reporter embellishes his spindling effort: "Exclusive! Select! Our Younger Set! Gotham's Upper Tendom!" Bab, little Bab, was to have her dance; and with a growing sorrow at what it signified and in the end must inevitably involve, Varick listened, hardly hearing, while Miss Hultz buoyantly prattled on.

Since the afternoon when she had brought David Lloyd to see Mr. Mapleson, Varick had not heard from Bab, either through the little man or otherwise. Nor had Mr. Mapleson heard either. A fortnight since then had passed; but to the two, in their growing uneasiness, each hour of that time had seemed an age. Nor had Varick's reflections during the fortnight been exactly those of a lover. The condemned awaiting the hour of execution could not have felt more depressed.

It was not only what Bab had said to him, her denunciation, that had swept him off his feet, but it was Mr. Mapleson's revelation about David Lloyd as well. David a suitor? He had been quick to see what that involved! David, indeed, might be a cripple, but the appeal, the attraction of David's character would go far to obscure the one blemish, his infirmity. Varick knew that. He knew, too, the pity, the compassion, that would warm Bab toward David Lloyd, she with her warm-hearted, impulsive tenderness. He had but a single consolation. That was the thought, the grim reflection, that were ever the fraud found out David's family would at once effectually put an end to any romance. David's father was a perpetual guaranty of that! He let his son marry a nobody—an impostor into the bargain? And there was Beeston too! When Varick thought of him again he smiled grimly, a vision before him of what would happen once Beeston learned the imposture! Yes, but what if Beeston never learned?

Varick was in the midst of this reflection, his brow moist with it, when again Miss Hultz addressed him. About his *vis-à-vis* there was nothing mean, nothing malicious. Her curiosity for the moment had merely got the better of her. However, that did

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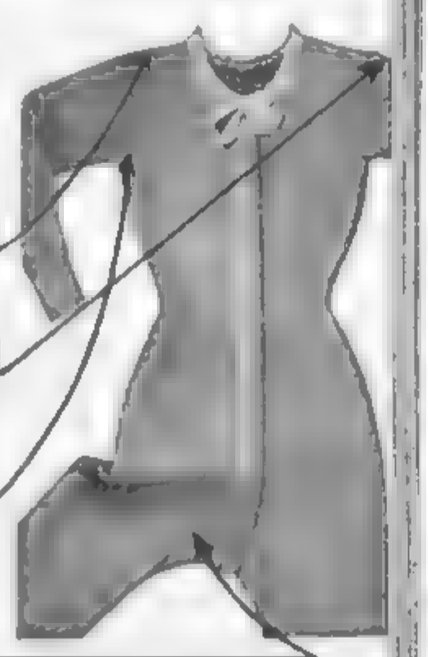

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The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

not in the least alter the awkwardness of the question that Miss Hultz now put to him.

"I say, Mr. Varick," she said, "you're going to-night, of course, ain't you?"

Then, when Varick said no, that he was staying at home, Miss Hultz gave an exclamation.

"Not going?" she ejaculated.

It was so. Bab had not asked him, and if she had he would not have gone. However, Varick saw no reason why all this need be explained, and he was searching in his mind for some evasive answer when of a sudden there was an interruption. Jessup was its author.

"Varick!" said Jessup abruptly.

Having caught Varick's eye then, with a guarded glance he indicated the head of the table, where Mr. Mapleson sat. Throughout the colloquy with Miss Hultz the little man had displayed every sign of distaste, not to say disquiet. Now, however, shrugged down in his chair, his face blank, he was staring at a scrap of pasteboard, a visiting card, that Lena the waitress just had handed him. Varick, as he looked, felt his heart knock fiercely!

Many seconds passed while Mr. Mapleson sat huddled in silence, gazing at the card. Manifestly what it portended was momentous, for presently he gave vent to a stifled breath, a wheeze. Then with the same suddenness a change sped over him. It was as if some thought, some swift, compelling resolution had sprung into his mind to steel him, and thrusting back his chair he arose, his face molded into a look of unflinching determination. Heroic—that was his air! Mr. Mapleson for once looked noble. Walking to the dining-room door, he turned and beckoned to Varick.

"Let me speak to you," said Mr. Mapleson, his voice strongly composed; then passing out into the hall he stood waiting, his face still firm. His eyes, too, were gleaming resolutely. Varick joined him hurriedly.

"Look!" said Mr. Mapleson.

His tone was dead, his air quite impassive, as he held out to Varick the visiting card. Varick glanced at it swiftly. Then with Mr. Mapleson at his heels he went up the stairs to see the man who waited in Mrs. Tilney's parlor. It was Lloyd, Beeston's son-in-law.

He was in evening dress, but in his air was nothing that accorded with that festive attire. He gave Varick and Mr. Mapleson as they entered a sudden, piercing look. In it was contempt, that and animosity mixed with satisfaction. Lloyd, Senior, one saw, felt triumph.

"Good evening," said Varick quietly.

The gentleman did not even trouble himself to reply. Transferring his glance to Mr. Mapleson, he looked him up and down.

"Are you John Mapleson?" he inquired.

Then when Mr. Mapleson, after moistening his lips, had said yes, Lloyd, his manner brisk, wasted no time in coming to the point.

"I'll be brief with you, Mapleson," he said brusquely, and as he spoke he turned to Varick: "Varick, I'll be brief with you as well. Unless to-night you two take that girl away from my father-in-law's house uptown I'll see to it myself that she's turned out, bag and baggage! What's more, to-morrow morning I'll turn you all over to the police!"

Then he strode toward the door.

"That's all!" said Mr. Lloyd.

XIV

THE dinner was at eight. At half-past seven, long before the first of the guests possibly could arrive, Bab, dressed and ready, came pitapatting down the broad stairway in her high-heeled little gold slippers. On each cheek a spot of color burned, and Bab's blue eyes, too, gleamed brightly, dancing with suppressed excitement. The house during the day had been transformed.

A huge bank of palms behind which the orchestra was to play half filled the hall, and everywhere there were flowers. Bab's breath came swiftly as she saw them. She had not expected anything like this, and, her hand on the stair rail, she halted, gazing about her, thrilled. Seeing her, Crabbe, the white-haired butler, came hurrying from the pantry. Like her, Crabbe, too, was filled with suppressed excitement.

"Mr. David's in the library, please," he announced; "he said I was to let you know." Then his taciturnity for once forgotten, Crabbe smiled broadly: "Wonderful, Miss Barbara, isn't it? The master's orders it was!"

(Continued on Page 76)

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(Continued from Page 74)

"My grandfather's!" Bab had cried out in astonishment.

All along, it had seemed to her, Beeston had regarded her first dance only in gloomy tolerance, as if he wished the confusion and stir in his household at an end. But apparently she had been mistaken. Of a sudden that evening Beeston had appeared upon the scene, and after a look about him he'd demanded where the florist was. Then when the man had come running, Beeston, his brows twitching, more than ever grim, had rumbled an order at him.

After that for an hour confusion had piled on itself in the household. Then as hurriedly it had passed, while out of it the house had risen transformed, beautified into a bower.

Bab listened intently to what old Crabbe was telling her. In the months she had lived there in that house she had grasped how many-sided was Beeston's dark and formidable nature. And yet, grim as it was and uncompromising, the man had about him, somewhere buried in his half-starved soul, a streak of sentimentalism impulsive and surprising. Of this his orders for the night's decorations seemed an evidence, and Bab still was looking about her in wonder, her appreciation growing, when at the door of the library Beeston himself appeared. Crabbe, breaking off in the midst of a sentence, sought to efface himself, but Beeston had seen him.

"Here, you, *Crabbe!*" he grunted.

Leaning on the arm of his young English valet, Cater, he came scuffling along the hall, his stick thwacking loudly on the floor, his brow darkened by an angry frown.

"Yes, sir," said Crabbe.

"My son-in-law, Mr. Lloyd—has he come in?" Beeston demanded abruptly.

Crabbe bent toward him deferentially.

"Mr. Lloyd was here, sir, and left. It was an hour ago."

Again a growl left Beeston.

"I know when he left! What I want to know is—has he come back?"

On being informed that Mr. Lloyd had not returned, Beeston struck the floor a vicious blow with his stick.

"He'll be back and I want to see him! You hear? You let me know the instant he comes in!"

"Very good, sir," Crabbe replied and, dismissed with a brusque wave of the hand, he withdrew to the pantry. Then, freeing his arm from Cater's, Beeston gave him, too, a knockdown scowl.

"Get out!" he ordered. Cater, as ordered, got out.

Bab was still on the stairs. That raw, ill-mannered roughness so often Beeston's mood was too old a story now for her to give much heed to it, and she was moving off indifferently when he put a hand swiftly on her arm.

"Wait!" ordered Beeston. "You hear?—wait!" Bab gazed at him, wide-eyed. "I want to have a look at you," said Beeston.

His mouth set, his lips protruding, he stamped up the hall a way, and, pushing a button set there in the wall, he sent a flood of light pouring down from the chandelier. Then he came pounding back.

"Now stand where you are!" directed Beeston.

Bab in wonder obeyed. To be inspected, to be looked over, appraised and then admired may perhaps be the object all women have when they array themselves in all the allurement of their dress. But what an inspection this was!

Not even she in her last survey before the mirror had given herself a closer, a more critical scrutiny.

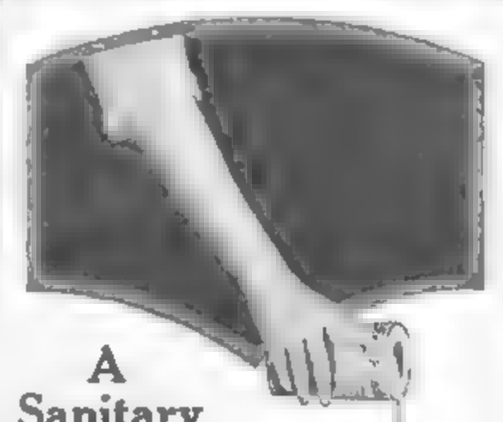
"Turn round!" directed Beeston.

Bab turned.

"Now turn the other way!"

Again she turned. Her head poised, wondering, she watched him over her shoulder. Beeston had bent forward now, both his gnarled hands clasped upon his stick, and under their heavy lids his somber eyes pored upon her. What his motive was in looking her over like that she had not the faintest notion. Then of a sudden Beeston spoke.

"Huh!" he said, his tone a half contemptuous growl. "Good-looking you are, aren't you! A handsome piece, and healthy and strong too! Yes, that's what you are!" Then with a sudden movement, surprising in its swiftness, he bent over and tapped her on the arm. "Lucky for you!" he said. "Lucky for you!" The words still on his lips, he indicated the library door. "Davy's in there. You go to him, you hear?" The next instant he was gone, calling as he



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stamped along the hall: "Crabbe, Crabbe, come give me an arm up the stairs!"

David, too, had come down early. Since the beginning of the spring, the time when the Lloyds had moved out to their place on Long Island, he had had a room for himself at his grandfather's. Ordinarily the country appealed far more to David than the town, but of late, for various reasons, he seemed to have changed his preference. Bab found him now in the library, his chin upon his hands, a book opened on his knees. The scene with Beeston, an incident as astonishing as it was inexplicable, had left her uncomfortable; but at the sight of David all Bab's animation returned at a bound. Leaning over, she slipped the book away from him.

"Silly!"

"Oh, hello!"

His air as he looked up was bewildered, and again she laughed.

"You weren't reading; your book was upside down! A fine time to be dreaming!"

"Not dreaming; I was thinking," he answered, and though a smile went with the words there was a note in his tone that instantly caught her attention.

"Why, David!" she murmured.

She came round in front of him as she spoke, and again, a second time that evening, her voice was slow with wonder.

"David, what's wrong?" asked Bab.

He shook his head.

"Nothing," he said. Then as he looked her over, from the crown of her soft brown hair to her little golden slippers, David's lips parted.

"Bab, you're lovely to-night!" he murmured. "That gown makes you more lovely than ever!"

Bab dropped him a curtsy.

"Recognize it? It's the same rose gown you liked the other night!"

His eyes leaped to hers—a sudden look. A swift speech hovered on his lips, but before he could utter it Bab spoke again:

"Look, Davy, see this too!"

She had bent her head, her hands raised to play with something at her throat—a slender platinum thread from which hung a single pearl, pear-shaped and heavy. Intent on it she did not see the light that leaped into his eyes.

"Wonderful, isn't it!" she murmured, and held it out for him to see. Her face rapt, she looked down at the pearl again. In the hollow of her small pink palm it lay like a dewdrop in the petal of a rose. Such a gem might well have graced a duchess.

"Grandfather gave it to me to-night," she said.

A little laugh, birdlike in its happiness, rippled from her. "What dears you all are! You're all wonderful! All my relatives are!" Then, hardly aware of what she did or what it would mean to him, this newfound cousin, Bab bent above him and laid her hand upon his cheek. The effect was instantaneous.

Poor Bab! In the time, now weeks gone by, when wounded and resentful she had thrown herself in David's way, hoping David might help her to forget, she had not even dreamed the effort ever would lead to this. But it had! At her touch, the soft warmth of her fingers laid upon his cheek, the long smoldering fire pent up in David's heart burst into flame.

"Bab!" She felt him quiver beneath her touch. The next instant with both his hands he trapped hers in his, the man's strong, slenderly shaped fingers twining themselves with hers. "Bab! Bab!" he whispered. Then he looked up at her, and in David's face was something she had not seen there before. His voice, when again he spoke, rang like a harp string with emotion.

"Not just a cousin, Bab! Not that—can't you see!"

He made no effort, though he still held her hand, to draw her nearer to him. The man's feeling indeed had rocked him to the core, but he was fiercely striving to master it. He was trying to be gentle! He fought himself that he might not frighten her!

"Bab, can't you see how I love you!" said David, his voice thick. "Can't you?"

Bab slowly drew in her breath. Her lips parting, her breast heaving with the tumult of emotion that the fire in his had roused, she gazed down at him in troubled bewilderment. No need to tell her what she had done. One look at him was enough.

"Oh, Davy, Davy!" she murmured. "I didn't know! I didn't know!"

The cry came from her eloquent of the distress, the doubt that filled her mind with its conflict. There were indeed many things

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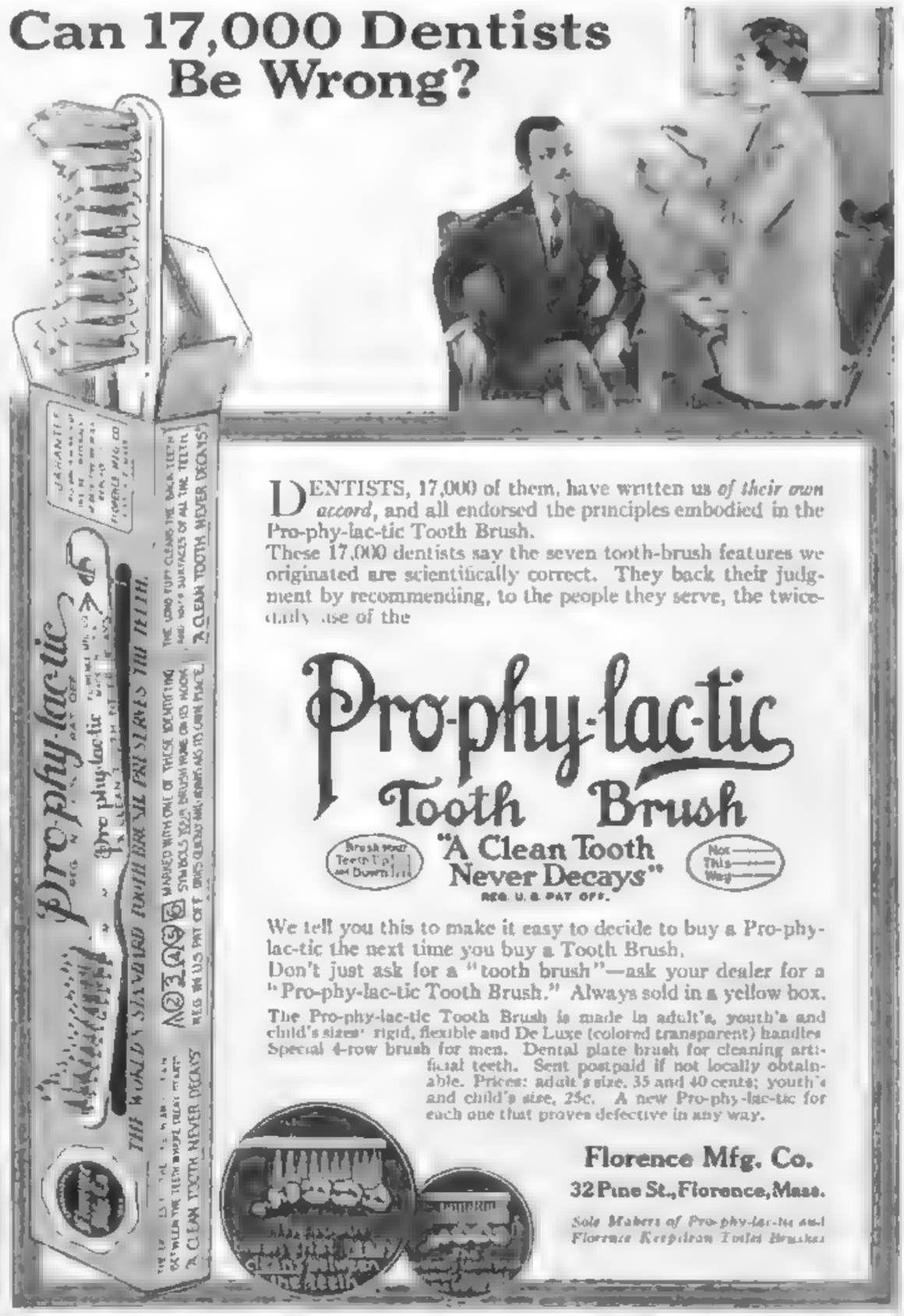

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TRADE MARK GOLDEN RULE & CO. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

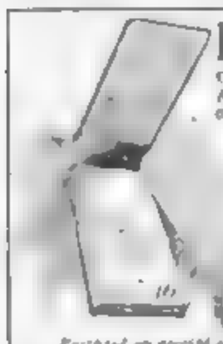
Golden Rule Pure Foods

were awarded 32 Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. We sell them direct to the consumer through salesmen.

If you live East of Omaha and North of Tennessee, are between the ages of 21 and 45, and want a chance to handle a large line of necessities with a splendid opportunity for profits and advancement, write at once, giving age, nationality, occupation, and reference.

No experience necessary—only *energy* and the ability to tell people *earnestly* and *honestly* about the Golden Rule line. We furnish full information and instruct you in salesmanship free of charge. *Address: General Sales Manager*

The Citizens' Wholesale Supply Company
Columbus *(Established 1894)* Ohio
References: Any bank or commercial agency



For His Christmas

Give him a Rockwell Reminder for 1916. A daily calendar (twelve monthly pads on bond paper, and leather cover holding two months at a time. Insert new pad each month by ...

Just fits the vest pocket

Genuine Pigskin or Seal, $1.00
Fine Black Leather, .50
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Write for quantity prices for ...

Postpaid on receipt of price—Money back if not satisfied
ROCKWELL PRINTING CO., 1093 Clinton St., Hoboken, N. J.
Write for Catalog of Attractive Gifts

HOW TO SEND FLOWERS ANYWHERE

Gifts of Sentiment fresh cut flowers delivered anywhere in the U. S. less than 24 hours old, from you to yours, at prices never greater than if ordered locally. Order your Thanksgiving flowers now.

Details here ... anything, and booklet, ... on request.

NATIONAL FLORAL CORP. 220 Broadway, N. Y.

MEN WANTED

To sell "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Ware

$5.46

per day of seven hours is the average profit made by **3,169 men.**

Experience unnecessary. References required. Send postal for free booklet, *"The Man Who Dares."*

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Dept. A, New Kensington, Pa.

Highest Quality at Lowest Price

HEISEY'S H GLASSWARE

A. H. HEISEY & CO.
DEPT. 87, NEWARK, OHIO

SEALPACKERCHIEF

Don't just *suppose* that you're getting a SEALPACKERCHIEF Handkerchief when you *ask* for it. *Make sure* by looking for SEALPACKERCHIEF on the package and see that the seal is unbroken.

Nobody can sell you *an imitation* unless you shut your eyes, and let him. Keep your eyes wide-open! You'll get the most for your money.

Packages for Men and Women containing
1 for 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 1 for 25c.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO. New York St. Louis Chicago San Francisco

A Vision of Home and "Comfys"
Wear Comfy Felt Slippers one evening. After that you will pull off your shoes when you get home as habitually as you take off your hat. And you will put Comfys on first thing in the morning.
DAN'L GREEN
Comfy
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Felt Slippers
The light, yielding softness of Comfy felt and the thick, cushiony Comfy sole mean absolute comfort to your feet. The best merchant in your town probably sells Comfys. If you are offered anything but the genuine, with the scroll trade mark on the inner sole, refuse it and send for our catalog No. 10 C of women's, children's and men's Comfys, and order direct from it.
Only Daniel Green's are Comfy
DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO., BOSTON
New York Office and Stockroom, 116 East 13th Street
Please address all orders and inquiries to our New York office.
Give lots of Comfys at Christmas—Often the very people who may need the soft, consoling comfort of Comfys most are the very last to think of buying them for themselves.
TRADE MARK
COMFY
DANIEL GREEN

Bab didn't know! David as a cousin she might love, but did she love him otherwise? Cousin or lover, which was it to be? The weeks, the months he had been with her had shown how perfectly he in his gentleness could be the one; could he now be the other too?

Her eyes grew more troubled!

"I didn't know," said Bab again, murmuring as if to herself. "I didn't think that cousins loved like that!"

She saw him stir, moving uncomfortably.

"Cousins?" he echoed.

"Yes," whispered Bab; "I didn't think that ——"

A strange look came into his eyes.

"Look at me, Bab," he ordered; and, as ordered, Bab looked at him. "Now tell me," said David gravely—"tell me the truth! If I—if I were not your cousin, then—then ——"

He abruptly broke off. In his tone, too, was now something that filled her with disquiet.

"Then what?" she asked, her brow clouding.

David for a moment did not reply. It was as if he pondered something, as if he debated telling her what hovered on his lips. His dark eyes, turbulent with the feeling that still raised its storm within him, clung to hers as if to search out from her inner consciousness the real truth of what she felt for him.

"You love me, don't you?" he asked suddenly.

She did not answer.

"Bab, tell me you do," he pleaded.

Still she didn't answer.

"Won't you?" he asked.

It was not till he'd asked a third time that she replied.

"I don't know," she faltered then. "I care for you, David, but how I care I can't tell. Don't ask me now. Give me a little time."

His hand she felt suddenly tighten. Outside the doorbell had just rung; then the footsteps of Hibberd, the second man, could be heard squeaking discreetly along the hall.

"Will you tell me to-night?" demanded David.

"I don't know; I'll think," answered Bab.

David slowly drew in his breath.

"Promise me this, then," he said laboriously: "Whether it's yes or no, if to-night my father tries to say anything to you promise me you'll not listen to him till you've sent for me! Will you promise?"

"Why, David!" Bab murmured, astonished.

"Have I your promise?"

"Why, yes; but ——"

She broke off abruptly. Hibberd had rapped upon the library door and now Hibberd entered.

"Beg pardon, Miss Barbara, the guests will be arriving."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Modest Wish

MONTAGUE GLASS, the creator of Potash and Perlmutter, says an acquaintance of his, a clothing manufacturer on the East Side of New York, received a call from a city salesman representing a notions, trimming and button house. The visitor began to spread out his samples.

"Put 'em up! Put 'em up!" said the manufacturer in a tired-business-man tone. "I wouldn't care to look at nothing what you got."

"But, Mister Cohen ——"

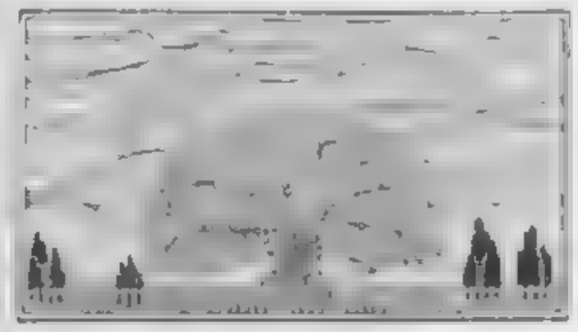
"'S 'nough! I won't look. Please go away!"

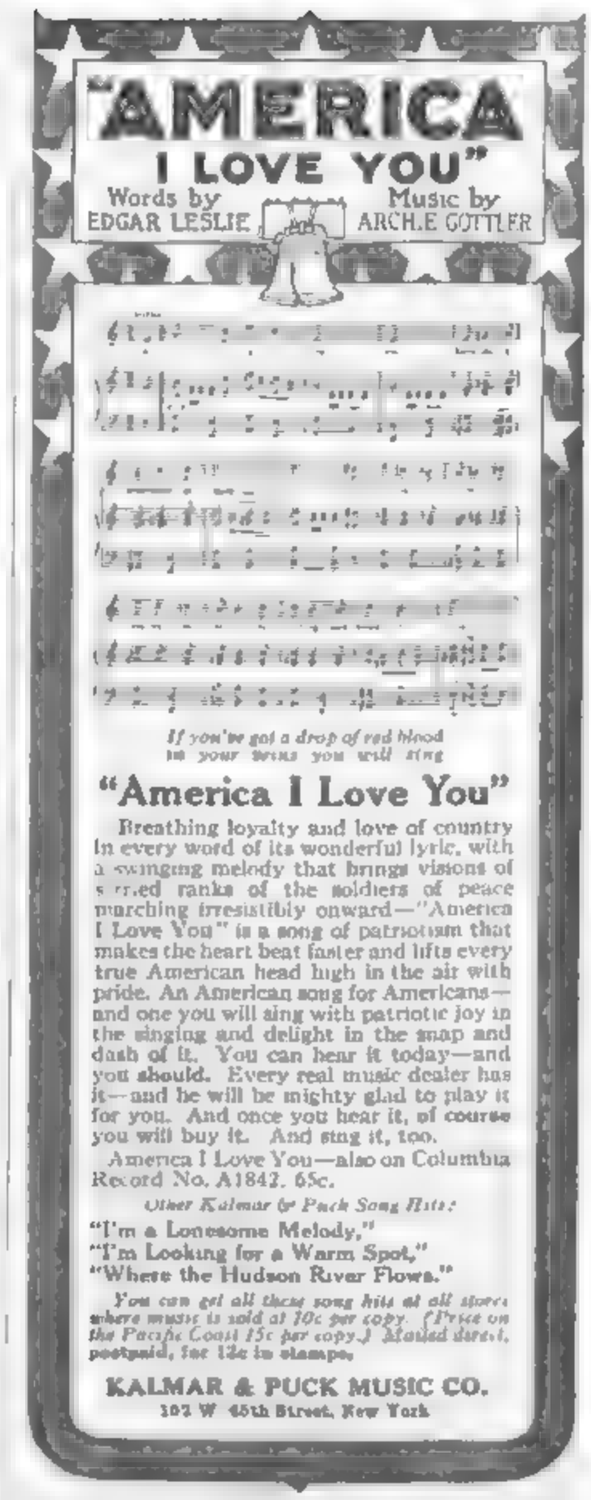
The salesman gazed at him admiringly.

"Mister Cohen," he said, "I only wish one thing—I wish I had only fifty customers like you."

"I told you I didn't wish to see nothing what you got."

"Sure, you did; and that's why I says I wish I had only fifty customers like you. Instead, I got two hundred!"




"AMERICA I LOVE YOU"
Words by EDGAR LESLIE
Music by ARCHIE GOTTLER
If you've got a drop of red blood in your veins you will sing
"America I Love You"
Breathing loyalty and love of country in every word of its wonderful lyric, with a swinging melody that brings visions of serried ranks of the soldiers of peace marching irresistibly onward—"America I Love You" is a song of patriotism that makes the heart beat faster and lifts every true American head high in the air with pride. An American song for Americans—and one you will sing with patriotic joy in the singing and delight in the snap and dash of it. You can hear it today—and you should. Every real music dealer has it—and he will be mighty glad to play it for you. And once you hear it, of course you will buy it. And sing it, too.
America I Love You—also on Columbia Record No. A1842. 65c.
Other Kalmar & Puck Song Hits:
"I'm a Lonesome Melody,"
"I'm Looking for a Warm Spot,"
"Where the Hudson River Flows."
You can get all these song hits at all stores where music is sold at 10c per copy. (Price on the Pacific Coast 15c per copy.) Mailed direct, postpaid, for 12c in stamps.
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Call's Eyeglass Cleanser
Just what every particular spectacle wearer has wished for. The new Call method makes your lenses clear, clean and sparkling, and your mountings safe and sanitary in a moment's time. Contains a special polishing and cleaning cloth and an effective sterilizing properties. Prevents many things from harming the skin. Try it—it means comfort and eye safety.
For sale by leading optical and department stores, or mailed with free booklet. Price 25 cents.
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Waynesburg, Pa.

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BURNS KEROSENE
Also made for gas and electricity.
Circulates a current of warm water in water-circulating system of motor.
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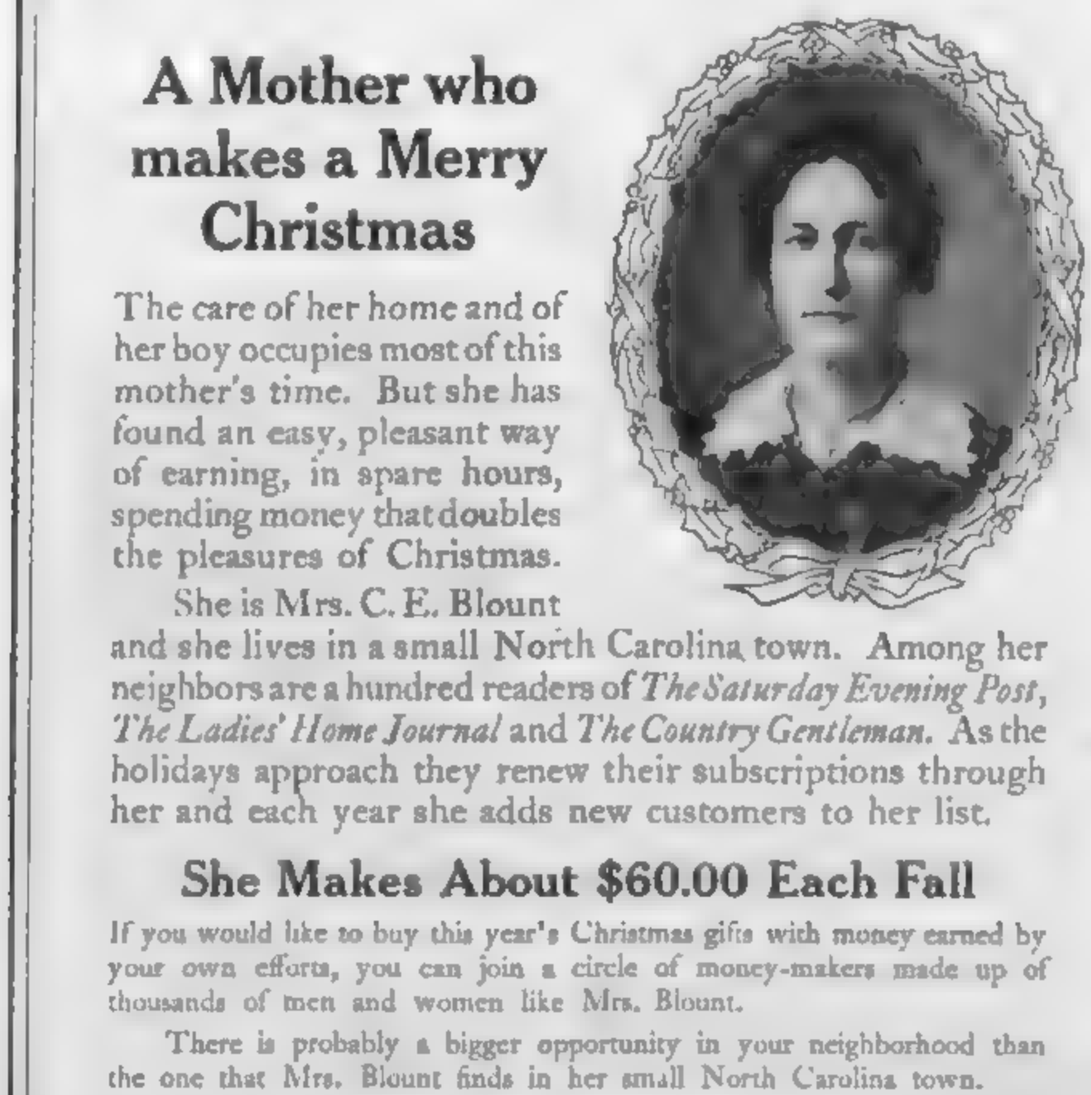
Differ in no outward way from prevailing modes. Fit when figure is again normal.
Write Z-3 Lane Bryant, 25 W. 38th St., N.Y.


A Mother who makes a Merry Christmas
The care of her home and of her boy occupies most of this mother's time. But she has found an easy, pleasant way of earning, in spare hours, spending money that doubles the pleasures of Christmas.
She is Mrs. C. E. Blount and she lives in a small North Carolina town. Among her neighbors are a hundred readers of The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman. As the holidays approach they renew their subscriptions through her and each year she adds new customers to her list.
She Makes About $60.00 Each Fall
If you would like to buy this year's Christmas gifts with money earned by your own efforts, you can join a circle of money-makers made up of thousands of men and women like Mrs. Blount.
There is probably a bigger opportunity in your neighborhood than the one that Mrs. Blount finds in her small North Carolina town.
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What Better Bed-Time Food?

Digestible—Delicious

What better food for *any* meal than *good* raisin bread?

Children who crave sweets get the sugar that's best for them, the sugar of pure sun-cured California grapes. And they get the *laxative fruit-food*, the *healthful nutriment* of raisins, plus the needed *grain*-food of the wheat.

Your grocer or your baker now sells a *new* and *better* bread, known as *California* Raisin Bread. It is made with *Sun-Maid Raisins*—big, meaty, plump and tender—with all the seeds extracted.

The flavor of these luscious raisins permeates the loaf.

You have never tasted raisin bread one-half so good as this, because these are special raisins, and here's a special recipe. Let your whole family try this bread. Hear each one ask for more. Don't let a food so healthful be served but once a week. Have it on your table at *every meal*.

Look for a label bearing the words, "California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins."

California Raisin Bread

Made With SUN-MAID RAISINS

IS SOLD BY YOUR BAKER OR GROCER

You will like this raisin bread because it is made with this kind of raisins

Eggs, 720 Energy Units—Raisins, 1,635

Raisins excel eggs in food value by more than twice over when it comes to producing energy. Mutton leg compared in the same way falls short 730 points. Lean beef scores 1,055 points less than raisins. Milk fails to equal them by 1,310 points.

Thus you know the value of raisins, and there are hundreds of uses for them. We will send you a beautiful free book if you send your grocer's name and address. It contains many suggestions and recipes, showing how to use Sun-Maid Raisins—in cereals, sandwiches, salads, pies, puddings, cookies, cakes, sweetmeats and frozen desserts. Just send a post card to this address, being sure to give your dealer's name.

California Associated Raisin Co. 1115 Madison St., Fresno, California
Membership, 6000 Growers

The SUN-MAID Brand
Delicious Cooking Raisins

Ask your grocer for them.

Made from the tenderest, sweetest California grapes—grapes too delicate to ship fresh to the markets. We sun-cure them in the open vineyards, and pack them in clean cartons for home use. All good grocers have them, or can get them from their jobbers.

Three varieties: Seeded (seeds extracted); Seedless (made from seedless grapes); Cluster (on stems, not seeded).

Try raisin foods. Use the Sun-Maid brand. See how they cut your living cost, and what they add in flavor.

Price not over 15c per lb.

Raisins are Nature's confections—GOOD for Little Folks

FOR samples of fabrics, information regarding styles and sizes and the names of merchants in your town who have Munsingwear in stock, address the Northwestern Knitting Co. Minneapolis, Minnesota

MUNSING UNION SUITS please because of their fine quality, unusual durability and washability and the satisfactory way in which they fit and cover the form without gaping or binding at the crotch.

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